EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* JANUARY

JANUARY *hath* 31 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1913

FASCINATING FACTS

The specific gravity of fresh-felled spruce is .8699.

The capital of Germany is Berlin.

High tide at Philadelphia, Pa., is 2 hours and 53 minutes sooner than at Gloucester, Mass.

One dollar loaned at 6 per cent. for 100 years would give your great-grandson, who might not deserve it, $340.

ROME IN JANUARY, B. C. 26.

Horace: Book I, Ode 9.

"Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum—"
White with snow Soracte stands;
Thaliarchus, warm your hands;
Pile the logs and pour the wine—
Leave the rest to those divine!

Seek no future to foresay;
Pluck the present, take To-day;
Let senescence be forgot;
Smile, and do the turkey-trot!

On the Field of Mars at night
Boys are gay and girls are bright.
Rome is rife with life and hurry—
Life is short, but we should worry!

POSTAL LAWS IN THE U. S.

The postal regulations in this country are very lax. A one-cent stamp will carry, between any two points in the United States, a post-card with "Wish-you-were-here" or "Having-a-great-time" written on it. There is no imprisonment sentence for that, nor for writing "Local" on the envelope of a letter to go to the same city it is mailed in.

How to save postage: Don't write the Editor of EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK to tell him he has made a mistake of two days in the birthday of a man born two or three hundred years ago. In the first place, who cares? In the second, we are always right.

PREDICTIONS FOR JANUARY

Diaries and expense accounts bravely begun on January 1 will cease gradually, and by January 31 less than 2% of them will still be running. Fuel will be expensive this month, owing to the weather. From January 18 to 21 a blizzard will sweep the country from coast to coast or vice versa, as the case may be.

1—W.—**New Year's Day.** EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK for 1913 begins, 1913.
2—Th.—Battle of Murfreesboro, 1863. *Time to pay for 1912 Christmas presents.*
3—Fr.—Lucretia Mott, pioneer suffragist, born, 1793. *Life* first issued, 1883.
4—Sa.—Aaron Burr born, 1756. *Life* begins hating theatrical trust, 1883.
5—Su.—Captain John Smith captured by Indians, 1608.
6—M.—TWELFTH DAY. Love starts making the world go round, B. C. 4004.
7—Tu.—First national election held, 1789. James B. Angell born, 1829.
8—W.—JACKSON DAY. Battle of New Orleans, 1815.
9—Th.—Liquid soap invented by Satan, 1905.
10—Fr.—Reed Smoot born, 1862. Howard Chandler Christy born, 1873.
11—Sa.—Alexander Hamilton born, 1757. New York police investigated, 1890, 1896, 1901, 1903, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912 - - - -
12—Su.—John Hancock born, 1737. Jack London born, 1876.
13—M.—Jack London refuses to accept "Mother Goose" and demands beefsteak diet, 1876. [drink, 1508.
14—Tu.—Benedict Arnold born, 1741. Iago asks Othello to have a
15—W.—First locomotive* built, 1831. } *Thaws.*
16—Th.—Sanitary paper towels discovered by Beelzebub, 1910. }
17—Fr.—Benjamin Franklin, author second greatest almanack in the world, born, 1706.
18—Sa.—Daniel Webster, the Bourke Cockran of his day, born, 1782.
19—Su.—James Watt born, 1736. Edgar Allan Poe born, 1809. Patent issued for modern trolley-car system, 1892.
20—M.—N. P. Willis born, 1806. Robert W. Chambers discovers gold in literature, 1907.
21—Tu.—John C. Frémont born, 1813. Job deceived by patent-medicine advertisement, B. C. 1520.
22—W.—Francis Bacon born, 1561.
23—Th.—Francis Bacon doesn't write Shakespeare's plays, 1561.
24—Fr.—Gold discovered in California, 1848. Costofliving in U. S. advances, 1848.
25—Sa.—Conversion of St. Paul.
26—Su.—Michigan admitted, 1837. Platonic affection theory disproven, B. C. 303.
27—M.—First issue of New York *Sun* under Dana, 1868. Samuel Gompers born, 1850.
28—Tu.—Sir Francis Drake died, 1761. Samuel Gompers begins to walk, 1850.
29—W.—William McKinley born, 1843. CARNATION DAY.
30—Th.—Bell chimes invented, 1487. Swift discovers Stella, 1710.
31—Fr.—Guy Fawkes executed, 1606. James G. Blaine born, 1830.

*Readers who commute may enjoy imagining that the locomotive still is used by the railroad they ride on daily. Permission for such enjoyment hereby is granted, although everybody who ever has ridden on the Putnam Division of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. will know what is meant.—ED. ALMANACK.

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CHRISTMAS MORNING

THESE TIRED PARENTS WENT TO BED AT THREE A.M.; IT IS NOW SIX.

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VOL. XXVIII
NO. 1

Everybody's Magazine

JANUARY
1913

"The Madonna of the Blackbird"

Donaque, the Detective, discovers the Fate of the stolen Masterpiece

by

ARTHUR TRAIN

AUTHOR OF "C. Q." "THE CONFESSIONS OF ARTEMAS QUIBBLE," "TRUE STORIES OF CRIME," ETC.

WITH PAINTINGS IN FULL COLOR BY HOWARD PYLE

"MONSIEUR, the 'Madonna of the Blackbird' has been stolen," said Dupré.

He spoke with a certain hesitation, as if anticipating that even Donaque, the most broad-minded student of crime in France, who regarded nothing as impossible, might question the strict accuracy of his statement. Dupré would not have blamed him, either. Steal the "Madonna of the Blackbird"? One might as well steal the Arc de Triomphe, or the Tomb of Napoleon, or the head waiter at Ciro's.

"What did you say?" asked the detective, glancing up quickly from *Le Matin*, which he had propped between a microscope and a colored photograph of a pansy-bed showing the imprint of a lady's foot, size 2½-B. "What did you say?" he repeated, putting down his coffee-cup. It was the nearest approach to utter collapse from surprise that he had ever exhibited.

"I said, M'sieu, that, astonishing as it is to relate, the 'Madonna of the Blackbird' has been stolen."

The words had hardly passed his lips before an electric annunciator on the wall began to buzz and a little bell gave a single stroke. Then, with a click and a flop, there shot out of a curved tube above the desk and into a wire basket, a small brass cylinder. Donaque unscrewed it with accustomed ease and removed a thin blue paper, which he spread out in front of him. It contained a message of but nine words, and the ink was still damp:

"The 'Madonna of the Blackbird' has been stolen. BUVÉE."

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"So I see," replied Donaque, resuming his coffee-cup.

Suddenly, unannounced, a telegraph receiver began ticking on a side table.

"The Prefecture," remarked Dupré.

"Yes," commented Donaque, "the 'Madonna of the Blackbird' has been stolen again. As usual, the pneumatic has beaten the telegraph. What a fuss they are all making, and why do they bother me?"

This query was not a bid for the satisfaction of a personal egotism, for Donaque had none. He was one of the most matter-of-fact persons alive. It was but the mild protest of a man already overloaded with work—he cared for nothing else, and they all knew it. And that was exactly why they, whoever they were, instantly informed a bourgeois little man who did not know a Rembrandt from a Dubonnet poster-lithograph, that the most famous picture in the world had disappeared.

For a hundred years, the "Madonna of the Blackbird" had hung on the same spot in the Salon d'Apollo of the National Institute of Art, where Napoleon had placed it after having sacrilegiously pilfered it from the private collection of the Pope.

For a century the entrancing, innocent, girlish face had smiled down through a lane of dancing motes in the diluted sunshine of the gallery upon millions of Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans; of Jews, Gentiles, and agnostics; of Catholics and Protestants, each one of whom, whatever his philosophy or creed, had rendered full-hearted homage to Raphael's inspired vision of maternal love. And at the Virgin's feet, between the laughing Christ-Child and the pensive little St. John, fluttered a fledgling blackbird, just able to fly.

Waterloo, the *coup d'état* of Napoleon Third, and the Commune, had not disturbed the serenity of her court or the loyalty of her devoted subjects. Daily in crowds they had paid their devotion and gone away with a dimness in their eyes and a strange swelling in their breasts that for some peculiar reason made them throw all their coppers into the hat of the well-fed professional mendicant at the door, who shared profits equally with the five gendarmes on duty there.

And now even greater crowds gathered in the identical place to stare in wonder at a square green spot on the wall of the Salon d'Apollo where the "Madonna" had hung. For she was gone. The café crowds might curse and gesticulate, frenzied directors of the Institute might rush frantically from one office of direction to another, and question and cross-question equally excited guardians and attendants; the newspapers might rave at such a national calamity; the nations gasp at a carelessness so characteristic of a hysterical people—in short, the world might be in a perfect bedlam about it; but the fact would remain—all that was left of the priceless masterpiece was a green spot on an otherwise shabby wall.

At first, no explanation of the picture's disappearance was forthcoming from the dumbfounded directorate. It was announced that a most exhaustive investigation was being conducted, which must be finished before the proper elucidation could be proclaimed. The public might rest assured that the picture would be recovered and the guilty parties horribly punished.

Perhaps it had not been stolen at all! For of what use would it be to anybody? It could not by any possibility be sold, save perhaps as a copy of itself, for a mere trifle. It would be like trying to dispose of the Great Seal of England, the Rosetta Stone, or a particularly notorious white elephant. The thief would have only the picture for his pains, and what pleasure could a thief take in a picture?

Yet, undeniably there had been and was a thief, just as assuredly as there had been and, it was to be hoped, still was a "Madonna of the Blackbird."

The most extraordinary rumors got afloat and gained an even more extraordinary credence, of which perhaps the most startling was to the effect that the French government, finding itself in need of funds, had surreptitiously disposed of the picture to an American collector for the monstrous sum of fifteen million francs. Nothing was too preposterous to be believed, since there was nothing conceivable more preposterous than that the picture had been stolen at all—and that was *true*.

In due course, the results of the official inquiry were published, and a storm of rage and indignation swept over Christendom when it was learned that there was no spectacular explanation at all, but that two thieves disguised as workmen had simply unhooked the picture and walked away with it in plain sight of the custodians.

They had either actually been employed

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From a painting by Howard Pyle.

HE HAD LOST THE SOUL OF M. FOURNIER.

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in making some repairs in an adjoining salon to that in which the "Madonna" had been hung, or had pretended to be so. It seemed quite impossible to discover which was the case, since there were in fact workmen of various sorts always employed in the building. Pictures frequently were removed by the order of the two chief directors, to be varnished, re-glassed, or examined for some official purpose.

The theft had occurred at the noon hour, when no visitors were in the galleries, and several persons had seen the men with the picture. One of them had closed the door into the Salon d'Apollo behind him and removed the handle, with the result that the room could not be opened for a couple of hours after the regular time; and even then the absence of the picture occasioned no comment and the theft was not discovered until the following morning.

The four custodians assigned to duty at the Salon admitted that no order had been presented to any one of them for the picture's removal, and each took refuge in the claim that he supposed the necessary permission had been procured in the regular and proper fashion from one of his comrades. Yet no one of them had any definite recollection of seeing any workman carrying a picture—that was the strangest part of the affair. Two thought that they had caught a glimpse of workmen with something wrapped in a newspaper come out of the Salon—that was all they could say. The others had seen nothing at all. Anyhow, it was *lunch*-time, and their attention had naturally been distracted.

It was simply a case of colossal neglect, carelessness, and stupidity.

For weeks the police of Paris hounded every person carrying anything that looked like a picture, and arrested scores of innocent citizens who possessed copies of the famous masterpiece.

Then clamor began to demand a scapegoat. The guilty attendants had been summarily discharged, and it was clear that there was no use pummeling a few dunderheads, anyway; but the opinion was widely expressed that the entire directorate, or at least the two chief directors, should be made to resign. Now these positions were sinecures, carrying large salaries, and none of the gentlemen in question cared to give up his place. The government, however, felt that something drastic should be done, for an election was not far off. The loss of the picture might become an issue.

And yet, curiously enough, in spite of the immediate message which he had received, Donaque had heard nothing further, officially, about the matter. However, he was very busy at the moment and could hardly have looked into it had he been requisitioned to do so, for he was working upon a blood test to determine the legitimacy of the alleged crown prince of a native African state under the suzerainty of France.

Then, late one evening, a code message from the Minister of the Interior directed him to call, without delay, at the house of the Director-in-Chief of the National Institute of Art.

He found that gentleman in a state of intense indignation as a result of the public demand for his resignation.

"Do you understand, M'sieu," he exclaimed, in tones that ordinarily would have indicated the high esteem in which he held himself, "that my professional and official position are now made actually to hang upon the recovery of this picture in whose disappearance I am no way concerned and for which I am in no way responsible? To be sure, it is a loss to the world of art, but to blame respectable men——! Well, the President of the Republic has suggested that you may be of assistance. But you must understand at once that I have left no stone unturned. I have caused every clue, no matter how slight, to be run down. I have used my utmost endeavors—and they have not been trifling—in the affair."

He puffed out his cheeks and helped himself to a cigar from a box beside him without offering one to the detective.

"And you are entirely satisfied with the result of the official investigation?" asked Donaque respectfully.

"Satisfied? Absolutely. I conducted it myself," returned the official.

"Of course—of course!" hastily threw in Donaque. "You feel confident of the integrity of the attendants?" he added.

"Entirely so. They are all honorable fellows—most of them appointees of my own."

Donaque with difficulty swallowed a smile that took effect only below his waistcoat. "So that it is quite out of the question that there has been any collusion—an 'inside' affair?" he inquired with the greatest deference.

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From a painting by Howard Pyle.

OVER HER GLEAMING SHOULDER HER CHALKY FACE LOWERED AT HIM WITH A LOOK OF SULLEN HATRED.

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"Utterly! The picture was stolen by thieves disguised as workmen. That has been demonstrated."

"Quite so!" nodded Donaque. "And what is your theory as to the matter?"

"At present I am inclined to the belief," returned the director with conclusiveness, "that some collector has caused the picture to be stolen simply for the gratification of his own private esthetic taste."

"In that case it will hardly be recovered," remarked Donaque.

"That is precisely what I told the President of the Republic this very afternoon," pronounced the other, as if that ought to be quite enough to satisfy anybody.

"Pardon me, M'sieu," continued Donaque after a moment's pause. "Did you yourself ever issue a permit for the removal of this particular picture?"

The director turned an apoplectic purple. "I?" he almost shouted. "I? Never, M'sieu!"

Donaque merely shrugged his shoulders. "It occurred to me, as you have suggested, that it would be singularly profitless for any one to go to the trouble of stealing such a work of art, and that possibly——" He raised his eyebrows.

"No one is allowed to issue permits except myself and my colleague, M. Fournier," snapped the official.

"And he?" inquired Donaque.

"Is above reproach!" finished the director.

"Then we are as much in the dark as ever," answered the detective. "However, if you will permit me to examine the report of the investigation, I will see if anything occurs to me."

The official gave him a couple of pudgy fingers. "I can hardly expect you to shed much light on the affair," said he, bowing the detective stiffly out.

"Such men," commented Donaque to himself as he put on his hat outside, "are of value only to add to the gaiety of the French nation!"

It was eight days later when Donaque, sitting in his study, pressed a button at his side and Dupré entered, clad in the blue blouse of a Paris working man.

"I have looked over the official report," remarked his master shortly. "Now to the cast of the comedy. Have you studied the record of the managing director?"

"Yes, M'sieu," replied Dupré. "He can be eliminated. He secured his position and his ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur through the activities of his wife, who was a niece of the Deputy Abbé. He is a pompous fool—and too stupid to be successfully dishonest. Besides, he has money of his own."

"And the discharged attendants? The custodians?"

"It was very difficult," answered Dupré, whose eyes looked very tired. "They are scattered to the four winds of heaven. They all had lived in Paris, of course, but now, strangely enough, they are all over France—in Saumur, Marseilles, Rheims, and even in Caen. I have been traveling day and night, and drinking in pot-houses the balance of the time."

"I trust you have drunk to some purpose," smiled Donaque.

"M'sieu shall judge for himself," answered Dupré. "They are all human oxen, lazy, ignorant, fog-brained, and with a taste for absinthe. They will probably remain so, since each——" he paused, while Donaque pierced him with a glance—"each is to receive by mail from an anonymous source, while he remains in seclusion, a monthly money-order for five hundred francs."

"Ah!" exclaimed Donaque. "And of course each money-order is mailed from a different office by an unknown person."

"Exactly."

"And now these—oxen, are grazing and drinking up their five hundred francs?"

"So I found them."

"Marvelous stupidity!" muttered Donaque, but he did not state to whom the stupidity might belong. "And the public? I have been in Tunis and am behind the times," he explained.

"The public are as rampant as ever, and the Paris papers are insisting on the resignation of the entire directorate."

Donaque turned to his papers. "That is all for the present," said he. "You need sleep."

It was just four by the clock on the façade of the Gare des Invalides when a disreputable-looking cabby, driving a still more disreputable taxi-victoria to which was harnessed a raw-boned scarecrow of a horse, pulled up to the curb in front of No. 4 Place du Palais Bourbon, across the Seine.

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The blazing sun of a late spring afternoon set the pools of rain-water steaming on the concrete and made the little square reek like a Turkish bath. Likewise it made the disreputable cabby thirsty, so that he got out and strolled, whip in hand, to the buffet at the corner.

"Give me a *bock*, if you please, mademoiselle," he muttered thickly, throwing down a sou.

The girl dipped up a tumbler of beer from a frothing tub behind the bar and slapped it down on the marble counter.

"By the way, how is my old friend Evègne, the concierge at Numéro Quatre?" he asked, holding the *bock* to his lips.

"Evègne?" she retorted, "Evègne? There is no such person at Numéro Quatre. The concierge there is named Badoit."

"You don't say," mumbled Donaque. "I could have sworn Evègne was at Numéro Quatre!"

He set down the *bock* and zigzagged back to where the horse stood with its head between its legs. The door of No. 4 was open, and a man in a white apron leaned outside, wiping his forehead.

"It's a devil of a day, M'sieu Badoit," said Donaque, mopping his temples with a red handkerchief.

"You may well say that!" replied the other, who, being a concierge, was well known to hundreds of cabbies. "It makes everybody so nervous."

"How is M. Fournier these days?" continued Donaque. "I suppose the loss of the picture has upset him a great deal. They say he knows more than he tells, eh?"

"Nonsense!" replied the other. "He is worried to death about it. Why, he hardly ever leaves the house now. Madame Fournier is the only one who goes out at all. Ah, there she is coming now. Perhaps you will get a fare."

Donaque walked back to the cab and jerked up the head of the horse, which was trying to reach a lemon-peel in the gutter. Out of the tail of his eye he saw a smartly arrayed woman emerge from the door and address a word or two to the concierge. The latter whistled, and the detective touched his hat and clucked to the horse as the woman came across the sidewalk, holding her skirt in her hand. Donaque leaned down toward her, and found himself looking into a pair of large, sensuous black eyes set far apart in one of those strange, pale faces with scarlet lips one so often sees among Parisian women.

But Madame Fournier's face was different from all others Donaque had seen, for the high cheek-bones, broad, low forehead and heavy features had a sullen beauty that was Russian rather than French. She gave the cabman a quick look that appeared to satisfy her.

"By the hour," she said. "Take me to the Hôtel Ritz."

"What have you found out about M. Fournier?" asked Donaque that evening, as Dupré came into the study to make his daily report.

"Monsieur Georges Fournier," replied Dupré, glancing at a paper, "is forty-five years of age and is an officer of the Légion d'Honneur. He was born at Azay-le-Rideau and studied in the public schools there until he was fifteen years of age, his parents being respectable members of the local bourgeoisie. He soon developed a taste for art, and on the death of his father moved with his mother to Paris and entered the Academy Julien at No. 5 rue de Berri. His talent, while not great, was marked, and his personality, which is charming, made him a general favorite. His success has been due largely to the influence of his social friends. He has traveled a great deal, has written much on matters connected with art, and is considered one of the ablest of European connoisseurs. Two years ago, however, having remained a bachelor up to his forty-third year, he surprised everybody by marrying a Russian actress. I can find out very little about her, except that she is reputed to be extravagant and has something of a temper. Nevertheless, M. Fournier is a devoted husband. They live at No. 4 Place du Palais Bourbon. Everybody speaks in the highest terms of M. Fournier, who is a scholarly man, sensitive, and gentle. I have the honor to hand you a photograph of each."

He saluted, from force of military habit, and handed his master two cabinet photographs, one of a tall, grave, distinguished-looking man, and the other of a woman in fancy costume, the curious, almost leonine, contour of whose features carried a suggestion of something feline, furtive, and not altogether pleasant. It was the face of a woman of will and passion, whose conduct,

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good or ill, would be determined by the desire she had most at heart.

For a long time Donaque studied these two faces through a cloud of cigarette smoke. "It is not for nothing that one knows the Russians," he muttered.

At length he took up a copy of Rivolli's History of Painting and studied with painstaking care the chapter on Raphael, after which he read M. Fournier's own monograph on the great painter, which described in detail such of Raphael's masterpieces as were in the National Institute, with a careful analysis of each.

But it was upon the "Madonna of the Blackbird" that M. Fournier lavished the chief effort of his critical talent. There was something almost passionate in the studious man's adoration of this superlative creation of another's genius.

Devoting some fifteen pages of his thesis to the purely historic significance of the work, M. Fournier traced the various influences operating upon the artist's character and style that had produced this unparalleled achievement in religious art. He dwelt on the marvelous harmony of tone, the exquisite coloring of the flesh, the idealism in the faces of the Virgin and the Child, the exquisite expression of maternal love combined with a sad serenity that was wholly divine. And then the fledgling blackbird! That final touch suggestive of human helplessness!

Donaque read this over several times with respectful interest. Then he took out of a drawer at his right a diagram of the National Institute and an engraving of the "Madonna of the Blackbird." The latter he considered intently.

"Yes," at length he remarked judicially, "it certainly does look extraordinarily like a blackbird!"

This was his first and last attempt at artistic criticism.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, M. Badoit, concierge of No. 4 Place du Palais Bourbon, heard Madame Fournier's step upon the staircase, and, divining that she was about to make her customary afternoon excursion, thrust his head out of the door and gazed around the square for a cab. None was visible—a somewhat unusual condition of affairs for the Place du Palais Bourbon.

"One little moment, Madame, and I will summon a taxi by telephone," he said reassuringly.

Four and one-half minutes later, in response to his call, a yellow taxi whirled into the Place du Palais Bourbon, and, after hovering somewhat uncertainly on the corner, wheeled up to the curb. The chauffeur, a smart young fellow with a yellow mustache, gazed at the number over the door and then leaped across the sidewalk.

"Drive me, if you please, to the Hôtel Ritz," said Madame Fournier.

That evening Donaque spent in a careful study of color photography.

At three-thirty the following afternoon, there was the usual line of dilapidated cabs drawn up on the farther side of the Place du Palais Bourbon, their drivers, with a single exception, being engaged in an excited discussion of the theft of the great picture, of which none of them had even heard until its disappearance.

A shrill whistle from Numéro Quatre brought them all to rigid postures of attention, and the man at the head of the line shambled toward his horse.

"*Mais, non, mon ami!*" cried Donaque, who was disguised in a black beard and white top hat, "that is my fare, if you please. Go, all of you, and wet your whistles at the buffet!" And he tossed the man a gleaming louis.

"By the hour," said Madame Fournier. "Drive me to the Hôtel Ritz."

This time the lackey who assisted her to alight in the Place Vendôme was none other than Dupré, in a stunning livery of light blue with gold cordons upon his breast. Forty minutes later it was also Dupré who called Madame Fournier's cab, and seized the occasion to make a hurried report to Donaque upon the character of her visit.

"Madame Fournier," he whispered, "went at once to the winter garden, where a stout lady in very elegant clothes was having afternoon tea. They shook hands, and the stout lady ordered fresh tea and *pâtisserie*. The band was playing, and I could not hear what they said, but they were both very gay. At the end the stout lady borrowed Madame Fournier's *papier poudré*, used a leaf, and gave the rest back. Then they separated. Pst! Here she comes!"

Yes, she was coming. Madame Fournier stood at the carriage entrance of the Ritz

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while Dupré, in his lackey's garb, savagely berated his master for not being faster in coming up. Her black eyes were drawn into a frown of what might have been either impatience or anxiety, and she hurriedly placed her foot upon the step. As she did so, her vanity-bag caught upon the handle of the door and dropped from her grasp. With a swiftly muttered imprecation in Russian, Madame Fournier snatched it up before Dupré could perform that service for her.

"Follow the fat woman," commanded Donaque as Dupré closed the door with a bang. "So?" he repeated to himself with pursed lips, as he piloted the cab across the stream of vehicles and pedestrians in the Place Vendôme. "So?"

From seven until ten that evening Donaque worked upon the royal blood test of the alleged crown prince of Tontin-Niger, in company with Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute of New York, who happened to be passing through Paris and who found in the detective a singularly congenial mind. But the instant the professor had departed to deliver a lecture at the Academy of Science, Donaque placed the vials upon a shelf and drew from the drawer his *bordereau* of the "Madonna of the Blackbird," arranging the papers in a neat row before him.

The typewritten text of the official "investigation" he had no more than glanced at, and it was still bound with a heavy ribbon; but the engraving of the picture and the photographs of Monsieur and Madame Fournier he placed in a conspicuous position. Beside them he laid his notes on color photography, Dupré's reports, and the diagram of the National Institute. Then he pressed the bell and Dupré made his appearance.

"And the stout comedienne?" inquired Donaque.

"She went directly home," answered the assistant. "She is the maiden sister of Herr Oberlitz, the resident vice-president of the 'Deutscher-Französischer Photographien Verein,' which has an office on the Boulevard des Capucines."

"Yes," murmured Donaque. "Somewhat as I expected. By the way, Dupré, have you ever looked into color-photography? It is most interesting."

The substitute waiter in the winter garden of the Hôtel Ritz who brought Fräulein Oberlitz her tea next day was a bungling Swiss who spoke only German, and that with an atrocious Bernese accent. To hear him say "yaw" for "ja" and "nix" for "nein" made one crawl.

But Fräulein Oberlitz did not notice these little details which had been so carefully prepared for her attention. On the contrary, she was extremely nervous and kept ordering more and more tea as the hour grew later, which did not add to her placidity. Her light green dress was a screaming illustration of the German obtuseness to harmony of color, her imitation earrings were as large as sleigh-bells, and her vanity-bag, with its braided red monogram, in her fat and verdant lap, looked like a golfing-flag on a putting-green.

Donaque enjoyed her immensely. He sympathized with the Germans, and in the rôle of Herr Hans Blatt, student at the Sorbonne, mingled with the best Berlin society in Paris, to which, however, Fräulein Oberlitz did not belong.

It was five o'clock before Madame Fournier arrived, and Fräulein Oberlitz did not rise, but gave her a couple of stubby fingers. The Russian's face was even paler than usual, and her lips were compressed until the rouge showed only as a fine red line parallel with her broad, low brow.

"Please, another cup of tea," wheezed Fräulein Oberlitz to the Swiss waiter.

Donaque brought the tea and took his stand behind a palm, where he could overhear a part of what they said. But nothing of the slightest importance was discussed. Madame Fournier tasted her tea, made a pretense of nibbling her cake, and murmured a few words about the weather. And the only thing she did with any apparent interest was to smoke one thin Russian cigarette after another without stopping. At the end of half an hour she closed her gold cigarette-case with a snap and placed it in the bag hanging from her chatelaine.

"Pardon, Madame, but could you lend me a *papier poudré?*" asked Fräulein Oberlitz.

"*Certainement*, Madame," responded Madame Fournier, opening her bag and removing a little book of those indispensable papers, such as one buys at any pharmacy.

The fat lady took the little book, dropped it into her own bag, and, removing a leaf,

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vigorously applied it to her nose. Donaque watched the nose with one eye and the vanity-bag with the other. The lady finished her toilette, and, placing her hand in her bag, returned a book of *papier poudré* to Madame Fournier.

"*Merci bien!*" she puffed.

"So?" breathed Donaque.

A humpbacked newspaper-carrier deposited a copy of *Le Soir* at the apartment of Monsieur Georges Fournier at seven o'clock the following evening. It was late, to be sure, but it was a final edition—an edition of but one copy, which had cost the French Secret Service exactly one thousand francs to prepare, since it contained on its front page an article which appeared in no other copy of the paper, entitled:

MADONNA OF THE BLACKBIRD

SUSPICION FALLS UPON ONE OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE ITSELF.

HIS ARREST EXPECTED MOMENTARILY.

Below, a series of significant facts was given implicating M. Fournier, but not mentioning him by name.

At half past seven o'clock, Donaque, in ordinary street dress, walked to the Place du Palais Bourbon and rang the concierge's bell. M. Badoit opened it himself.

"*Bon soir*, M'sieu, I have an appointment with M. Fournier," said the detective, with a slight German accent which might have passed for Russian. "He is expecting me. Shall I go up?"

"Certainly," answered Badoit, who disliked climbing stairs. "*Troisième.*"

It was growing dark, and dusk had gathered in the corners as Donaque ascended. Never before had he attempted so blind a throw as in the present game, yet never before in his experience had there been a game so difficult to win. He looked carefully at his watch by means of a tiny electric lamp at the end of his pencil. It was the precise moment when M. Fournier should, in the natural course of events, have finished reading the article on the front page of the evening paper, and without delay Donaque pulled the silken cord that communicated with the bell inside the apartment. A moment, and the door was opened by a sallow-faced maid.

"I am from the Institute," said the detective quickly. "I must see M. Fournier at once. Allow me to pass, if you please." His manner and tone were authoritative, and the girl drew back.

Donaque stepped noiselessly down the hall, at the end of which glowed the open door of the director's library. Another moment and he was on the threshold.

M. Fournier, tall, aristocratic, scholarly, stood swaying by his desk beneath the lamplight, *Le Soir* open upon the floor beside him, a pistol in his hand. His lips twitched, and though he seemed to be gazing into some room beyond, his eyes were unfocused and visionless.

An acute anxiety seized upon Donaque. Could it be that the arrow of his genius would overshoot the target of success? It was not the life of the thief of the "Madonna" that he sought—it was the masterpiece itself. Would his ruse result in the final silencing of the lips which, he believed, alone could tell of its whereabouts?

"M'sieu!" he said hastily. Behind him in the hall he heard the rustle of a woman's skirt coming toward him.

The pistol fell from M. Fournier's hand to the thickly carpeted floor.

"M'sieu!" he replied vaguely, in a voice between a gasp and a whisper.

Donaque bowed. He had been in time. The soul of M. Fournier was his. The director must dance to his tune, march to his whistle, perform when he pulled the string. Now he could take his time. Yes, M. Fournier would lead him to the lost picture.

"M'sieu!" said Donaque in a gentle voice. "I am an agent of the Secret Service of France. I have come to tell you that the whereabouts of the 'Madonna of the Blackbird' have been ascertained."

A spasm shook the aristocratic figure before him. Donaque could hear a quick breath close behind his back and the sound of hastily retreating footsteps. Fournier groped with his hands blindly for the armchair beside the table, hesitated like a rocket that has reached its apogee, and then fell heavily with his chin upon the white bosom of his shirt. For a brief interval his eyelids trembled. Then he lay motionless.

Donaque turned quickly. There was no one to be seen, but in the silence he could hear the soft footfalls running down the hall. He had lost the soul of M. Fournier.

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Had his secret died with him? He turned and leaped down the passage after the footsteps. The sounds ceased abruptly and he stopped. Just before him a door had closed softly—a lock had clicked. With a single movement he flung himself forward against the door and burst it open. Madame Fournier in evening dress stood at her chiffonier, her hand in its right upper drawer. Over her gleaming shoulder her chalky face lowered at him with a look of sullen hatred.

"Pardon, Madame!" he exclaimed, seizing her arm, and removing from her fingers a little book of *papiers poudrés*. In her eyes hate gave way to grief and despair.

"Monsieur Fournier——" began Donaque simply.

The woman's face quivered behind its mask of white.

"It is I—not he—whom you want!" she cried hysterically. "I am responsible—I alone!"

Donaque opened the *papiers poudrés*.

On each of the sheets of tissue was traced in German script, so fine as to be almost undecipherable, one or two sentences.

The Russian had thrown herself upon the bed, clasping and unclasping her hands.

On the first sheet he read: "The picture is ruined. We have tried every recipe to restore its tones. Advise us."

On the second: "We have followed your instructions without success. We have also used antimetric acid and with no result."

On the third: "Hopeless."

On the fourth: "Nothing can be done. We dare not retain picture longer and are therefore returning same to you."

Donaque turned swiftly toward her. Was he too late, then?

"It was I—" she sobbed, rocking herself to and fro and running her hands through her hair until it gave way and fell in a confused mass about her shoulders. "It was I—with my accursed extravagance—my debts—my gambling! Oh, he is so good—so noble! You must save him from dishonor! Promise me that you will place the blame where it belongs—upon me—me—only me! It was I alone who thought of getting money by allowing the photographic company to reproduce the picture in color. Fräulein Oberlitz had promised me 25,000 francs. But my husband refused. He was horrified. Then I forged his name to the order for the picture's removal."

She choked, and raised a haggard face toward him. "It was sacrilege, I know it! Twice the 'Madonna' has come to me in a dream—looking oh, so sad! Last night she gave me a look as if I had thrust a knife into her breast! I can not bear it. Take me away. Put me in prison! But spare my husband. He is absolutely innocent! I swear it upon the cross—upon my honor, upon anything! It was nobody's fault but mine. God's curse was upon the whole deed! No sooner was the glass removed than in one instant the picture slowly began to change color and fall to pieces, and nothing would bring it back. Then I confessed. My husband was beside himself. Of course the officers of the company were terrified and paid the guardians for their silence. But they refused to retain the picture and sent it back, rolled in a bundle of music. Promise me you will exonerate my husband! Do what you want with me, but have mercy upon him!"

She lay there trembling convulsively.

So the picture was there, then—in the apartment! Donaque rushed back to the library, where M. Fournier lay dead in his chair, and glanced rapidly over walls and furniture. There seemed no place where a painting could be hidden. Hastily he pulled out the drawers of the desk, only to find them full of loose papers.

Then his eye caught the heavy writing-blotter, with its corners of Flemish leather. His heart beat more quickly. Gently he rolled back the topmost sheet of blotting-paper. Beneath it lay something like a picture—or what had once been a picture. *It was now but a mass of stains and blotches*, with here and there only a suggestion of the former marvelous coloring. Huge cracks traversed it, and along them ran black rivers where some chemical had found a channel.

Nothing was left of the great masterpiece, which lay in the lamplight like the decomposing face of some murdered man—a murdered picture!

Nothing? Yes, the fledgling blackbird—a creature, it seemed, of evil omen—fluttered its still glossy wings in a vain attempt to escape the ruin about it, and gleamed with an almost unearthly luster against the disfigured background.

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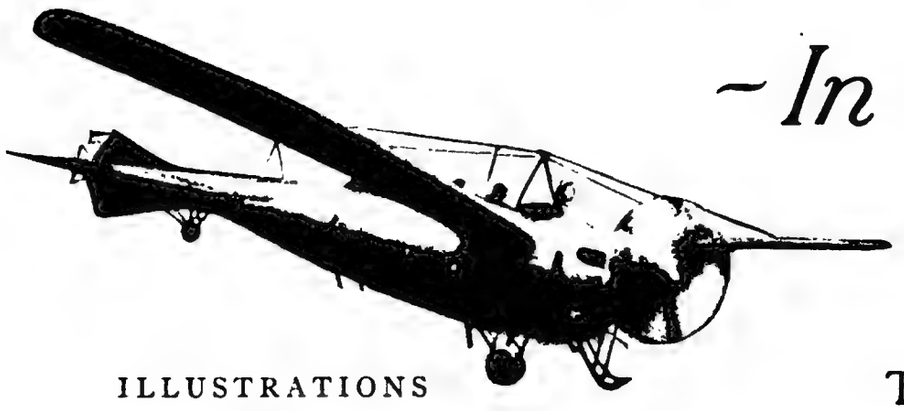
THE NEXT WAR

—*In the Air*



ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

by
T·R·MacMechen
and Carl Dienstbach

"I FIRMLY believe that battles in the future will be fought in the air."

General Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff of the Army, made that statement at the War College in Washington just before starting on his last annual tour of the Army posts.

General Wood had in mind the flight of a Zeppelin air-ship—the *Hansa*—from Hamburg over the seas to Copenhagen, where what amounted to a demonstration was made in the air above England's First Cruiser Squadron, then at anchor in the Danish harbor.

He also had in mind the recent British army maneuvers which were brought to an abrupt and dismal close simply because *the scouting aeroplanes furnished such complete information to the opposing commanders that a stalemate resulted.*

General Wood called attention to the official announcement that the British War Office, impressed by the work of the aeroplanes, had decided to build two air fleets for special purposes: *One to be armed with rapid-fire guns for offensive work*, and the other to be used for scouting purposes. He then expressed the hope that the United States would take a foremost position in aviation to make more secure its present condition of peace.

In predicting battles in the air, General Wood was merely giving voice to an opinion now held by all European military experts. They know that the next great war—for which the grand amphitheatre is now being prepared—will be fought under new conditions, and that the nation which commands supremacy in the air will have an advantage that can hardly be overcome.

A few months later General Wood's conviction might have gathered even greater strength from the startling demonstration made by the naval Zeppelin. Twelve hundred miles it flew, over land and sea, traveling the whole distance at a speed of forty miles an hour and carrying its full armament and war crew of twenty-one officers and men. This flight was sufficient to have taken the ship all over France and England.

The problems of the next war will be greatly multiplied if the powers engaging in it are fairly matched in the air. If they are not, the war will be over before it is well begun. No nation without an air navy can hope for success against an enemy with powerful fleets of dreadnought air-ships and of cruisers and torpedo craft in the form of aeroplanes having a speed of 80, 90, and even 100 miles an hour, because it will find it impossible to mobilize its army.

It is too much to expect of men that they will stand helpless while death and destruction is rained down upon them from an impregnable fortress floating in the air.

Any sea navy which the otherwise unprepared power may have will be all but useless. Only a few hours will be required

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IF THE COMMANDER OF THE AIR-SHIP DESIRES TO MAKE HIS HEAVIEST ATTACK UPON A STEAMSHIP, HE WILL TURN THE HEAD OF HIS SHIP EARTHWARD AND GLIDE JUST AS DOES A VOLPLANING AEROPLANE.

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for air-ships to make a desperate attack upon any naval base. Weather, unless desperately bad, will not hinder the attack, for the reason that the modern air-ship is now sufficiently powerful to make detours and come with the wind to the point of naval mobilization.

England has been quick to recognize the threatened danger. The new British cruisers are to be fitted with heavily armored and curved upper decks, and with steel umbrella-like coverings for funnels. The cruisers will also carry guns that can be elevated to an angle of 80 degrees and that will have an effective range of 9,000 yards. At a distance of 4½ miles one of these guns can send a 31-pound shrapnel shell to a height of 13,000 feet. Thus the men in the hostile air-ships and aeroplanes will find the air filled with danger to themselves.

THE NEW SHARPSHOOTERS

France in a time of peace lives in dread that the morrow will see fleets of German aircraft threatening to shower destruction upon its cities and fortresses. A new French rapid-fire gun was tried out the other day, and an aeroplane-kite riding at a height of 5,400 feet was completely riddled. This kite was being towed by a torpedo boat and was traveling about 20 miles an hour. Military experts, while pronouncing the trial of the gun to have been satisfactory, point to the pertinent fact that a target moving at its own speed of 100 miles an hour is entirely different from one towed at a speed of 20 miles. Germany's new war monoplane, which has been tested by Helmut Hirth at a speed of 94 miles an hour in still air, would be a difficult target to hit, particularly if it flew with a favoring breeze.

All Paris turned out one afternoon last September to celebrate the first review of its air navy. Seventy-two aeroplanes and air-ships passed before the reviewing-stand of the Minister of War, M. Millerand. Each machine carried the colors of the republic and there was the wildest enthusiasm as each dipped its flag in salutation before the War Minister's stand. For an hour before the review the aerial craft, with their pilots, sharpshooters, and observers, circled about, carefully maneuvering for position, while their motors made a continuous roar. Most of the aeroplanes on leaving the review sped off toward the east to resume their stations along the German frontier; and Paris went to bed, confident that for another twenty-four hours, at least, the country was safe.

At the present moment the German-French frontier presents the paradoxical appearance of an inland preparation for a great naval conflict. France has established military aeroplane camps at Toul, Verdun, Châlons-sur-Marne, Bar-le-Duc, and Epinal, and within the year has built great sheds in which to house her air-ships at Rheims, Issy-les-Moulineaux, Pau, Moisson, and Sartrouville. Other air-ship sheds have been constructed at Verdun, Belfort, Epinal, Toul, Mézières, Maubeuge, Châlons, and Langres. The French government has established factories to produce hydrogen for air-ships at Paris, Lille, Langres, Montford, Beauval, and La Motte-Breuil. A factory larger than any of these is being built at Châlons. The French army has three very large demountable air-ship sheds and a portable hydrogen factory for field service.

While France long placed its main reliance in the aeroplane, it now realizes that the greatest danger will not come from that quarter. France has recognized that aerial war will be a naval war in the air, and is lending full encouragement to the air-ship. By the end of the year 1913, fourteen semi-rigid dirigibles as large as the earlier Zeppelins will be in service in connection with the French army. There is now in construction, in a factory near Paris, a war air-ship of the Zeppelin type. The French aerial war budget for 1911 was $1,240,000; for 1912 it was $4,000,000; and for 1913 it is estimated at $8,500,000.

On the German side of the frontier the work of preparing for the threatened conflict is even more ominous. Four Zeppelin-built giant air dreadnoughts, armed and munitioned as if war were a thing of to-day, keep almost constantly in the air, training their crews in the science of navigation, and *also in marksmanship*. The naval *Z* is stationed at Wilhelmshaven, on the North Sea. The *Z I* is at Koenigsberg, on the Russian frontier; the *Z III* is at Metz, and the *Z II* is at Cologne—each ready to raid across the French border at a moment's notice.

Germany is adding nine units to its fleet of air-fighters: four Zeppelins (rigid type),

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one Siemens-Schuckert (non-rigid), two Parsevals (non-rigid), one Schuette-Lanz (rigid), and one Gross (semi-rigid). It is probable that this number will be doubled within another twelve months, during which time Germany expects to add several hundred war aeroplanes to the three hundred it now has in service. The ranks of German officers now count more than four hundred diploma pilots, the most skilled in Europe. Thus not only in numbers of war aeroplanes, but in pilots, Germany outclasses France. Germany's budget for the year for its air navy is $7,000,000. By popular subscription, too, Germany is increasing its fleet of military air-ships.

For several decades Europe has existed as a series of armed camps. It has a tremendous population closely gathered together. It has many points of manufacture and industry where immense wealth lies unprotected. Its distances are comparatively short. All of these conditions are ideal for the successful prosecution of offensive aerial warfare. Only a very few hours would be required for the flight of an air dreadnought from Germany to the center of France or to England; Paris or London—or both cities—could be attacked immediately after a declaration of war; French or English points of mobilization, bases of supply, railway lines of communication, and naval stations could be menaced and perhaps destroyed.

Some morning England, perhaps, or France, or Germany, or some other European power, will open its eyes to find its capital and the rear of its armies menaced by hostile air fleets. It will then be called upon to decide whether to accept peace on ignominious terms, or destructive war with humiliating defeat almost certain. Its only hope of success will rest in its ability to summon, without loss of time, an air navy of its own sufficiently strong to destroy the enemy's or drive it across the border.

Those who consider this a fanciful picture are deceiving themselves. They have not kept themselves informed. Progress has been made while they slept. They have yet to realize that the 50-mile ship is already in the air.

The naval Zeppelin and the *Z III*, both built by Count Zeppelin for the German government, have each made 50 miles an hour. An air dreadnought is now in process of construction that will have a speed of 55 miles if it meets its contract requirements. The latest-built Schuette-Lanz, the largest air-ship ever constructed, a veritable armor-clad of the air, has just been turned out from the shops in Mannheim. This ship makes fifty miles an hour. The 60-mile ship will be here within a year. These giant air-ships will carry within themselves sufficient power to enable them to make headway against a storm of tempest-like strength. They will be almost independent of weather conditions.

These ships mount guns of great destruction. A modern light cannon, of the type with which they are equipped, does as much damage as two whole batteries accomplished in the Franco-German war. Its half-pound shell goes through inch-steel after traveling a tremendous distance. Fired from the air, these light guns are as efficient as the heaviest guns firing over the ground. Conclusive tests have been made proving the certainty of effective marksmanship, particularly against a target on the ground. The gunner can tell exactly where each bullet or projectile strikes, which makes it easy for him to correct his aim. But it is difficult indeed for the gunner on the ground to tell how close his shots come to the flying air-ship of the enemy.

The statoscope—an instrument of as much importance to the air-ship navigator as the compass is to the mariner—indicates to a nicety the slightest change of height above sea level. This makes it easy for the helmsman to steer his air-ship in a circle, using the target as a pivotal bearing. So stable is the air-ship that the gunners can sight with the same scientific precision that would be theirs if their battery were located on a mountain side.

TARGET PRACTISE IN THE SKY

During recent practise a small canvas float was set adrift on Lake Constance. From an air-ship about 3½ miles away, and circling in the air at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, a gunner got the exact range with his third shot, which was fired only a few seconds after the first. The target was quickly riddled, and though the exact results were kept secret by official order of the German government, it is known that the percentage of hits was close to 100. Maneuvering in fairly brisk

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winds did not make it impossible for the gunners to get perfect range.

Again, the *Z III* while at practise, maneuvering with battle speed at a height of 6,000 feet, shot to pieces in seventeen minutes the target, a silhouette of a whole village arranged on the maneuvering grounds several miles out of Badeux. Equally successful results have been obtained at the artillery grounds at Jüterbog and at the aerial school at Metz.

During this target practise armor-piercing tests were made, and it was found that the macarite projectiles from the air-ship traveled with truly marvelous force. Armor such as that ordinarily used to protect the decks of navy cruisers was cut through and dummy magazines were exploded. This was done while the air-ship from which the projectiles were fired was in full flight and at a height to make it nearly impossible for the air-ship to be hit from the ground.

A NEW WAR TERROR

Bomb-dropping from air-ships, thanks to the new Ceiss sighting-instrument, now approaches an exact science. Not only is the percentage of hits very large, but the damage done is far greater than is popularly supposed. From the Krupp gun factory there is now being turned out a fire bomb that sheds a bright light not only during its flight, but after it strikes the earth. This bomb serves the double purpose of setting fire to any inflammable material with which it comes into contact and furnishing sufficient light so that the air-ship gunners are able, even on the darkest night, to see the objects upon which they wish to center their shots. Further aid at night to the gunners is given by the search-light which hangs sometimes as much as 500 feet beneath the air-ship from which it is suspended. This light is an actual protection to the ship above it, as its position confuses the enemy's marksmen.

Another bomb of German manufacture is dropped from the airship and explodes high in the air. It throws out tremendous quantities of dense, heavy smoke that slowly sinks to earth. This smoke spreads in a great cloud and gives to the air-ship cover through which to escape from a point of danger.

Still another bomb that will add to the terrors of war contains about 150 pounds of chemicals which on exploding fill the air with poisonous gases, killing everything within 100 yards, and extending their influence for more than twice that distance. The Japanese, by the way, are said to have a similar bomb which they expect to use against possible enemies in the air. A dog was sent aloft in the basket of a captive balloon near Tokio, and a chemical bomb was shot into the air so that it exploded about 300 feet from the animal. When the balloon was drawn to the earth a few minutes later the dog was dead, its lungs completely congested by the poisonous gas.

Fortunately for those who will fight in the air, the mortar from which this bomb is hurled has no greater range than 2,000 feet.

The *Viktoria Luise*, one of the latest ships built by Count Zeppelin, and recently sold for $125,000 to the German government, was sent last May through a series of maneuvers over the North Sea. It surprised even those who had previously accepted the air-ship as no longer an experiment. After it had answered every demand in the way of ascending and descending flights, stops, starts, and quick turns, the *Viktoria Luise*, from a height of about 7,000 feet, plunged at an acute angle, holding a perfectly straight course until it almost touched the water. Then it took position directly above the North German Lloyd steamship *Amerika*. This was done to prove that gas and fuel may be renewed at sea, making it unnecessary for an air-ship to return to a land base for supplies.

Then came the flight of the *Hansa* across the North Sea to Copenhagen, and Malmo, Sweden; and all Germany rejoiced as over a victory won. The *Hansa* covered the distance of 375 miles for the round trip in exactly twelve hours, which included time for dinner and a few official visits in Copenhagen. Count Zeppelin, who was personally in command, reported that at no time was the air-ship put to its best speed.

Berlin newspapers did not fail to point out that the flight of the *Hansa* demonstrated the ease with which German military air-ships could cross from Cologne and ride swiftly over London or any part of England without fear of interference. London newspapers drew the same conclusion and made demands that the British government take immediate measures to guard England against the new menace.

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THERE IS A GREAT SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE NAVIES OF THE AIR AND THE SEA. AS CRUISERS AND TORPEDO-BOATS SERVE DREADNOUGHTS, SO SWIFT AEROPLANES SCOUT AND PERFORM OTHER SERVICES FOR AIRSHIPS.

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While Germany has taken the lead in developing the air-ship, it has not neglected the heavier-than-air flying-machine.

The company organized by Count Zeppelin to carry forward the work begun by himself recently purchased a Curtiss aeroplane that is the lightest of its type. The Curtiss was purchased as a model, the practical-minded Germans believing that they can improve upon it. Count Zeppelin's present plan is to carry a self-stabilizing craft of this type on the forward deck of each of his air-ships. He believes that it will be possible for the aeroplane to launch itself while the air-ship is in full flight, and, if necessary, return to and light upon the air-ship's forward deck without requiring the larger vessel even to slow down.

Should the larger ship be attacked by a flying enemy, the aeroplane, armed with a light long-range gun, will take itself independently into the air and give battle. The probable loss of the diminutive defender will count for little, if the enemy be destroyed or so crippled as to permit the air-ship to proceed unmolested.

ARMOR-PLATE FOR AIR-SHIPS

The Zeppelin and Schuette-Lanz air-ships, having a rigid framework, mount formidable guns on their hulls at various points. Two are carried forward, one amidships, one at the stern, and at least one on the top deck. This arrangement permits firing at a land target from any angle and also makes it possible to discharge a Krupp shell that is exploded by a time-fuse and fills the skies with a rain of bullets—an effective defense against an attacking aeroplane. The gun turrets and cars of the air-ship will carry armor, the secret composition of which has been kept by the German government in spite of the spies who have endeavored to discover its nature. This armor-plate is very light and is only a slight fraction of an inch in thickness, but it spreads ordinary bullets as if they were made of sealing-wax.

Riding at a height of a mile in the sky, a 500-foot Zeppelin air-ship appears to an observer on the earth about the size of a lead-pencil. Changing position, as it constantly does, it makes an almost impossible target. If the commander of the air-ship desires to make his heaviest attack upon a steamship, or any other object, he will turn the head of his ship earthward and glide just as does a volplaning aeroplane. In that position his air-ship will present to the enemy a surface only 48 feet in diameter. Every gun carried by the air-ship can be brought into play and fired with an accuracy that must have a destructive effect.

Before descending to a level that will mean great danger to itself, the air-ship will be turned in the air and taken to a distant point of safety. It can remain high in air, a constant menace to the enemy, while reports are made by wireless to headquarters.

An attack by an air-ship upon a great body of soldiers, resting in camp or quartered in a city, is certain to be destructive and terribly demoralizing. That such attacks will be made can not be doubted. Advantage must remain with the air-ship in any contest with forces on the ground. Modern cannon have sufficient theoretical range and accuracy to hit a target the size of an airship when that air-ship is hung stationary in the sky; but no gun that must first be laid and then fired is of practical use against an air-ship in flight. The gun that will reach an object in fast flight through the air must be kept continuously on the target by two pointers, just as the hunter keeps his fowling-piece on the flying bird. No mounting has yet been invented that permits such sighting at an object high in the air. No sighting around a corner, through prisms, or by means of mirrors, will do, for the reason that the target can not be followed in its gyrations.

To get the best results the gunner must lie on his back, moving with the weapon he is aiming. The gun must be of large size and great weight to send a projectile, not in an arc but in a straight line, to an air-ship riding perhaps a mile or more in the sky. That is the only kind of shooting which will hit an air-ship in space; and such dependable shooting can only be accomplished by heavy artillery. To swing such a gun so as to permit it to follow the swiftly moving target will require a complex engine of tremendous power. It must have a permanent position, and even when it works perfectly without hitch or friction, satisfactory results will be largely a question of luck.

Range-finding for a coast-defense gun

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is comparatively simple. Range-finding for a defense against an air-ship is much more difficult, bringing into the problem, as it does, the third dimension. The slightest mistake sends the projectile above or below the target, and the lack of a background prevents the gunner from profiting by his previous error; while to use several guns simultaneously with different tentative sights presupposes a concerted action by 30 to 50 guns that will be almost impossible, particularly in the event of a surprise and unexpected attack.

Military experts take the view that the aeroplane has revolutionized warfare backward. The flying scouts, serving during the recent army maneuvers in England, France, and Germany, obtained so much information that troops were brought to close quarters. Had the warfare been real and not mimic, the resulting battle would have been man against man and with such slaughter as occurred when soldiers fought hand to hand and when the defeated army was usually wiped out of existence.

The air-ship revolutionizes warfare forward. It introduces a new and powerful weapon of attack and makes possible strategy and tactics on a larger and more decisive scale.

Coincident with the declaration of war, which may be made late of an afternoon, the best-prepared nation will send its air fleets raiding across its borders; by midnight it will menace the enemy's capital, threaten its various points of mobilization, and attack fortresses, depots of supply, and naval bases. The commander at home will be kept informed by wireless of the amount of damage done and of the progress made by the enemy.

In the meantime, other air-ships will prepare the way for the army of invasion. As soon as the army moves, aerial scouts will be out in front, not only to guard against possible surprise and gain information as to the enemy's plans, but to make direct attack if it be thought wise to do so.

Military movements will not wait upon weather conditions. Air-ships engaged in commercial enterprises may time their flights according to the winds, but it will not be so in times of war, when human life is the cheapest commodity at the nation's command. Military flyers, when it is necessary, will accept any risk, and where hundreds are sent out, even during a tempest a few may be expected to succeed.

Unnecessary risks, however, will not be taken even in time of war. Every precaution will be used to protect the air-ship from possible disaster. Aeroplanes will act as weather scouts. By wireless they will send back to the air-ship reports of both favorable and unfavorable weather conditions. These reports will be relayed, if necessary, from one aeroplane to another. In the meantime the position of each of its fleet of scouts will be known aboard the air-ship, which, with all the navigating facilities of a steamer, can make detours that will enable it to dodge any local storm reported to be in its pathway. As the ordinary storm belt is seldom more than 100 miles in width, this will be no difficult maneuver to perform. In this manner wrecks and disasters will be avoided, and great risk will not be taken unless the exigencies of the campaign demand.

It should be remembered, though, that the cost of an aeroplane is trifling, and that for the money spent upon a single battleship 120 air-ships can be built and maintained.

The issue of a battle may depend upon a single scrap of information obtained by an air scout. This will bring about the most desperate game of "tag" the world has ever known. Men will fight in the air to make their way back to their own forces, and they will fight to prevent the enemy's scouts from escaping with the information which may have been gathered.

TORCH-TRAILING FROM THE SKY

As an engine of destruction the air-ship is by no means limited to the use of its guns and hand-dropped missiles. The next great war will be all that General Sherman said. And more. If it is thought necessary to devastate a country as Sheridan devastated the Shenandoah Valley, the air-ship will be employed. A trailing wire with a torch at the end will spread flames through a village or through ripened grain fields much more quickly and thoroughly than could be done by a thousand incendiary infantrymen. An active machine-gun will prevent any attempt to extinguish the fires.

By means of hooks at the end of strong wire cables, small structures will be overturned on railroad tracks. The torch will then complete the work, and the heat will

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be sufficient to twist and dislodge the rails. Gas tanks will be exploded; power-houses rendered useless; railroad terminals destroyed, and such general havoc worked that the population will have to move out of the territory or starve.

Mammoth air-ships with 2,000 miles radius of activity (the naval Zeppelin and the new Schuette-Lanz air-dreadnought are nearly equal to that) will operate independently of the armies, carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare in the air. They will fly hundreds of miles beyond the theatre of military activities, and raid parts of the enemy's territory that but for the air-ships would remain untouched by the hand of war. This will be a sort of legalized piracy, something similar to the work done by privateersmen in our own Civil War. These air cruisers will go out after spoils, and as they can not carry great cargoes they will exact tribute. Time will be too precious to be wasted in a siege, and demands will be enforced by the use of the torch. A well-intentioned threat to cut off the water supply of a city will quickly bring the inhabitants to terms.

To oppose such raids with soldiers will only lead to great and unnecessary loss of life and destruction of property without hope of immediate retaliation. Defense by means of guns in armored turrets will merely invite the destruction of the city. At night, or in the daytime behind low-lying clouds, the air fleet will find no difficulty in obtaining a commanding position from which it can work devastation.

For three years the French boasted of the efficiency of their cannon when served by aeroplane scouts. The deeper-thinking Germans went the French one better by taking light, yet efficient, cannon up into their swift air-ships, thus making it possible to scout and fight at the same time. This combination is most effective, and, as has been shown, practically means taking a nation's navy from the surface of the ocean into the air. The air fleet is no more limited as to its activities than is the fleet on the water. It can hardly expect to attack successfully in a heavy storm or during a fog, but it has no enemy to fear save one of its own kind.

Navies of the air are so new that it would be foolish at this time to attempt to define their full powers and absolute limitations. It is certain, however, that there will be fighting in the air between hostile scouts and that naval tactics will be followed. The largest air-ship will have other aircraft more or less at its mercy, just as the dreadnought of the sea is more than a match for any cruiser. The French have fully demonstrated that in a contest between two aeroplanes the one that runs and fights will have a distinct advantage over the one that attacks.

To the United States belongs the credit for developing the best aeroplane gun. Captain Lewis, U. S. A., has built a gun that, during a test made near Paris on the twenty-first of last August, fired 500 shots in 50 seconds. While the weapon has a fairly long range, its best service in the air will be at its point-blank range of 500 yards, because of the impossibility of spotting shots without a background.

THE COMING AIR-CLASH

There is a very great similarity between the navies of the air and the sea. A fleet of dreadnoughts would be at a great disadvantage without cruisers and torpedo-boats to scout and perform other services of much value. But in this day of heavy armor and long-range guns a fleet of cruisers could not hope to meet hostile dreadnoughts with success. So it is in the air. The air-ship is a dreadnought capable of working great destruction upon an enemy. And while, in a sense, it acts as a scout as well as a fighting-machine, it must have its own scouts in the form of swift-flying aeroplanes. Independent of the air-ship, the aeroplane will be of value as a scout to flash out a few miles in advance of an army to observe the lay of the land and make certain that the enemy does not succeed in an attempt at a surprise. It will be more of a firefly than a mosquito; more of a news-gatherer than a fighter.

It is not our intention to predict war for to-morrow. But that a European conflict can not be long delayed most thinking men admit. As to when the clash is to come, you may make your own guess. But you should know that it will be when some war-lord, with his mind fevered by a dream of empire, believes that he is best prepared for the decisive blow. When his day comes, he will send his air fleets out, and the first attack upon the enemy will be made from the sky.

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The IRON TRAIL

by REX BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE NET," "THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," "THE SPOILERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

Editor's Note—All who have followed Rex Beach along the Alaskan trail—all who have seen through the mirror of his stories the dramatic, titanic conflicts in the development of that continent-sized territory, will welcome his return to Alaska—in this, his latest story, "The Iron Trail." In the earlier books he dealt with a wild, untamed Alaska; with the struggles of the pioneer miners. "The Iron Trail" marks a next step in the mastery of Alaska: the coming of the railroads; and the hero, Murray O'Neil, building a road not only with the gigantic handicaps offered by Nature, but against the opposition of big financial interests. Here you have wide spaces, tremendous problems, and big men. And one man, Murray O'Neil, with Irish versatility, can build a railroad and win a woman's heart at the same time.

CHAPTER I

IN WHICH THE TIDE TAKES A HAND

THE ship stole through the darkness with extremest caution, feeling her way past bay and promontory. Around her was none of that phosphorescent glow which lies above the open ocean, even on the darkest night, for the mountains ran down to the channel on either side. All day long the *Nebraska* had made her way through an endless succession of straits and sounds, now squeezing through an inlet so narrow that the somber spruce trees seemed to be within a short stone's throw, again plowing across some open reach where the pulse of the North Pacific could be felt.

Always near at hand was the deep green of the Canadian forests, denser, darker than a tropic jungle, for this was the land of "plenty waters." The hillsides were carpeted knee-deep with moss, wet to saturation. Out of every gulch came a brawling stream whipped to milk-white frenzy; snow lay heavy upon the higher levels, while now and then from farther inland peered a glacier, like some dead monster crushed between the granite peaks. There were villages, too, and fishing stations, and mines and quarries. These burst suddenly upon the view, then slipped past with dreamlike swiftness.

Those passengers of the *Nebraska* who had never before traversed the "Inside Passage" were loud in praise of its picturesqueness, while those to whom the route was familiar seemed to find an ever fresh fascination in its shifting scenes.

Among the latter was Murray O'Neil. The whole north coast from Flattery to St. Elias was as well mapped in his mind as the face of an old friend, yet he was forever discovering new vistas, surprising panoramas, amazing variations of color and topography. The mysterious rifts and passageways that opened and closed as if to lure the ship astray, the trackless confusion of islets, the siren song of the waterfalls, the

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silent hills and glaciers and snow-soaked forests—all appealed to him strongly, for he was at heart a dreamer.

Yet he did not forget that scenery such as this, lovely as it is by day, may be dangerous at night, for he knew the weakness of steel hulls. On some sides his experience and business training had made him sternly practical and prosaic. Ships aroused no manner of enthusiasm in him except as means to an end. Railroads had no glamour of romance in his eyes, for, having built a number of them, he had outlived all poetic notions regarding the "iron horse."

Nevertheless he was almost poetic in his own quiet way, interweaving practical thoughts with fanciful visions, and he loved his dreams. He was dreaming now as he leaned upon the bridge-rail of the *Nebraska*, peering into the gloom with watchful eyes. From somewhere to port came the occasional commands of the officer on watch, echoed instantly from the inky interior of the wheel-house. Up over the side rose the whisper of rushing waters; from under foot came the rhythmic beat of the engines, far below. O'Neil shook off his mood and began to wonder idly how long it would be before Captain Johnny would be ready for his "nightcap."

He always traveled with Johnny Brennan when he could manage it, for the two men were boon companions. O'Neil was wont to live in Johnny's cabin, or on the bridge, and their nightly libation to friendship had come to be a matter of some ceremony.

The ship's master soon appeared from the shadows—a short, trim man with gray hair.

"Come," he cried, "it's waiting for us."

O'Neil followed into Brennan's luxurious, well-lighted quarters, where on a mahogany sideboard was a tray holding decanter, siphon, and glasses, together with a bottle of ginger-ale. The Captain, after he had mixed a beverage for his passenger, opened the bottle for himself. They raised their glasses silently.

"Now that you're past the worst of it," remarked O'Neil, "I suppose you'll turn in. You're getting old for a hard run like this, Johnny."

Captain Brennan snorted. "Old? I'm a better man than you, yet. I'm a teetotaler —that's why. I discovered long ago that salt water and whisky don't mix."

O'Neil stretched himself out in one of Brennan's easy chairs. "Really," he said, "I don't understand why a ship carries a captain. Now, of what earthly use to the line are you, for instance, except for your beauty, which, no doubt, has its value with the women? I'll admit you preside with some grace at the best table in the dining-saloon, but your officers know these channels as well as you do. They could make the run from Seattle to Juneau with their eyes shut."

"Indeed they could not; and for that matter neither could I."

"Oh, well, of course I have no respect for you as a man, having seen you without your uniform."

The Captain grinned in thorough enjoyment of this raillery. "I'll say nothing at all of my seamanship," he said, lapsing into the faintest of brogues, "but there's no denying that the master of a ship has many unpleasant and disgusting duties to perform. He has to amuse the prominent passengers who can't amuse themselves, for one thing, and that takes tact and patience. Why, some people make themselves at home on the bridge, in the chart-room, and even in my living quarters, to say nothing of consuming my expensive wines, liquors, and cigars."

"Meaning me?"

"I'm a brutal seafaring man, and you'll have to make allowances for my well-known brusqueness. Maybe I did mean you. But I'll say that, next to you, Curtis Gordon is the worst grafter I ever saw."

"You don't like Gordon, do you?" O'Neil queried with a change of tone.

"I do not! He went up with me again this spring and he had his widow with him, too."

"His widow?"

"You know who I mean—Mrs. Gerard. They say it's her money he's using in his schemes. Perhaps it's because of her that I don't like him."

"Ah-h! I see."

"You *don't* see, or you wouldn't grin like an ape. I'm a married man, I'll have you know, and I'm still on good terms with Mrs. Brennan, thank God! But I don't like men who use women's money, and that's just what our friend Gordon is doing. What money the widow didn't put up, he's grabbed from the school-ma'ams and servant-girls and society matrons in the East. What has he got to show them for it?"

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"A railroad project, a copper mine, some coal claims——"

"Bah! A menagerie of wildcats!"

"You can't prove that. What's your reason for distrusting him?"

"Well, for one thing, he knows too much. Why, he knows everything, he does. Art, literature, politics, law, finance, and draw-poker have no secrets from him. He's been everywhere—and back—twice. He speaks a dozen different languages. He outargued me on poultry-raising, and I know more about that than any man living. He can handle a drill or a coach-and-four; he can tell all about the art of ancient Babylon, and he beat me playing cribbage, which shows that he ain't on the level. He's the best informed man outside of a university, and he drinks tea of an afternoon—with his legs crossed and the saucer balanced on his heel. Now it takes years of hard work for an honest man to make a success at one thing, but Gordon never failed at anything. I ask you if a living authority on *all* the branches of human endeavor, and a man who can beat me at 'crib,' doesn't make you suspicious?"

"Not at all. I've beaten you, myself!"

"I was sick," said Captain Brennan.

"The man is brilliant and well educated and wealthy. It's only natural that he should excite the jealousy of a weaker intellect."

Johnny opened his lips for an explosion, then changed his mind and agreed sourly.

"He's got money, all right, and he knows how to spend it. He and his valet occupied three cabins on this ship. They say his quarters at Hope are palatial."

"My dear grampus, the mere love of luxury doesn't argue that a person is dishonest."

"Would *you* let a hired man help you on with your underclothes?" demanded the mariner.

"There's nothing criminal about it."

"Humph! Mrs. Gerard is different. She's all 'class!' You don't mind her having a maid and speaking French when she runs short of English. Her daughter is like her."

"I haven't seen Miss Gerard."

"If you'd stir about the ship instead of wearing out my Morris chair, you'd have that pleasure. She was on deck all morning." Captain Brennan fell silent, and poked with a stubby forefinger at the ice in his glass.

"Well, out with it!" said O'Neil after a moment.

"I'd like to know the inside story of Curtis Gordon and this girl's mother."

"Why bother your head about something that doesn't concern you?" The speaker rose and began to pace the cabin floor, then in an altered tone inquired: "Tell me, are you going to land me and my horses at Kyak Bay?"

"That depends on the weather. It's a rotten harbor; you'll have to swim them ashore."

"Suppose it should be rough?"

"Then we'll go on, and drop you there coming back. I don't want to be caught on that shore with a southerly wind, and that's the way it usually blows."

"I can't wait," O'Neil declared. "A week's delay might ruin me. Rather than go on I'd swim ashore myself, without the horses."

"I don't make the weather at Kyak Bay; Satan himself does that. Twenty miles offshore it may be calm, and inside it may be blowing a gale. That's due to the glaciers. Those ice-fields inland and the warm air from the Japanese Current offshore kick up some funny atmospheric pranks. It's the worst spot on the coast, and we'll lose a ship there some day. Why, the place isn't properly charted, let alone buoyed."

"That's nothing unusual for this coast."

"True for you. This is all a graveyard for ships, and there's been many a good master's license lost because of half-baked laws from Washington. Think of a coast like this with almost no lights, no beacons, nor buoys; and yet we're supposed to make time. It's fine in clear weather, but in the dark we go by guess; and by Heaven, I've stood the run longer than most of the skippers, but——"

Even as Brennan spoke, the *Nebraska* seemed to halt, to jerk backward under his feet. O'Neil, who was standing, flung out an arm to steady himself. Brennan leaped from his chair; his ruddy face was mottled, his eyes were wide and horror-stricken.

"Damnation!" he gasped. The cabin door crashed open ahead of him and he was on the bridge, with O'Neil at his heels. They saw the first officer clinging limply to the rail; from the pilot-house window came an excited burst of Norwegian, then out of the door rushed a quartermaster.

Brennan cursed, and met the fellow with

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DOWN FORWARD THE STEERAGE PASSENGERS—MONTENEGRINS, POLACKS, AND SLAVS—SURGED FROM SIDE TO SIDE LIKE CATTLE.

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a blow which drove him sprawling back.

"Get in there, Swan!" he bellowed, "and take your wheel."

"The tide swung her in!" exclaimed the mate. "The tide—my God!"

"Sweet Queen Anne!" said Brennan more quietly. "You've ripped her belly out."

"It—was the tide," chattered the officer.

The steady, muffled beating of the machinery ceased, the ship seemed suddenly to lose her life, but it was plain that she was not aground, for she kept moving through the gloom. From down forward came excited voices as the crew poured up out of the forecastle.

Brennan leaped to the telegraph and signaled the engine-room. He was calm now, and his voice was sharp and steady.

"Go below, Mr. James, and find the extent of the damage," he directed, and a moment later the hull began to throb once more to the thrust of the propeller. Inside the wheel-house, Swan had recovered from his panic and repeated the master's orders mechanically.

The second and third officers arrived upon the bridge now, dressing as they came, and they were followed by the chief engineer. Johnny's orders to them cracked like sparks from a wireless. In an incredibly short time he had the situation in hand and turned to O'Neil, who had been a silent witness of the scene.

"Glory be!" exclaimed the Captain, "most of our good passengers are asleep! The jar would scarcely wake them."

"Tell me where and how I can help," Murray offered. His first thought had been of the possible effect of this catastrophe upon his plans, for time was pressing. As for danger, he had looked upon it so often and in so many forms that it had little power to stir him; but a shipwreck which would halt his northward rush was another matter. His fellow passengers, he knew, were safe enough. Fortunately there were not many of them—a scant two hundred, perhaps—and if worse came to worst, there was room in the life-boats for all. But the *Nebraska* had no water-tight bulkheads, and the plight of his twenty horses between decks filled him with alarm and pity. There were no life-boats for those poor dumb animals penned down below in the rushing waters.

Brennan had stepped into the chart-room, but returned in a moment, to say:

"There's no place to beach her this side of Halibut Bay."

"How far is that?"

"Five or six miles."

"You'll—have to beach her?"

"I'm afraid so. She feels queer."

Up from the cabin deck came a handful of men passengers to inquire what had happened; behind them a woman began calling shrilly for her husband.

"We touched a rock," the skipper explained briefly. "Kindly go below and stop that squawking. There's no danger."

There followed a harrowing wait of several minutes; then James, the first officer, came to report. He had regained his nerve and spoke with swift precision.

"She loosened three plates on her port quarter, and she's filling fast."

"How long will she last?" snapped Brennan.

"Not long, sir. Half an hour, perhaps."

The Captain rang for full speed, and the decks began to strain as the engines increased their labor. "Get your passengers out and stand by the boats," he ordered. "Take it easy, and don't alarm the women. Have them dress warmly, and don't allow any crowding by the men. Mr. Tomlinson, you hold the steerage gang in check. Take your revolver with you." He turned to his silent friend, in whose presence he seemed to feel a cheering sympathy. "I knew it would come sooner or later, Murray; but—Magnificent Mummies! To touch on a clear night with the sea like glass!" He sighed dolefully. "It'll be tough on my missus."

O'Neil laid a hand upon his shoulder. "It wasn't your fault, and there will be room in the last boat for you. Understand?" Brennan hesitated, and the other continued roughly: "No nonsense now! Don't make a damned fool of yourself by sticking to the bridge. Promise?"

"I promise."

"Now what do you want me to do?"

"Keep those dear passengers quiet. I'll run for Halibut Bay where there's a sandy beach. If she won't make it, I'll turn her into the rocks. Tell 'em they won't wet a foot if they keep their heads."

"Good! I'll be back to see that you behave yourself." The speaker laughed lightly and descended to the deck, where he found an incipient panic. Stewards were

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"IT IS SO DARK—SO STRANGE—SO STILL!" SHE MURMURED. "WHAT HAS HAPPENED?"

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pounding on stateroom doors, half-clad men were rushing about aimlessly, pallid faces peered forth from windows, and there was the sound of running feet, of slamming doors, of shrill, hysterical voices.

Murray O'Neil was known to most of the passengers, for his name had gone up and down the coast, and there were few places from San Francisco to Nome where his word did not carry weight. As he went among his fellow travelers now, smiling, self-contained, unruffled, his presence had its effect. Women ceased their shrilling, men stopped their senseless questions and listened to his directions with some comprehension. In a short time the passengers were marshaled upon the upper deck where the life-boats hung between their davits. Each little craft was in charge of its allotted crew, the electric lights continued to burn brightly, and the panic gradually wore itself out.

Meanwhile the ship was running a desperate race with the sea, striving with every ounce of steam in her boilers to find a safe berth for her mutilated body before the inrush of waters drowned her fires. That the race was close, even the dullest understood, for the *Nebraska* was settling, forward, and plowed into the night head down, like a thing maddened with pain. She was becoming unmanageable, too, and O'Neil thought with pity of that little iron-hearted skipper on the bridge who was fighting her so furiously.

There was little confusion, little talking upon the upper deck now; only a child whimpered or a woman sobbed hysterically. But down forward among the steerage passengers the case was different. These were mainly Montenegrins, Polacks, or Slavs bound for the construction camps to the westward, and they surged from side to side like cattle, requiring Tomlinson's best efforts to keep them from rushing aft.

O'Neil had employed thousands of such men; in fact, many of these very fellows had cashed his time-checks and knew him by sight. He went forward among them and his appearance proved instantly reassuring. He found his two hostlers, and with their aid he soon reduced the mob to comparative order.

But in spite of his confident bearing, he felt a great uneasiness. The *Nebraska* seemed upon the point of diving; he judged she must be settling very fast, and wondered that the forward tilt did not lift her propeller out of water. Fortunately, however, the surface of the sound was like a polished floor, and there were no swells to submerge her.

The race seemed hours long, the miles stretched into leagues, and with every moment of suspense the ship sank lower. The end came unexpectedly. There was a sudden startled outcry as the *Nebraska* struck for a second time that night. She rose slightly, rolled and bumped, grated briefly, then came to rest.

Captain Brennan shouted from the bridge: "Fill your life-boats, Mr. James, and lower away carefully."

A cheer rose from the huddled passengers.

The boiler-room was still dry, it seemed, for the incandescent lights burned without a flicker, even after the grimy oilers and stokers had come pouring up on deck.

O'Neil climbed to the bridge. "Is this Halibut Bay?" he asked Captain Johnny.

"It is. But we're piled up on the reef outside. She may hold fast—I hope so, for there's deep water astern and if she slips off she'll go down."

"I'd like to save my horses," said the younger man wistfully. Through all the strain of the past half-hour or more, his uppermost thought had been for them. But Brennan had no sympathy for such sentiments.

"Hell's bells!" he exclaimed. "Don't talk of horses while we've got women and children aboard."

He hastened away to assist in transferring his passengers.

Instead of following, O'Neil turned and went below. He found that the water was knee-deep on the port side of the deck where his animals were quartered—which showed that the ship had listed heavily. He judged that she must be much deeper by the head than he had imagined, and that her nose was crushed in among the rocks. Until she settled at the stern, therefore, the ship's case was not absolutely hopeless.

His appearance, the sound of his voice, were the signals for a chorus of eager whinnies, and a great stamping of hoofs. Heads were thrust toward him from the stalls, alert ears were pricked forward, satin muzzles were rubbed against him as he calmed their terror. This blind trust made the man's throat tighten achingly. He loved

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A LITTLE LATER HER GRIP RELAXED, AND HE SAW THAT SHE WAS COLLAPSING.

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animals as he loved children, and above all he cared for horses. He understood them.

He made his way down the sloping deck to the square iron door, or port, through which he had loaded them. But he found that it was jammed, or held fast by the pressure outside, and after a few moments' work in water above his knees he climbed to the starboard side.

Here the entrance was obstructed by a huge pile of baled hay and grain in sacks. It would be no easy task to clear it away, and he fell to work with desperate energy, for the ship was slowly changing her level. Her stern, which had been riding high, was filling; the sea stole in upon him silently. It crept up toward him until the horses stabled on the lower side were belly-deep in it. Their distress communicated itself to the others.

O'Neil knew that his position might prove perilous if the hulk should slip backward off the reef, yet he continued to toil, hurling heavy sacks behind him, bundling awkward bales out of the way, until his hands were bleeding and his muscles ached. He was perspiring furiously; the commotion around him was horrible.

Then, abruptly, the lights went out, leaving him in utter blackness.

Tears mingled with the sweat that drained down his cheeks as he felt his way slowly out of the place, splashing, stumbling, groping uncertainly. A horse screamed in a loud, horribly human note, and O'Neil shuddered. He was sobbing curses as he emerged into the cool open air on the forward deck.

His eyes were accustomed to the darkness now, and he could see something of his surroundings. He noted numerous lights out on the placid bosom of the bay, evidently lanterns on the life-boats, and he heard distant voices. He swept the moisture from his face; then with a start he realized his situation. He listened intently; his eyes roved back along the boat deck. There was no doubt about it—the ship was deserted.

Stepping to the rail, he observed how low the *Nebraska* lay, and also that her bow was now higher than her stern. From somewhere beneath his feet came a muffled grinding which told him that the ship was seeking a more comfortable berth. Turning, he scrambled up to the cabin deck and ran swiftly toward his stateroom.

CHAPTER II

HOW A GIRL APPEARED OUT OF THE NIGHT

O'Neil felt for the little bracket-lamp on the wall of his stateroom and lit it. By its light he dragged a life-preserver from the rack overhead and slipped the tapes about his shoulders, reflecting that Alaskan waters are disagreeably cold. Then he opened his traveling-bags and dumped their contents upon the white counterpane of his berth, selecting out of the confusion certain documents and trinkets. The latter he thrust into his pockets as he found them, the former he wrapped in handkerchiefs before stowing them away. The ship had listed now so that it was difficult to maintain a footing. He could feel her strain——

All at once he whirled and faced the door with an exclamation of astonishment, for a voice had addressed him.

There, clinging to the casing, stood a woman—a girl—evidently drawn out of the darkness by the light which streamed down across the sloping deck from his stateroom. Plainly she had but just awakened, for she was clothed in a silken night-robe which failed to conceal the outlines of her body. She had flung a quilted dressing-gown of some sort over her shoulders and with one bare arm and hand strove to hold it in place. Her pink feet were thrust into soft, heelless slippers; her hair, black in this light, cascaded down to her waist, and her eyes, which were very dark and very large, were fixed upon him with a stare like that of a sleep-walker.

"It is so dark—so strange—so still!" she murmured. "What has happened?"

"God! Didn't they waken you?" he cried in sharp surprise.

"Is the ship—sinking?" Her odd bewilderment of voice and gaze puzzled him.

He nodded. "We struck a rock. The passengers have been taken off. We're the only ones left. In Heaven's name, where have you been?"

"I was asleep."

He shook his head in astonishment. "How you failed to hear that hubbub——"

"I heard something, but I was ill. My head—I took something to ease the pain."

"Ah! medicine! It hasn't worn off yet, I see! You shouldn't have taken it. Drugs are nothing but poison to young people. Now at my age there might be some

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excuse for resorting to them, but you—" He was talking to cover the panic of his thoughts, for his own predicament had been serious enough, and her presence rendered it doubly embarrassing.

"Are we going to drown?" she asked dully.

"Nonsense!" He laughed in apparent amusement, showing his large strong teeth.

She came closer, glancing behind her and shrinking from the oily waters which could be seen over the rail and had stolen up nearly to the sill of the door. She steadied herself by laying hold of him uncertainly. Involuntarily he turned his eyes away, for he felt shame at profaning her with his gaze. She was very soft and white, a fragile thing utterly unfit to cope with the night air and the freezing waters of Halibut Bay.

"I'm wretchedly afraid!" she whispered through white lips.

"None of that!" he said brusquely. "I'll see that nothing happens to you." He slipped out of his life-preserver and adjusted it over her shoulders, first drawing her arms through the sleeves of her dressing-gown and knotting the cord snugly around her waist. "Just as a matter of precaution!" he assured her. "We may get wet. Can you swim?"

She shook her head.

"Never mind, I can." He found another life-belt, fitted it to his own form, and led her out upon the deck. The scuppers were awash now, and she gasped as the sea licked her bare feet. "Cold, isn't it?" he remarked. "But there's no time to dress, and it's just as well perhaps, for heavy clothes would only hamper you."

She strove to avoid the icy waters and finally paused, moaning, "I can't! I can't go on!"

Slipping his arm about her, he bore her to the door of the main cabin, and entered. He could feel her warm, soft body quivering against his own. She had clasped his neck so tightly that he could scarcely breathe, but, lowering her until her feet were on the dry carpet, he gently loosed her arms.

"Now, my dear child," he told her, "you must do exactly as I tell you. Come! Calm yourself or I won't take you any farther." He held her off by her shoulders. "I may have to swim with you; you mustn't cling to me so——"

He heard her gasp and felt her draw away abruptly. Then he led her by the hand out upon the starboard deck, and together they made their way forward to the bridge.

The lights he had seen upon coming from the forward hold were still in view, and he hailed them at the top of his voice. But other voices were calling through the night, some of them comparatively close at hand, others answering faintly from far inshore. The boats first launched were evidently landing, and those in charge of them were shouting directions to the ones behind: Some women had started singing and the chorus floated out to the man and the girl——

> Pull for the shore, sailor,
> Pull for the shore——

It helped to drown their cries for assistance.

O'Neil judged that the ship was at least a quarter of a mile from the beach, and his heart sank, for he doubted that either he or his companion could last long in these waters. It occurred to him that Brennan might be close by, waiting for the *Nebraska* to sink—it would be unlike the little captain to forsake his trust until the last possible moment—but he reasoned that the cargo of lives in the skipper's boat would induce him to stand well off to avoid accident. He called lustily time after time, but no answer came.

Meanwhile the girl stood quietly beside him.

"Can't we make a raft?" she suggested timidly, when he ceased to shout. "I've read—of such things."

"There's no time," he told her. "Are you very cold?"

She nodded. "Please forgive me for acting so badly, just now. It was all so sudden and—so awful! I think I can behave better— Oh! What was that?" She clutched him nervously, for from the forward end of the ship had come a muffled scream, like that of a woman.

"It's my poor horses," said the man, and she looked at him curiously, prompted by the catch in his throat.

There followed a wait which seemed long, but was in reality of but a few minutes; for the ship was sliding backward and the sea was creeping upward faster and faster. At last they heard a shuddering sigh, as she parted from the rocks and the air rushed

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BRENNAN WAS SWEARING IN A FALTERING WAY, CALLING UPON ALL THE SAINTS TO WITNESS THAT THE PROSTRATE MAN WAS THE EMBODIMENT OF EVERY VIRTUE.

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up through the deck openings with greater force. The *Nebraska* swung sluggishly with the tide; then when her upper structure had settled flush with the sea, Murray O'Neil took the woman in his arms and leaped clear of the rail.

The first gasping moment of immersion was fairly paraylzing; after that the reaction came and the two began to struggle away from the sinking ship. But the effect of the reaction soon wore off. The water was cruelly cold, and their bodies ached in every nerve and fiber. O'Neil did his best to encourage his companion. He talked to her through his chattering teeth, and once she had recovered from the mental shock of the first fearful plunge, she responded pluckily. He knew that his own heart was normal and strong, but he feared that the girl's might not be equal to the strain. Had he been alone he felt sure that he could have gained the shore, but with her upon his hands he was able to make but little headway.

The expanse of waters seemed immense; it fairly crushed hope out of him. The lights upon the shore were as distant as fixed stars. This was a country of heavy tides, he reflected, and he began to fear that the current was sweeping them out. He turned to look for the ship, but could see no traces of her, and since it was inconceivable that the *Nebraska* could have sunk so quietly, her disappearance confirmed his fears. More than once he fancied he heard an answer to his cries for help—the rattle of row-locks, or the splash of oars—but his ears proved unreliable.

After a time the girl began to moan with pain and terror, but as numbness gradually robbed her of sensation she became quiet. A little later her grip upon his clothing relaxed, and he saw that she was collapsing. He drew her to him and held her so that her face lay upturned and her hair floated about his shoulders. In this position she could not drown, at least while his strength lasted. But he was rapidly losing control of himself; his teeth were clicking loosely, his muscles shook and twitched. It required a great effort to shout, and he thought that his voice did not carry so far as at first. Therefore he fell silent, paddling with his free arm and kicking to keep his blood stirring.

Several times he gave up and floated quietly, but courage was ingrained in him; deep down beneath his consciousness was a vitality, an inherited stubborn resistance to death, of which he knew nothing. It was that unidentified quality of mind which supports one man through a great sickness or a long period of privation, while another of more robust physique succumbs. It was the same quality which brings one man out from desert wastes, or the white silence of the polar ice, while the bodies of his fellows remain to mark the trail. This innate power of supreme resistance is found in chosen individuals, throughout the animal kingdom, and it was due to it alone that Murray O'Neil continued to fight the tide long after he had ceased to exert conscious control.

At length there came, through the man's dazed sensibilities, a sound different from those he had been hearing; it was a human voice, mingled with the measured thud of oars in their sockets. It roused him like an electric current, and gave him strength to cry out hoarsely. Some one answered him; then out of the darkness to seaward emerged a deeper blot, which loomed up hugely yet proved to be no more than a life-boat banked full of people. It came to a stop within an oar's-length of him. From the babble of voices he distinguished one that was familiar, and cried the name of Johnny Brennan. His brain had cleared now, a great dream-like sense of thanksgiving warmed him, and he felt equal to any effort. He was vaguely amazed to find that his limbs refused to obey him.

His own name was being pronounced in shocked tones; the splash from an oar filled his face and strangled him, but he managed to lay hold of the blade, and was drawn in until outstretched hands seized him.

An oarsman was saying: "Be careful, there! We can't take him in without swamping."

But Brennan's voice shouted: "Make room, or I'll bash in your bloody skull!"

Another protest arose, and O'Neil saw that the craft was indeed loaded to the gunwales.

"Take the girl—quick!" he implored. "I'll hang on. You can tow me."

The limp form was lifted from beside him, and dragged over the thwarts, while a murmur of excited voices went up.

"Can you hold out for a minute, Murray?" asked Brennan.

"Yes—I think so."

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"I'd give you my place, but you're too big to be taken in without danger."

"Go ahead," chattered the man in the water. "Look after the girl!"

The Captain's stout hand was at his collar now and he heard him crying:

"Pull, you muscle-bound heathens. Everybody sit still! Now away with her, men. Keep up your heart, Murray, me boy; remember it takes more than water to kill a good Irishman. It's only a foot or two further, and they've started a fire. Serves you right, you big idiot, for going overboard, with all those boats— Man dear, but you're pulling the arm out of me; it's stretched out like a garden hose! Hey! Cover up that girl; and you, lady, rub her feet and hands. Good! Move over, please, so the men can bail."

The next O'Neil knew he was feeling very miserable and very cold, notwithstanding the fact that he was wrapped in dry clothing and lay so close to a roaring spruce fire that its heat almost blistered his face.

Brennan was bending over him, with eyes wet. He was swearing, too, in a weak, faltering way, calling upon all the saints to witness that the prostrate man was the embodiment of every virtue, and that his death would be a national calamity. Others were gathered about, men and women, and among them O'Neil saw the doctor from Sitka whom he had met on shipboard.

As soon as he was able to speak he inquired for the safety of the girl he had helped to rescue. Johnny promptly reassured him.

"Man dear, she's doing fine. A jigger of brandy brought her to, gasping like a blessed mermaid."

"Was anybody lost?"

"Praise God, not a soul! But it's lucky I stood by to watch the old tub go down, or we'd be mourning two. You'll be well by morning, for there's a cannery in the next inlet and I've sent a boat's crew for help. And now, my boy, lay yourself down again and take a sleep, won't you? It'll be doing you a lot of good after your long swim."

But O'Neil shook his head and struggled to a sitting posture.

"Thanks, Johnny," said he, "but I couldn't. I can hear those horses screaming, and besides—I must make new plans."

CHAPTER III

THE IRISH PRINCE

As dawn broke, the cannery tender from the station near by nosed her way up to the gravelly shore where the castaways were gathered, and blew a cheering toot-toot on her whistle. She was a flat-bottomed, "wet-sterned" craft, and the passengers of the *Nebraska* trooped to her deck over a gangplank. As Captain Brennan had predicted, not one of them had wet a foot, with the exception of the two who had been left aboard through their own carelessness.

By daylight Halibut Bay appeared an idyllic spot, quite innocent of the terrors with which the night had endowed it. A pebbled half-moon of beach was set in among rugged bluffs; the verdant forest crowded down to it from behind. Tiny crystal wavelets lapped along the shingle, swaying the brilliant sea mosses which clung to the larger rocks. Altogether the scene gave a strong impression of peace and security, yet just in the offing was one jarring contrast—the masts and funnel of the *Nebraska* slanting up out of the blue serenity, where she lay upon the sloping bottom in the edge of deep water.

It was O'Neil's turn now to comfort Captain Johnny Brennan, who had yielded to the blackest despair once his responsibility was over.

"She was a fine ship, Murray," the master lamented, staring with tragic eyes at the *Nebraska's* spars.

"She was a tin wash-tub, and rusted like a sieve," jeered O'Neil.

"But think of me losing her on a still night!"

"I'm not sure yet that it wasn't a jellyfish that swam through her."

"Humph! I suppose her cargo will be a total loss. Two hundred thousand dollars——"

"Insured for three hundred, no doubt. I'll warrant the company will thank you."

"It's kind of you to cheer me up," said Brennan a little less gloomily, "especially after the way I abandoned you to drown; but the missus won't allow me in the house at all when she hears I left you in a pickle. Thank God the girl didn't die, anyway! I've got that to be thankful for. Curtis Gordon would have broken me——"

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"Gordon?"

"Sure! Man dear, don't you know who you went bathing with? She's the daughter of that widow Gerard, and the most prominent passenger aboard, outside of your blessed self. Ain't that luck! If I was a Jap I'd split myself open with a bread-knife."

"But fortunately you're a sensible harp of old Ireland. I'll see that the papers get the right story, so buck up."

"Do you think for a minute that Mrs. Brennan will understand why I didn't hop out of the life-boat and give you my place? Not at all. I'm ruined nautically and domestically. In the course of the next ten years I may live it down, but meanwhile I'll sleep in the woodshed, and speak when I'm spoken to."

Murray knew that Miss Gerard had been badly shaken by her ordeal, hence he made no attempt to see her, even after the steamer had reached the fishing village and the rescued passengers had been taken in by the residents. Instead, he went directly to the one store in the place and bought its entire stock, which he turned over to the sufferers. It was well he did so, for the village was small and, although the townspeople were hospitable, both food and clothing were scarce.

A south-bound steamer was due the next afternoon, it was learned, and plans were made for her to pick up the castaways and return them to Seattle. At the same time O'Neil discovered that a freighter for the "westward" was expected some time that night, and as she did not call at this port he arranged for a launch to take him out to the channel where he could intercept her. The loss of his horses had been a serious blow. It was all the more imperative now that he go on, since he would have to hire men to do horses' work.

During the afternoon Miss Gerard sent for him and he went to the house of the cannery superintendent where she had been received. The superintendent's wife had clothed her, and she seemed to have recovered her poise of body and mind. O'Neil was surprised to find her quite a different person from the frightened and disheveled girl he had seen in the yellow lamplight of his stateroom on the night before. She was as pale now as then, but her expression of terror and bewilderment had given place to one of reposeful confidence. Her lips were red and ripe, and of a somewhat haughty turn. She was attractive, certainly, despite the disadvantage of the borrowed garments, and though she struck him as being, possibly, a little proud and cold, there was no lack of warmth in her greeting.

For her part she beheld a man of perhaps forty, of commanding height and heavy build. He was gray about the temples; his eyes were gray, too, and rather small, but they were extremely animated and kindly, and a myriad of little lines were penciled about their corners. These were evidently marks of expression, not of age, and although the rugged face itself was not handsome, it had a degree of character that compelled her interest.

She was vaguely disappointed, having pictured him as being in the first flush of vigorous youth; but the feeling soon disappeared under the charm of his manner. The ideal figure she had imagined began to seem silly and schoolgirlish, unworthy of the man himself. She was pleased, too, by his faint though manifest embarrassment at her thanks, for she had feared a lack of tact.

Above all things she abhorred obligation of any sort, and she was inclined to resent masculine protection. This man's service filled her with real gratitude, yet she rebelled at the position in which it placed her. She preferred granting favors to receiving them.

But in fact he dismissed the whole subject so quickly that he almost offended her, and when she realized how incomplete had been her acknowledgment she said, with an air of pique:

"You might have given me a chance to thank you, without dragging you here against your will."

"I'm sorry if I seemed neglectful."

She fell silent for a moment before asking: "Do you detest me for my cowardice? I couldn't blame you for never wanting to see me again."

"You were very brave. You were splendid," he declared. "I simply didn't wish to intrude."

"I was terribly frightened," she confided, "but I felt that I could rely upon you. That's what every one does, isn't it? You see, you have a reputation. They told me how you refused to be taken into the boat for fear of capsizing it."

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SHE FELT VERY INSIGNIFICANT AND PURPOSELESS AS SHE HUDDLED THERE BESIDE HIM.

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"Oh, there was nothing brave about that. I wanted to get in, badly enough, but there wasn't room."

"They have told me how you bought out this whole funny little place," she said, "and turned it over to us. Is it because you have such a royal way of dispensing favors that they call you 'The Irish Prince'?"

"That's only a silly nickname."

"I don't think so. You give people food and clothes with a careless wave of the hand; you give me my life with a shrug and a smile; you offer to give up your own to a boatful of strangers without a moment's hesitation. I—I think you are a remarkable person."

"You'll turn my head with such flattery, if you aren't careful," he said, with a slight flush. "Please talk of something sensible now, for an antidote—your plans, for instance."

"My plans are never sensible, and what few I have are as empty as my pockets. To tell the truth, I have neither plans nor pockets," she laughed, "since this is a borrowed gown."

"You are going back to Seattle?"

"Oh, I suppose so. It seems to be my fate, but I'm not a bit resigned."

"You can return on the next ship at the company's expense."

"No. Mother would never allow it. In fact, when she learns that I'm out here she'll probably send me back to New York as fast as I can go."

"Doesn't she know where you are?"

"Indeed, no! She thinks I'm safely and tamely at home. Uncle Curtis wouldn't object to my visit, I fancy; at any rate I've been counting on his good offices with mother; but it's too late now."

"I'm like you," he said; "I can't brook disappointment. I'm going on."

In answer to her questioning look he explained his plan of intercepting the freight steamer that night, whereupon her face brightened with sudden hope.

"Can't I go, too?" she implored eagerly. She was no longer the haughty young lady he had met upon entering the room, but a very wistful child.

"I'm afraid that's hardly——"

"Oh! If only you knew how much it means! If only you knew how badly I want to! I'm not afraid of discomforts."

"It's not that——"

"Please! Please! Be a real prince, and grant me this boon. Won't you? My heart is set upon it."

It was hard to resist her imploring eyes—eyes which showed they had never been denied.

"If your uncle is willing—" he began hesitatingly.

"He isn't my really uncle—I just call him that."

"Well—if Mr. Gordon wouldn't object, perhaps I can manage it—provided, of course, you promise to explain to your mother."

Miss Gerard's frank delight showed that she was indeed no more than a child. Her changed demeanor awakened a doubt in the man's mind.

"It will mean that you'll have to sit up all night in an open launch," he cautioned her.

"I'll sit up for a week."

"With the creepy water all about, and big, black mountains frowning at you!"

"Oh, fiddle!" she exclaimed. "You'll be there, if I get frightened." Rising impulsively, she laid her hand on his arm and thanked him with an odd mingling of frankness and shyness, as if there could be no further doubt of his acquiescence. He saw that her eyes were the color of shaded woodland springs and that her hair was not black, but of a deep, rich brown where the sun played upon it—the hue of very old mahogany, with the same blood-red flame running through it. He allowed himself to admire her in silence.

"Well—then—I suppose I must give in," he finally answered.

CHAPTER IV

HOW A JOURNEY ENDED, AT HOPE

To Natalie Gerard the trip down the bay and into the sound that night was a wonderful adventure. She remembered it afterward far more vividly than the shipwreck, which became blurred in retrospect so that she soon began to think of it as of some half-forgotten nightmare. To begin with, the personality of Murray O'Neil allured her more and more. The man was so strong, so sympathetic, and he had such a resistless way of doing things. The stories she had heard of him were romantic, and the superintendent's wife had not allowed them to suffer in the telling.

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Although it was nine o'clock when they boarded the launch, it was still light. The evening was yellow with the peculiar diffused radiance of high latitudes, lending a certain somberness to their surroundings.

The rushing tide, the ragged rock-teeth which showed through it, the trackless, unending forests that clothed the hills in every direction, awed her a little, yet gave her an unaccustomed feeling of freedom and contentment. The long wait out between the lonely islands, where the tiny cockleshell rolled strangely although the sea seemed as level as a floor, held a subtle excitement. Darkness crept down out of the unpeopled gorges and swallowed them up, thrilling her with a sense of mystery.

When midnight came she found that she was ravenously hungry, and she was agreeably surprised when O'Neil produced an elaborate lunch. There were even bottles filled with steaming hot coffee, more delicious, she thought, than anything she had ever before tasted. He called the meal their after-theatre party, pretending that they had just come from a Broadway melodrama of shipwreck and peril. The subject led them naturally to talk of New York, and she found he was more familiar with the city than she was.

"I usually spend my winters there," he explained.

"Then you have an office in the city?"

"Oh, yes. I've maintained a place of business there for years."

"Where is it? On Wall Street?"

"No," he smiled. "On Fifth Avenue. It's situated in the extreme southwest corner of the men's café at the Holland House. It consists of a round mahogany table and a leather settee. That's where I'm to be found at least four months out of every twelve."

"They told me you built railroads."

"I do—when I'm lucky enough to underbid my competitors. But that isn't always, and railroads aren't built every day."

"Mr. Gordon is building one."

"So I'm told." O'Neil marveled at the trick of fortune which had entangled this girl and her mother in the web of that brilliant and unscrupulous adventurer.

"Perhaps it will be a great success like your famous North Pass and Yukon Railway."

"Let us hope so." He was tempted to inquire what use Gordon had made of that widely advertised enterprise in floating his own undertaking, but instead he asked:

"Your mother has invested heavily, has she not?"

"Not in the railroad. Her fortune, and mine too, is all in the coal-mines."

O'Neil smothered an exclamation.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"Nothing, only—are you sure?"

"Oh, quite sure! The mines are rich, aren't they?"

"There are no mines," he informed her, "thanks to our misguided lawmakers at Washington. There are vast deposits of fine coal which would make mines if we were allowed to work them, but—we are not allowed."

" 'We'? Are you a—a coal person, like us?"

"Yes. I was one of the first men in the Kyak fields, and I invested heavily. I know Mr. Gordon's group of claims well. I have spent more than a hundred thousand dollars trying to perfect my titles, and I'm no nearer patent now than I was at the beginning—not so near, in fact. I fancy Gordon has spent as much and is in the same fix. It is a coal matter which brings me to Alaska now."

"I hardly understand."

"Of course not; and you probably won't after I explain. You see the Government gave us—gave everybody who owns coal locations in Alaska—three years in which to do certain things; then it extended that time another three years. But recently a new Secretary of the Interior has come into office and he has just rescinded that later ruling, without warning, which gives us barely time to comply with the law as it first stood. For my part, I'll have to hustle or lose everything I have put in. That's why I hated to see those horses drown, for I intended to use them in reaching the coal-fields. Now I'll have to hire men to carry their loads. No doubt Mr. Gordon has arranged to protect your holdings, but there are hundreds of claimants who will be ruined."

"I supposed the Government protected its subjects," said the girl vaguely.

"One of the illusions taught in the elementary schools," laughed O'Neil. "We Alaskans have found that it does exactly the opposite! We have found it a harsh and unreasonable landlord. But I'm afraid I'm boring you."

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He wrapped her more snugly in her coverings, for a chill had descended with the darkness, then strove to enliven her with stories garnered from his rich experience—stories which gave her fascinating glimpses of great undertakings, and made her feel personally acquainted with people of unfamiliar type whose words and deeds, mirthful or pathetic, were always refreshingly original. Of certain individuals he spoke repeatedly, until their names became familiar to his hearer. He called them his "boys," and his voice was tender as he told of their doings.

"These men are your staff?" she ventured.

"Yes. Every one who succeeds in big work must have loyal hands to help him."

"Where are they now?"

"Oh, scattered from Canada to Mexico, each one doing his own particular work. There's Mellen, for instance: he's in Chihuahua, building a cantilever bridge. He's the best steel man in the country. McKay, my superintendent, is running a railroad job in California. 'Happy Tom' Slater——"

"The funny man, with the blues?"

"Exactly! He was at work on a hydraulic project near Dawson, the last I heard of him. Doctor Gray is practising in Seattle; and Parker, the chief engineer, has a position of great responsibility in Boston. He is the brains of our outfit, you understand; it was really he who made the North Pass and Yukon possible. The others are scattered out in the same way, but they'd all come if I called them."

"And what is your part of the work?" asked the girl.

"I? Oh, I'm like Marcelline, the clown at the Hippodrome—always pretending to help but forever keeping underfoot. When it becomes necessary, I raise the money to keep the performance going."

"Do you really mean that all those men would give up their positions and come to you if you sent for them?"

"By the first train, or afoot, if there were no other way. They'd follow me to the Philippines or Timbuctoo, regardless of their homes and their families."

"That is splendid! You must feel very proud of inspiring such loyalty," said Natalie. "But why are you idle now? Surely there are railroads to be built."

"Yes, I was asked to figure on a contract in Manchuria the other day. I could have had it easily, and it would have meant my everlasting fortune, but——"

"But what?"

"I found it isn't a white man's country. It's sickly and unsafe. Some of my 'boys' would die before we finished it, and the game isn't worth that price. Something better is certain to turn up; it always does."

As Natalie looked upon that kindly, square-hewn face with its tracery of lines about the eyes, its fine, strong jaw, and its indefinable expression of power, she began to understand more fully why those with whom she had talked had spoken of Murray O'Neil with an almost worshipful respect. She felt very insignificant and purposeless as she huddled there beside him, and her complacence at his attentions deepened into a vivid sense of satisfaction.

It confirmed her feeling of prideful confidence in the man that the north-bound freighter should punctually show her lights around the islands, and that she should pause in her majestic sweep at the signal of this pigmy craft. The ship loomed huge and black and terrifying as the launch at length drew in beneath it; its sides towered like massive, unscalable ramparts. There was a delay; there seemed to be some querulousness on the part of the officer in command at being thus halted, some doubt about allowing strangers to come aboard. But the girl smiled to herself as the voices flung themselves back and forth through the night. Once they learned who it was that called from the sea, their attitude would quickly change.

Sure enough, in a little while orders were shouted from the bridge; she heard men running from somewhere, and a rope ladder came swinging down. O'Neil was lifting her from her warm nest of rugs now, and telling her to fear nothing. The launch crept closer, coughing and shuddering as if in terror at this close contact. There was a brief instant of breathlessness as the girl found herself swung out over the waters; then a short climb with O'Neil's protecting hand at her waist, and she stood panting, radiant, upon steel decks which began to throb and tremble to the churning engines.

The next instalment of "THE IRON TRAIL" *will appear in the February number.*

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Photograph by Doubleday Page Syndicate

"THE OLD FAMILIAR SIGHTS OF OURS TOOK MARVELOUS SHAPES."

GLORIOUS WINTER

By EDWIN L. SABIN

"See, Winter comes to rule the varied year."

Photograph by Paul Thompson

ALONG time ago, when the Lyceum bloomed (not yet superseded by the "hop" and the "smoker" as improved entertainment for school youth), one of the popular numbers upon the program read:

"DEBATE: RESOLVED—THAT WINTER IS A MORE PLEASANT SEASON THAN SUMMER.

"Affirmed by Susie Brown and Jacob Perkins. Denied by Barbara McDermott and John Jones."

Listen, for an instant, to Susie's faltering treble, ringing down the hall of history, as in her virginal white, banded with the traditional blue ribbon, she advances to meet the admiring gaze of the audience, the critical gaze of the judges:

"I think winter is best because the cold is so bracing, and you can wade in the snow, and have candy-pulls and sleigh-rides and other fun."

Hooray!

Listen to Barbara:

"I think summer is best because then all is warm and you can go right out under

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REMEMBER, TOO, THE LONG AND COZY EVENINGS, WHEN IN THE GLOW OF THE BASE-BURNER STOVE, ONE MAY LISTEN TO ELDERS' TALES OF WINTERS WHEN *THEY* WERE YOUNG.

Photograph by Doubleday Page Syndicate

the trees and have picnics and things."

Bah!

Listen to the husky falsetto of Jacob and John, ranging from well-blacked boots to the flushed roots of carefully slicked hair. What Portias, what young Websters, have arisen, what volumes of eloquence and logic have been spent, to expound the pros and cons of this momentous question! How have fond audiences been swayed and solemn judges puzzled! And with what triumphant cheers and disputatious waggings of heads have the decisions been received!

Photograph by Paul Thompson

The ayes have it. Let us crown lusty winter, who somehow stands ever higher against the receding horizon of our yesterdays.

Humped beside our radiators, or muffled in our defensive wraps, perhaps we would not vote "aye," *now*. We would not at the present moment award the bays to this heartless, insatiable curmudgeon who freezes our resources and burns our income, apparently bent upon pleasing only the ice-man and the coal-dealer.

But when he is gone, likely enough we shall think more kindly of him, reveling—retrospectively—in his seeming chastisements, and hugging him the closer to our memory the farther he drifts from our physical ken.

The trend of residence being, as statistics would assert, toward the city, winter is sometimes unjustly discredited. In the city he is distinctly *persona non grata;* we trample him down and thrust him aside and shunt him about and smear his face and cart him away; of his robes we make rags, and expose his uncomely nakedness. By automobile and street-car and tropical offices and apartments we ignore him. One would deem winter, in the busy city, a monster—

. . . . . of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

But where given a fair show, in village

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and country, he still spreads wide his friendly ermine, token of health and purity, and still in his kingly lap rollick apple-cheeked, ear-muffed, booted little boys, and apple-cheeked, head-hooded, be-legginged little girls, as sturdy as the legendary robin-redbreast of England, hopping for crumbs.

The first snow should fall before the middle of November, and upon Thanksgiving Day there should be skating. The process of that ice-making is an accepted miracle, proclaimed more by the rattling-down of the nickel-trimmed hard-coal stove in the sitting-room than by any volleys of exclamations. But the first snowfall is a miracle so patent, so new each year, that it scores a bull's-eye every time.

Preliminaries for the two great winter events were as a rule alike. In the up-to-date nuclei of civilization the scientific "cold-wave" flag, a black square in white

THE EXILED NEW ENGLANDER LOOKS BACK WITH YEARNING, NOT TO HIS SUMMERS BUT TO HIS WINTERS, AND BOASTS OF THE JANUARYS OF HIS OLD-TIME HOME.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.
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THE MARROW OF HER BONES HAS NOT BEEN DRIED OVER A STEAM RADIATOR.

Photograph by Julian Dimock

Photograph by Paul Thompson

AS STURDY AS THE ROBIN-REDBREAST.

field, flew from the court-house or the town-hall, as advance information. The last Canada geese tumultuously hastened over, fleeing southward. Grandpa Jonas felt premonitory twinges of "rheumatics." Father and other wise men agreed that "it's getting ready to snow." A ring around the moon had enmeshed the sun also—

> Slow tracing down the thickening sky
> Its mute and ominous prophecy

and no "cold-wave" flag was required to fetch from garret and woodshed those long-idle sleds.

All day, an ominous haze has gathered, turning the lately blue sky of Indian summer

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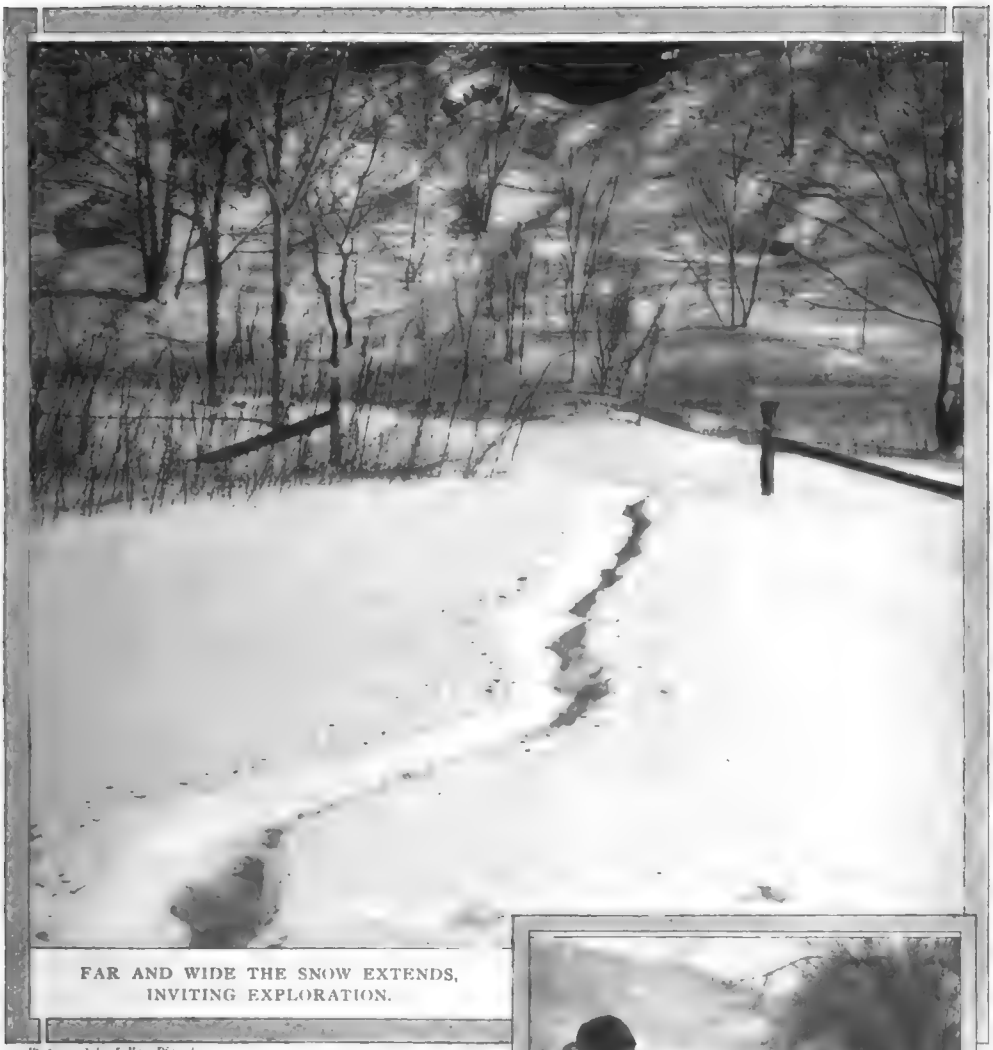

FAR AND WIDE THE SNOW EXTENDS, INVITING EXPLORATION.

Photograph by JuHen Dimick

into the dun sky of a defunct fall; or, at best, the sun sinks at evening into a very suspicious bank of dense drab clouds. The atmosphere has visibly sharpened, so that one's breath floats sluggish and heavy. Out of the north wafts a chill that makes youth skip and jump, and age "brrr!" and shrivel. Now if one has not cannily laid in for sudden demand the necessary pair of red-topped, copper-toed boots, it behooves one to trudge with mother or father to the store and get them quickly. From the chest or the trunk in the attic should be extracted, shedding their aroma of eight months' sleep among the moth-balls, red tippet and red mittens and round cap, and the scratchiest, heaviest underwear.

Photograph by Clifton Johnson

GETTING A GOOD START IN LIFE.

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GIVEN A FAIR SHOW, WINTER SPREADS WIDE HIS FRIENDLY ERMINE,
TOKEN OF HEALTH AND PURITY. *Photograph by Julian Dimock*

Then all is well, when, maybe at school, maybe on street or in home, peal the glad tidings: "*It's snowing! Watch it snow!*"

Let you who will, the marrow of your bones dried over steam radiators whence you "hate to venture out," carp at winter. I say there is no finer zest than awakening in snug burrow beneath the gable, to mother's or father's cheery, inspiring hail:

"Johnny! Oh, Johnny! Get up. A big snow!" —and hearing the brave scrape, scrape of the early neighbor's snow-shovel.

Then up and into the stiff, scratchy underwear, the new boots, and the tippet, mittens, and round cap well pulled down, and out into the thick of the fray! The snow extends spotless, inviting exploration, decking with beauty the ugly, and to the lovely adding loveliness.

The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty and corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood.

It blankets the roots of field and forest, it resurrects the sleigh-bells, it provides poignant appetite for buckwheat cakes, and it is the only substance satisfactory to remove the rust of sloth from sled-runners.

Of course, winter is not all snow; although it should be remembered that "a green Christmas makes a fat graveyard." Let ice be interspersed—that ice upon which, amid pave and buildings, we cityites tread gingerly, or zealously scatter ashes and salt and sand. Let ice be interspersed, covering pond and creek and lake and river with a magic carpeting equal to that of the Arabian Nights. Properly accoutered with wooden "rockers," cast-iron "half-clubs," or the dazzling nickeled "full-clubs," in

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skates, let who will step forth upon the carpet and be transported *presto* hither, thither, swift as the swoop of an aeroplane, for its dives and circles substituting the "Dutch roll," the "spread eagle," the "outside and inside edge."

The advocates of summer would argue, as I anticipate from past Lyceums, the attractions of lemonade, ice-cream, and such pernicious truck indigenous to that season. I think, honorable judges, that I have but to mention taffy—taffy with nuts in it—and I have your entire sympathy. "One cup of brown sugar, two cups of molasses, a teaspoonful of vinegar, butter the size of a walnut, and a pinch of baking-soda"—as I recall the formula. Stir and frequently taste; add the chopped walnuts or hickory-nuts; pour into pie-tins; set out upon the back porch, watch closely, and test betimes with the finger-tip; when hard, shiver it like a pane of glass and eat *ad libitum* the triangular fragments. Is the point well taken?

At any event, the taffy is.

Now, perhaps some fatuous advocates of summer would still consider that ice-cream overlaps, at the edge, winter's taffy. Wherefore, to their utter confusion, I supplement taffy with the doughnut, as it emerges twisty and crispy and golden-brown from the bath of hissing lard. More than offsetting the lemonade (a wishy-washy, feeble draught, suited to front-porch gossip and lawn sociables), I present the amber cider, oily and tangy to the most fastidious palate, and stimulating the soul while it warms the stomach.

Then, should anybody mention strawberry, raspberry, or plum, picked from the bush or the tree, I will refer him to the Winesap, the Rhode Island Greening, the Golden Russet, picked from the barrel in

IT BLANKETS THE ROOTS OF FIELD AND FOREST, AND PROVIDES POIGNANT APPETITE FOR BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Photograph by Judson Dranck

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the dark corner of the frosty cellar: a fruit cold, sound, and wholesome—fruit without a sting.

In its utmost latitude, summer contains only May Day—which is of the spring, and even at that is obsolete; Decoration Day, church-picnic day, and Fourth of July; whereas winter boasts at least three days in the superlative—Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's; on the first of which we see who can hold the most, on the second who can get the most, and on the third who can promise the most. Nor is Washington's Birthday to be sneezed at.

Summer has its long, lazy days, but winter has its long and cozy evenings, when in the glow of the base-burner stove and the Argand lamp one may roam far with "Gorilla Hunters," or "Zigzag Journeys," and between pages may listen to elders' tales of winters when *they* were young—winters in an old New England, where the snow always completely covered the fences, and boys, and sometimes girls, slept up in the heatless attic through whose roof peeped the stars or sifted the snow.

To be sure, these attic bedrooms can not have been more frigid than that bedroom whither, presently, you are despatched; and no truckle-bed could give a more icy reception. How one's toes curl and one's knees retreat, dragging the feet out of the deadly peril of the arctic depths awaiting! All in a ball must one lie, encompassed by the magic cloak of one's nightie; until, stealing down, inch by inch, the feet finally, by a supreme dash, achieve the farthest north.

Yet, alas! the apparent victory is but on a par with the labor of Sisyphus, for when by morning the bed has become thoroughly warm and comfortable, one must leave it for the congealing air. Oh, for forty more winks in that air-proof nest so laboriously manufactured! But summons inexorable mounts the stairs; first it is voice, next it will be foot, and before decisive measures one must plunge into the shivery open, where the frost covers thickly the panes and ice has formed in the water-pitcher. *Ugh!* BRRRRRR!

"Johnny?"

"Yes, sir. I'm up. I'm dressing."

"All right. I didn't want to have to call you again."

So, after all, winter is not without its unpleasant features; nevertheless, even in these it is the superior of summer. For while the adversities of summer are debilitating, consider of what stuff are welded those intrepid mortals who survive the pricks and stings of winter. Summer with its mosquito-bites? Bah! Here am I, who by mother's direction have plunged aching digits into cold water; and who, with "chaps" titillated by the sovereign remedy, the glycerin bottle, have heroically outfought the burning pangs of—well, of that nether bourne which in those days was orthodox.

Therefore, all in all, and item by item, premise by premise, and conclusion by conclusion, winter is a season superior to summer. The New Englander in California looks back with yearning, not to his summers, but to his winters; and the boast of the gray-beard in his chimney-corner is not the Julys but the Januarys of his old-time home, in the old-time days. As for me, give me winter, every time—although, you understand, threatened by a cough and a coal-bill, I always take the liberty of spending the months from December to May in the South.

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At Liberty

by

Julian Street

AUTHOR OF "THE NEED OF CHANGE," "SHIP-BORED," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

AFTER clattering over several switches the train came to a sighing stop, and young Burley looked up from the novel he had purchased in the station at New York that morning. Through the streaked window of the sleeper he saw a red-brick factory, a pile of rusty iron, a last summer's circus poster and some dirty snow. Then, being of an age and temperament which prefers poor romance to perfect realism, he read again until, as the train was getting under way, his attention was once more distracted: this time by the whispering of skirts in motion.

Burley raised his eyes. So did the man in Section 2, across the aisle, who had been turning the pages of a magazine principally devoted to the pictures of lovely, unknown ladies connected with the musical stage.

The eyes of the girl who entered did battle with those of the two men successively. They were large eyes, sweet and brown, like molasses; eyes which, when they pleased, could look at any man as long as he could look at them, or longer. Burley felt a pleasant shock as they met his; another as they vanquished him. Brown eyes and tawny hair and saucy noses and

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pink cheeks and baby mouths are apt to give young men that sort of shock; and when you add cleft chins and big black hats with willow plumes, and the skins of animals which make the skins of girls look velvety—small wonder if the heart of the beholder skips a beat.

Burley's heart was only human, after all. His ears grew pinker; he let his eyes fall and looked at the image of the girl which he seemed to see floating, like a film, over the printed page, while he listened breathlessly to find out where she sat.

The man across the way did not resume his magazine, but continued to inspect the new arrival. As she passed his elbow he gazed up into her face; then turned and stared as, with the porter's aid, she arranged herself and her suit-case in Section 3, directly back of Burley. Having stared his fill, he faced about and, as if to make comparisons, consulted his own image in the narrow mirror between the car windows. Save for a piece of soot which he transferred from nose to finger-tip and examined with bovine fascination before flicking it away, the man seemed pleased with his reflection. Thus, even in mirrors, we fail to see ourselves as we appear to others.

What Burley saw, as he watched his neighbor from the tail of his eye, was a puffy, pasty face with small, complacent eyes, a short thick nose of no definite shape, a mustache like an opulent chocolate éclair, coat shoulders shaped to a too careful smoothness, a scarf too nicely tied, a diamond scarfpin, a little finger-ring in the form of a coiled snake with a diamond head, and, at the lapel, a button bearing the insignia of a secret order which usually has a hall above the post-office in small towns.

Incidentally, Burley was the only man in the car whose lapel was buttonless. Section 4 had a G. A. R. button, Section 5 was an Elk, Lower 6 was a Shriner, Upper 6 had an automobile button, 7 and 8 were occupied by women, Upper and Lower 9 by a Knight of Pythias and a member of the I. O. O. F., 10 by a dentist with a dental-school button, 11 by an old lady, and 12 by a man advocate of Votes for Women.

Presently the train conductor came to "lift" the ticket of the girl in Section 3, and caused the man in Section 2 to crane his neck once more. The mild contempt for his neighbor which Burley had felt from the first was fast turning to a strong dislike. It was not only that he stared at the girl so much, but that he stared so impudently. Burley ceased the pretense of reading and frankly glared across the aisle with eyes which scornfully said, "Drummer!" The other caught the look, as he turned back, and retorted with a sniff and snicker which said, "College boy!"

And both of them were right. The drummer was en route to Pittsburgh with his spring and summer line of men's clothes; the college boy to Chicago (which was home) with his first-term line of freshman wisdom.

When the train conductor had departed, the sleeping-car conductor called at Section 3, and the drummer, not at all nonplused by Burley, pivoted his head again. This time he was not contented with looking round, but deliberately changed his seat and rode back-to-the-engine—which, though it didn't make him ill, made Burley so. It is only justice to the drummer to say that had the girl in 3 given up her Pullman ticket in the usual manner, he would not have moved.

But that is precisely what she did not do. First she rummaged in her hand-bag, which was made of patent leather and had enormous gold initials on the side. Then she emptied the contents of the bag upon the seat beside her, sorted them, and put them back. Then she took her coat from the little hook where she had hung it a few moments before out of compliment to the engineer, who was sending a fine head of steam through the train. Then she searched the two ridiculously small pockets of the coat. Then she hung it up again. Then she looked about the floor. Then she ran her hands into the cracks between the seat cushions. Then she said she must have lost the ticket, and that Pullman tickets were ridiculous little things anyway, and how could you be expected to keep track of them? And that she wasn't used to seeing to her tickets because the company-manager usually did all that, but that she had bought this ticket and paid for it, so the ticket-agent had the money, and she hoped the conductor would be a nice man and let her ride in the Pullman anyway, as she was only going to Pittsburgh; and the worst of it all was that she had lost her money, too, and that it must have dropped on the floor in the station when she put her trunk-check in her bag.

Of course Burley couldn't see her hunting

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BURLEY FELT A PLEASANT SHOCK AS HER EYES MET HIS.

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as the drummer did; but he heard her talking, and he hoped most violently that the Pullman man would permit her to remain. He thought her argument a very good one and, had he seen as well as heard it, he would have thought it better still for the battery of eyes which backed it up.

Now the Pullman conductor *was* a nice man and, as his wife had frequently informed him, he was susceptible as well. For a smile from a much less lovely lady than the one in Section 3, who had shot him all to pieces with her pair of turret-guns, he would have done almost anything. *Almost* anything. But there was one thing he would not do, which was to jeopardize his job by letting people ride in Pullman cars without their Pullman tickets. In his unhappiness and his blue broadcloth trousers, he could have got down upon his knees and begged her not to ask it of him; indeed, he did get down upon his knees and feel around upon the floor, but all in vain.

There was nothing for him to do, at last, but break the news to her. The sentence was banishment to the day coach. He hoped she understood that he hated to do it, but it would be as much as his job was worth to let her stay.

If the girl was disappointed Burley was horror-stricken. The thought of a girl with eyes, and hair, and eyes, and cheeks, and eyes and lips and eyes like hers, being cast into the day coach, was as the thought of a deliriously lovely Christian maiden being cast among the lions. And she had lost her money, too! What would she get to eat? It was horrible! Burley thrust his hand into his pocket.

Now, as a rule, a freshman, coming home for Christmas, hasn't a pocketful of money. His father may have made a lot of money, and his mother may have inherited a lot of money, and his sister may have married a lot of money, yet that freshman may have something like twelve dollars in his pocket. There have been bills for a whole term to settle, and railroad tickets to buy, besides which there may have been a night in New York with several of "the fellows," with first-row theatre seats, and supper and all the rest of it. So if you find your freshman going home upon a low-fare train, instead of the swift Limited, you may feel reasonably sure that the lucre he has left would make poor pickings for a train-robber, a confidence man, or even a show-girl who had been home to see her "folks" while "at liberty," and was now en route to join the "Happy Henrietta" (No. 2) Company on the road.

As has been said, Burley thrust his hand into his pocket. There, however, it remained. For the eyes of the drummer opposite had noted the action and were now fixed upon him in derision.

Like most nice lads of his age, Burley was afflicted with the passing paranoia of youth: that is to say, he was morbidly self-conscious concerning young women and painfully sensitive concerning appearances. Two girls giggling over nothing, on the street, could make his strong young knees go weak, and a passing glance from a pair of melting eyes could make him look down at the sidewalk with the feeling that his collar was about to wilt.

The impulse which had made him thrust his hand into his pocket was disinterested and generous; to see that impulse totally misread upset him strangely. He longed to jerk his hand from the pocket, clench it, and plant it forcibly between the drummer's little eyes. But no matter how a man deserves it, you can not punch him for just looking at you.

In the wave of resentment which swept over him, Burley even felt a sort of rage against the girl. Why had she to be pretty? And being so outrageously, unpardonably, unforgettably alluring, why could she not have exercised a little care about her ticket and her money? And as she hadn't exercised that care, why didn't the G. A. R. man with the long white whiskers help her? From the bottom of his heart he wished—though only for a moment—that she was fat and middle-aged and cock-eyed. Had she been so, how easily, nay gracefully, he could have risen, doffed his cap, produced his funds and said, "Permit me, madam." However, had the girl been fat, *or* middle-aged, *or* cock-eyed, she wouldn't have been there at all—for any one of those three attributes would have disqualified her, absolutely, for the conspicuous, if speechless, position she was destined to fill in the "Happy Henrietta" (No. 2) Company, which she was to join in Pittsburgh, taking the pulchritudinous place of Miss Beryl FitzHugh, a young lady who had at last decided to marry her Pittsburgh millionaire and (so far as it was possible for her to do so) make an honest man of him.

But we digress. Burley had paused and,

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pausing, lost his opportunity; for before he had pulled himself together and decided what to do, the girl had pulled herself and her belongings together and left the car; and it may be added that, as she left it, it turned as if by magic into a prosaic, stupid sleeping-car, and that the drummer in Section 2 moved back to the seat which faced the engine, and that the agitated youth in Section 1 rose hurriedly and went, with long strides, to the smoking-room, repeating to himself, not without mild profanity, that something must be done!

The sole occupants of the smoking-room, when Burley entered, were the Pullman conductor and the porter. The former was looking idly out upon the snowy fields which flew past the window; the latter was dozing, his black head drooping almost to the shoulder of his white linen coat.

Burley lit a cigarette, sat down opposite the conductor, and, trying to speak in a casual tone, asked: "Did I understand that that girl had lost her money as well as her Pullman ticket?"

"So she said," the conductor answered.

"What's she going to do for lunch and dinner then?" inquired the young man.

Safe from the heavy armament of eyes, the Pullman man was coming to feel unconcerned. "Search *me*," he replied.

"But look here," continued Burley anxiously, "she has to eat, you know."

The conductor seemed to ponder this; then: "She's in the show business," he said.

The remark struck Burley as irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial. "Well," he reiterated, "she has to eat, hasn't she?"

"Ye-es," assented the conductor as if doubting the assertion but humoring the youth. As a matter of fact he was thinking to himself that the girl was not in the least likely to lack food. He had seen a lot of people lacking food in his time, had the conductor, but never girls with turret armament like hers. Yes, even now he seemed, by some strange psychic power, to divine whence help was coming.

"I'm going to send her a little money," Burley said. "Have you an envelope?"

The Pullman man had. Burley took it and enclosed a five-dollar bill—rather more than was needed for two meals and Pullman fare to Pittsburgh. (But you should have seen her!)

"There," he said, handing the envelope to the conductor. "If you'll give this to the young lady, I'll be much obliged. Just say it's from another passenger who would like to be of service."

"She'll be tickled to death," said the other, heartily. Though he was first of all a conductor, he was also enough of a man to appreciate that this thing was being done with delicacy. And delicacy is a rare commodity, even in the refined and elevating surroundings of a luxuriously decorated Pullman sleeper with a name made of four syllables picked at random from a hatful.

"I suppose she will," the youth smiled wryly. "I'll appreciate it if you'll save me from being thanked to death."

Whereat the conductor went upon his errand thinking to himself that this was certainly a nice young fellow.

"I've moved her back into the Pullman again," he said, when he returned. "She's ever so much obliged. I said I'd thank you for her, but she'd like to have your address so she can—ah—send the money back."

Burley accepted the statement seriously. He penciled his college address on a card and turned it over to the mediary. Then he dispatched the porter, who had awakened, for the novel which he had left upon the seat in Section 1. It was not so much of a story, but it would help to pass the time until the girl got off the train, when he could go back to his section. The negro brought the book, but something had oozed out of it as it had lain open upon the seat. And something else had oozed in, for the type had the strangest way of turning suddenly, while you were trying to read it, into brown eyes of the largest possible bore and the most tremendous muzzle-velocity. However, Burley dallied with the novel until the third and last call for luncheon. He had to eat, you know.

The girl was not in the diner. Indeed, he had it all to himself, save for one man, who wore a button which, had you understood its meaning, would have informed you that he was Past Sachem of a Tribe of the Improved Order of Red Men.

Considering where he was lunching, and how late, Burley thought he made out rather well. From his earliest infancy he had had an appetite and had been amused with dining-cars. He liked to see the negro waiters come balancing and swaying down the aisle like slack-rope "artists," with their trays swinging precariously aloft, yet never upsetting; he liked the way the

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countless little side-dishes jumped and clinked about upon the table; the way the silverware traveled over the cloth, the way the drinking-water leaped in the carafe (with the little napkin, folded to a cone shape, in the top to keep the cinders out), and the way the coffee spilled from the little cup into the saucer, as the car hit a curve. It was all part of the fun of traveling. You'll hardly believe it, but he was so engaged with all these things that he never thought about the Eyes until the coffee came, when the thought struck him that they were about the size of a demi-tasse, and just about the color of its contents.

Having lunched, he returned to the smoking-room, armed with several large cigars, and settled down to read again. Time dragged; the train went on and on; Pittsburgh and Chicago were coming nearer, nearer, nearer. The roar of the cars and the galloping clickety-click of the rail-joints seemed to merge into a slumber song. Burley's eyelids grew heavy, drooped, and closed. He opened them with an effort and read a few lines. They closed again. Oh, well; no matter. The novel was rot—utter, absolute rot—he could write a better story himself. It would be about—clickety-click—clickety-click—clickety-click——

He fell asleep and dreamed a short story. He was on a train and there was a girl. Such eyes as she had! He looked at her and she at him, but they had not spoken, save with their eyes. Suddenly there came a smash: wheels bumping over ties, a splintering of glass and timbers. He was thrown across the car. Picking himself up, he crawled to where she lay insensible, dragged her to a place of safety, and fainted. When he regained consciousness his bandaged head was resting in her lap. He found her hand. She did not draw it away. He tried to tell her something. She leaned over, over, over, looking down at him. Such eyes they were! But she couldn't hear. He shouted it. . . .

"First call for dinner!" . . .

Awakened, he blinked up, foolishly, in time to see a negro waiter disappear behind the curtain of the smoking-room door.

He sat still for a time, recalling details of the dream. The more he thought about it, the more it struck him that he had dreamed a highly original plot. He would really have to write it some day. It was dramatic. But how much more dramatic if the thing should really happen! He could see himself crawling to the rescue of the girl in Section 3. For just a moment, he half wished that there might be a wreck; but no, that wouldn't do—people would be killed. Still, if there *had* to be one, he'd just as soon . . .

However, there didn't have to be a wreck. Burley found himself hungry—perhaps because of the strenuous exertions he had put forth in his dream. Evening was settling over the snowy fields outside, and lights were beginning to twinkle in the windows of the farmhouses which went rushing back, one after another, into space. He arose, and passed back through the train. The first sleeper smelled like a tan-yard; the second of bananas. Then the smell of cooking met his nostrils. He crossed a swinging vestibule, threaded a passageway which was somehow different from the passageways that lead to Pullman cars, was met by a large, grave, smooth-faced dining-car conductor wearing a white waistcoat with brass buttons, and a blue coat, at the lapel of which was a pink carnation. There were pink carnations, too, upon the tables; likewise electric lights with pink silk shades.

"One?" asked the conductor, holding up his index-finger.

"One," nodded Burley; then followed to a seat at one of the smaller tables. The conductor put a menu in his hand, and Burley became occupied. Several other passengers entered; he hardly noticed them. A negro waiter, in a white canvas coat, came and leaned over him attentively. Then, just when Burley had assembled in his mind a complete, harmonious meal, the dining-car conductor stepped up to the table and drawing back the other chair waited to seat some one who was following.

According to the laws of chance, the new arrival might have been just any one, instead of Some One—Some One whose approach was heralded by a pleasant whispering of skirts. Perhaps I should say skirt, for the sound was none of your old-time frou-frous, descended from the days of petticoats; not silk against silk, but satin against girl. As it came to Burley's ears—and to his table—his heart began to rise and fall like a Dover-Calais boat, and the dinner assembled in his mind went sliding overboard.

Then the cause of all the agitation slipped

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into her seat, and the victim of it raised his eyes. They met hers, and struck fire. To Burley, it seemed that a great explosion had occurred. It completely dazed him with its force though, oddly enough, none of the other passengers was blown through the car windows. Even the waiter was unscathed. He stood there as before, leaning over the young man attentively. He had been there a long time. Something must be done. With a gigantic effort, Burley fixed his eyes upon the menu and

"WHY, I WAS A BOY MYSELF, ONCE. I KNOW HOW IT IS. I WAS SURE YOU'D NEVER DO IT IF YOU JUST THOUGHT IT OVER FOR A MINUTE."

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read aloud from it at random. The words he read meant nothing to him; they were only words: clams, chicken salad, griddle-cakes and maple-sirup, tea, strawberry ice-cream, a demi-tasse.

When he stopped ordering, the waiter remarked, "Yassuh," took the menu from his fingers, and placed it in the soft white hands across the cloth.

Burley appeared to look out of the window and listened as she ordered. Her voice had a nasal drawl. The thought had never struck him before that a nasal voice could be musical, or that the names of dishes could be mentioned in a way to sound like Shakespeare's sonnets.

When she had ordered, and the waiter had departed, he chanced another glance. Her head, with its encircling braids of tawny hair, was tilted slightly forward, and she was looking at him under upturned lashes. Another terrible explosion! Then:

"Wasn't it you that helped me out?" she asked.

Somehow Burley managed to collect himself and say it was.

"Well then," she continued, with a quizzical little smile, "why didn't you come up, like a little man, and get thanked?"

Her directness stunned yet fascinated him. He blushed. "I just thought you'd rather be let alone," he said.

"Piffle!" said the girl. "You never thought anything like that. I know what it was."

"What?"

"You were 'fraid I'd kiss you."

They laughed together.

"I'd risk that," returned Burley. Having said it, he became astounded at his own hardihood. He had never spoken debonairly to a girl before. He felt strangely at his ease. It was something in her which made him feel so; he couldn't quite make it out, but talking to her was, in a way, like talking to another fellow—only, in another way, it wasn't.

"Why didn't you risk it, then, instead of leaving me there to twiddle my thumbs all afternoon?"

"I wanted to," he said frankly. "I wanted to, like the very dickens! But I was afraid you might think I was fresh."

"You?" she said. "Piffle!"

She placed her elbows on the cloth and rested her chin upon her hands. Her forearms were like two white, tapering columns. Burley wanted to tell her so, but his new-found audacity failed him. The girl inspected him closely for a moment, then:

"You're a great big kid, aren't you?" she remarked, almost as if talking of him to herself.

"Not at all," he said.

"Yes, you are, Reggie," she insisted.

"I'm not," he repeated, "and my name's not Reggie."

"No, your name's Cyrus," she said. "I have your card. But you look like a fellow I knew once. He had big blue eyes like yours. I love blue eyes. I'm going to call you Reggie."

"What shall I call you?" he asked.

"Vi'lut," said she.

"Violet what?"

"Desmond." As she pronounced the name she winked comically, adding: "Stage name, that, of course. I'm in the chorus, but, take it from me, I didn't get in on my name or my voice."

"Violet Desmond," he repeated, "it's a bully name."

"Glad you like it, Reg. I got it out of the 'phone book. Do you want to know my real name? It's Clara Lutz."

"I'm glad you're glad, Vi."

Vi! And he had said it glibly! Again his own audacity paralyzed him. It was as if some one else—some wild blade, too—was putting words into his mouth.

"So you thought you'd escape muh, did you?" she asked. "But you didn't, did you, kid? No; not you! Little Vi'lut is a regular Sherlock Holmes."

"I can't tell you how glad I am that I didn't escape you," he said fervently.

"Be that as it may," she said in droll imitation of George Monroe, "it was mighty white of you to stake me to that five-spot. It cert'nly was!"

"Oh, that's all right," he answered. "I'd have done that for anybody."

"H-m!" she said, bridling. "*Would* you, though?"

"Not so eagerly, perhaps," he amended hurriedly.

"That's better, Reg," she nodded.

The waiter had come, with swaying tray, and hemmed them in with dishes. Burley looked at his vis-à-vis entranced.

"Eat, kid," said she presently. "Anybody'd think you were in love."

She had a strange, droll way of speaking, which was somehow quite out of character

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with her placid type of beauty, and which made the things she said sound funny—funnier, indeed, than they really were. It was as if she were constantly imitating the delivery of various comedians behind whom she had stood, with the hot glare of the footlights in her face.

They ate. The waiter took away the dishes and brought more.

"You're getting off at Pittsburgh?" Burley asked when the man had departed.

"Yes. Are you?"

"No." His tone was dismal.

"Oh," said she, appreciative of the tribute, "I hoped you were." There was disappointment in her voice.

The youth took out his watch. "Only an hour and ten minutes more," he sighed.

"Do you care?" Her look was provocative.

"*Do* I!"

"Well then," she said, "why don't you get off?"

He was going home for Christmas. Already he had stolen two days with the fellows. His people were anxious to see him. He really couldn't, he told her. Jove! How he'd love to do it, if he only could!

Her gaze grew momentarily grave.

"Say," was her comment, "do you know you *are* a sweet kid?" The thing, as she said it, was a real tribute, had he but known it. And it was true. And the guilty feeling that it was true oppressed him. At the moment he would rather have been called a cutthroat than a "kid."

"Do you think I'm such an infant?"

"Not that," she answered. "But you're nice. You've got a nice mother, haven't you—and sisters?" Then, before he could reply, the serious note was gone, as if she had caught herself at something of which she was ashamed. "There's quavery music that goes with that 'home and mother stuff,' eh?" she added, with a laugh.

Burley felt that she had said something nice and then deliberately spoiled it. He was sorry. Yet there was another feeling running through his mind, quite counter to the first one: he didn't want to talk with her about his mother or his sisters, though he couldn't say just why. Somehow, the very picture of them which she had conjured up was, at the moment, a depressant. He became conscious that pancakes stood before him, and gave them some attention.

"Say, Reggie," said the girl, who perhaps sensed the change in him, "what kind of a feed is this you're giving yourself? Clams, chicken salad, pancakes—what else have you ordered, anyhow?"

Burley was amused again. "I don't know," he admitted honestly. "Now that you speak of it I seem vaguely to remember having asked for both tea and coffee, among other things. If it's a mixture, it's your fault. I had a sane meal picked out; then you came in with those eyes of yours——"

He did not finish the sentence.

"You like the acetylene headlights?" she rejoined, turning them on full force.

"Who wouldn't?" he replied. "Only they blind a fellow, so he can't see what he's ordering for dinner."

Then the waiter brought his strawberry ice-cream. Burley didn't want it, and asked for some cigars.

"Give it to muh," said the girl.

He passed it over and watched and waited while she ate.

Next came finger-bowls. After using hers, she applied her handkerchief to her pretty baby mouth, then looked at it. Yes, the pink of lip-salve was upon it. She held the pink spot out toward Burley with a smile, inviting:

"Have some?"

The cigars came with the checks.

"Here, waiter," said the young man, "give them both to me." Without objection from the girl he paid, tipping so generously as actually to achieve a waiter's thanks.

They rose and moved down the aisle together. At a table near the door the drummer was enjoying a steak. The flicker of a smile came into his eyes as he looked directly up into the girl's face. Burley, behind her, saw and raged. That is, he saw the man's expression. His anger had not subsided when, after passing through the car with the banana smell and the one with the tan-yard smell, they arrived at Section 3.

"Did you notice how that man in the diner stared at you?" he said savagely. "He was staring like that this morning, too!"

"What about it?" she said airily, as she sat down. "A cat can look at a king."

"It's the *way* he looks!" He seated himself opposite her, his face like a thundercloud.

"What way? He lent me a magazine

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this afternoon while you"—with an accusing look which was enough to make a man seize her in his arms without ado, and kiss her—"while you were smoking."

"Oh, did he? Well, I hope you threw it in his face!"

She shifted her position, sitting sidewise on the seat and crossing her knees toward him. Her foot touched him, ever so lightly.

"Don't be cross," she said, with a plaintive little *moue*.

"Not at you, of course," he said, "only——"

She leaned forward and placed her hand on his for one brief instant. "Only nothing!" she finished for him, turning on her pleading look. "There isn't time. And it has all been so nice." Her sigh did not sound forced. Nor his, as he looked at his watch and said:

"Thirty-five minutes!"

Their eyes found each other in a long, unwavering gaze. To Burley it seemed that horizontal lines of fire passed between them. He gave a sort of groan, and looked away.

"Reggie!" The touch of her hand upon his thrilled him again.

"Violet?"

"Get off at Pittsburgh—do!"

"But——"

"We could go to a show, and have some supper or something. I don't have to join the company until to-morrow. You could take a later train if you liked."

Again he looked at her. Again the lines of incandescence seemed to pass between their eyes. He felt like a swimmer, strong and confident, who for the first time finds himself being carried out upon a tide he can not stem.

"You know I'd love to!" he said in a tense voice. "But listen. I've very little money with me. And I've given up my ticket right through to Chicago. I don't see how——"

"Haven't you got friends in Pittsburgh?" she demanded.

"Yes; two or three fellows from my class. But I couldn't be sure of finding them this evening, and——"

"Find them to-morrow, then."

"But, Violet——"

Again she touched his hand.

"Listen, Reg," she said. "I don't want to lose you. There isn't any time to talk about it. Go and see if the conductor won't give your ticket back."

"All right," he yielded, as one who has been sandbagged into sweet insensibility. "I don't know whether they give tickets back when they've once collected them, but I'll see."

Rising, he moved breathlessly toward the forward end of the train, whither he had seen the conductor pass but a short time before. They are long trains, those slower, safer ones: heavy Pullmans at the back, a diner in the middle, a string of day coaches ahead, and a smoker at the very front—unless you count the mail, express, and baggage cars which roar along behind the locomotive. Car after car the young man threaded. Time after time he was sent on by minor dignitaries who informed him that the train conductor was "somewheres up ahead." At last, when it seemed to him that he had passed through twenty cars and seen ten thousand passengers, he reached the smoker. Burley found him there. He was seated with his back to the cooler, leaning forward and arranging long green tickets in little piles upon the cushion opposite, after the manner of a man engaged at solitaire. Beside him was a black tin box in which could be seen tickets and papers held in groups by means of rubber bands.

His voyage through the train had given Burley new respect for the man he sought. How, he wondered, could a single individual take up all the tickets and account for all the people going to so many different places? He stood for a moment, hesitant, looking down upon the broad blue back with its slightly rounded shoulders and the two large shiny buttons at the root of the coat tails. Even from that angle the man looked gigantic. Everything about him was heavy and substantial, from his body to the thick broadcloth coat with its many pockets, and the watch-chain of large gold links from which depended the bulky insignia of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors.

"May I interrupt you for a moment?" asked Burley, who felt that time was short.

The conductor looked up. "Why, certainly," he said, in a deep voice.

Not until you had looked into his face could you take full measure of the man. It was a seamed and weather-beaten face, which had evidently attained its seasoning before the coming of the vestibule, and which

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looked darker by contrast with a beard and mustache fast growing white. The nose was large and irregular, with strongly marked bridge. The great dark eyes, peering from caverns beneath shaggy, outstanding brows, had the look in them of eyes which view the small affairs of men from mountain tops.

Wonderful eyes they were: patient, kindly, humorous, shrewd, steely, philosophical; rich and wise with the life which they had looked upon: Allegheny blizzards of thirty years ago, seen from the tops of freight-trains; the growth of cities, states, fortunes, and generations; floods, strikes, accidents, wars; the eternal upward struggle of mankind; mankind's everlasting running to and fro in trains, searching for health, amusement, money, home, or happiness.

They were eyes which saw all, yet told nothing more than they wished to tell. Their calm, steady gaze mocked at human frailty and human passion, but mocked even more at the steel-rimmed spectacles, perched half-way down the nose. Because the eyes invariably looked over and not through them, the glasses took on a carnival look. They were droll, and you felt that the conductor knew that they were droll; that he wore them, not because he needed them, but as part of a uniform and a sop to tradition.

"The company thinks I ought to wear these spectacles," the eyes seemed to say, with a twinkle, "because I'm a conductor and getting on toward sixty. I don't mind. They don't obstruct me. I can see right over the tops." Save for the glasses and the high-crowned cap with its visor, the conductor's face was that of a prophet.

"I'm in Section 1, Car 3," said Burley, still palpitant from having looked too long at other eyes. "I gave up my through ticket to Chicago. Now I find I must make a stop-over at Pittsburgh. Is it too late to get the ticket back?"

"No," said the conductor, gazing at the youth with a look which made him feel as if he had been suddenly immersed in a cool bath.

"Very well, then," said Burley, and waited for the ticket to be handed to him. But the conductor made no move. Burley felt strangely disconcerted. The eyes seemed to be searching him for something.

"There's only a few minutes," he said nervously. "If you can give me the ticket now I——"

"Yes," said the other slowly, "I can give you the ticket. You are entitled to stop-over privileges—if you really want them." Still he made no move.

"Well, I do," said Burley.

The conductor picked up the piles of green tickets on the opposite seat, slipped rubber bands about them, and laid them in the top of his tin box.

"Sit down here a minute," he said, looking up at the youth with a kindly expression, and making a little gesture toward the seat with his hand.

Burley did not want to sit down, but he did not know how to decline. Reluctantly he dropped into the seat. Again he felt the eyes upon him, and waited nervously. After a long pause he drew out his watch and looked at it.

"Sure you want to get off at Pittsburgh?" asked the older man, when the silence seemed to Burley to have lasted a full minute.

The other tried to smile. "Why, of course!" he said, a little impatiently. Again he waited.

"What is it?" the conductor asked gently. "That girl? Are you going to get off with her?"

Burley was astounded. In this great train full of people, how had the conductor known? He flushed to the roots of his hair. And if the conductor did know, what right had he to catechise a passenger in such a way? He tried to feel indignant, but felt only shame.

"Yes," he said, letting his eyes meet those of the other with what was meant to be a defiant look. But his gaze faltered and dropped again.

"I wouldn't do that," said the conductor kindly.

Burley wanted to say all sorts of things. He wanted to say, "Oh, wouldn't you!" or "What business is it of yours?" but he couldn't bring the words out. The conductor seemed to read his thoughts.

"No, I wouldn't," he repeated. "She's not the right sort of girl. You know that, don't you?"

The youth did not answer.

"You'd only be unhappy for having done it. You're a nice, clean boy with a nice mother who loves you. What would *she* think?"

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The color flickered in Burley's face. His mother! What *would* she think! He couldn't bear the thought. He had rather die than have her know. He felt suddenly sick—sick of the girl, sick of the sight of her eyes and the sound of her voice; above all, sick of himself. He would have liked to crawl away somewhere, where nobody could see him, and hide himself like a wounded animal.

The conductor laid a broad, powerful hand upon the boy's knee, in a comforting, fatherly way.

"Why," he said, with the little laugh of one who puts a period to an unpleasant episode, "why, I was a boy myself, once. I know how it is. I was sure you'd never do it if you just thought it over for a minute. Eh?"

Burley rose from his seat. He looked the other in the eyes, and gave the ghost of a painful smile.

"Thanks," he said, almost inaudibly. Then he turned and bolted from the car. He did not hurry as he retraced his steps through the long train, nor did he care how many cars there were to pass through. He felt tired, burned-out. He wished that he might wait in one of the day coaches until the train passed Pittsburgh. But he knew that he must face the music, however bitter was the tune it played. To look at the girl whom he had dreaded leaving, yet whom he now dreaded seeing, to tell her that he would not go—that was part of the penalty he had to pay.

As he reached the car in which she awaited him, the train was passing at abated speed through railway yards; clicking over innumerable switches, roaring past factories, shops, roundhouses and hissing locomotives.

She had put on the hat with the black willow plumes, and was slipping into her coat—standing there and watching for him.

"This is Pittsburgh now!" she cried as he approached. "Is it all right?"

"I can't manage it," he said.

"Aw, Reggie! Piffle!"

"No."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "How rotten!"

"Just the word," he said, and felt a perfect cynic.

"Pittsburgh—Pittsburgh!" called the porter, as the air-brakes shrilled.

Burley took up her suit-case. "I'll see you to the gate," said he. "There's time."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The girl was fuming. "Leave the ticket go, Reg! Have a little sporting blood! You can raise some money in the morning. I was counting on you!"

"Let's not talk about it, please," said he.

They left the car and together traversed the long platform leading to the iron gates. Reaching the wicket, they paused. She turned to him and fired the full blast of her two eyes into his face. But this time there was no explosion.

"Good-by," said Burley, putting down her suit-case.

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"BY-BY, REGGIE! DON'T FORGET: VI'LUT DESMOND, 'HAPPY HENRIETTA' NUMBER 2 COMPANY."

"Say aw revore, but not good-by," she returned. "I've got your address. I'll write and send you a route-card. Don't forget: Vi'lut Desmond, 'Happy Henrietta,' Number 2 Company."

"Forget?" he echoed. "Hardly!"

Again he felt himself to be a cynic of a deeper cynicism than the world had ever known.

She held out her hand. He took it.

"I could just kiss you!" she whispered, pressing his fingers fiercely. Then, as involuntarily he drew back: "Oh, don't be scared, dear. I'm not really going to. Well—take care of yourself—and be good."

"I'll try!" he answered, raising his cap.

She turned to lift the suit-case. As she did so, a passenger who was also getting off at Pittsburgh, passed.

"Let me carry it," said he, taking up the bag and smiling at her confidently.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "Of *all* things!" And she turned upon him one of her most destructive smiles.

"By-by, Reggie!" she waved.

Then she passed out, through the iron gate, behind the drummer who had sat in Section 2.

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TIPS

By
RICHARD BARRY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. DEVITT WELSH

LET me ruin this story to begin with by saying it is true. Then all who wish may turn aside and read fiction. This is written only for philosophers. In fact, it ought to take the form of a confidential report to the reincarnation of the dour spirit which created "Sartor Resartus." Then I would humbly ask that sturdy intellect to make of "tips" the modern companion piece to his epic on clothes.

A philosopher could do it; a great philosopher, sitting high in his watch-tower serene above the antics and the foibles of stumbling mankind, yet infinitely patient in his microscopic detection of phenomena, and seer-like in his interpretation of unrelated incidents.

As a savant reconstructs a defunct and lost mastodon from a stray piece of the femur, so would our careful philosopher at once docket the customs and morals of our times by the aid of that one little item in our daily expenditure—tips. Scornfully ignoring the gigantic paraphernalia of the conventional historian, he would show us ourselves, truthfully, vividly, as we impinge on the table-top of whirling civilization, and he would do it gracefully, as a juggler balances a sphere on a straw.

We should be astounded as we realized the significance of tips; we should be amused as we confronted their seeming littleness coupled with the effrontery of their bigness; we should be dazzled by the sudden, splendid, many-handed god of tips.

Heigh-ho! There is but one Carlyle, and I am only a reporter. Let us to the story.

Early one morning—i. e., some twenty minutes after twelve o'clock—there was a diamond in a lady's hair. It was a small enough diamond, goodness knows, as diamonds go these days, for it weighed no more than two and a quarter carats. Why she wore the diamond in her hair is not reported. Perhaps elsewhere room was lacking, for there are ladies who are put to it to find a place for all their jewels.

At any rate, there in her hair lay the diamond, apparently without support, for the lady had conceived of an odd way to attach it—midway between two combs by means of silken cords carefully chosen to match precisely the shade of hair then in vogue, which happened also to be the shade of hair she then wore. Thus the gem sparkled at her friends like a star out of the night, mysterious, inscrutable, vivifying: not a star of the first magnitude, of course; still, a visible and unmistakable star.

At half past twelve the star—I mean the diamond—was gone. She discovered her loss in the dressing-room of the hotel where she had been one of the guests at a dinner party in a private dining-room. Immediately she told her host. He urged her to repair with him to the scene of the dinner and search. She begged him not to trouble about it, merely to notify the hotel management and come along to the further festivities of the night toward which the party was bound. It was a trifling matter, anyway, she said; the diamond was of no great value; it weighed merely two and a quarter carats.

The host sought the house detective.

"How was the diamond attached to the hair?" asked the shrewd employee of the great hotel.

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"By silk threads."

"And would you be so kind as to let me see the threads?"

When these had been placed in his hands the detective promised to return the diamond in the morning. However, in the morning, instead of the diamond, the host received a visit from the detective, who said: "I feel that I must not proceed in the location of this gem until I have your further definite instructions."

The host indulged in a few unprintable expressions of indignation. What sort of a blanked pirate's den was that hotel, anyway? What more definite instructions did they require? Get the diamond and be mighty quick about it, or, by thunder, suffer the consequences!

"Very well," suavely replied the detective, "but it is my duty first to explain to *you* the possible consequences. The diamond was stolen."

"Ah, then you know that?"

"Under the microscope those silk threads appear not to have been torn, broken, or cut. They were bitten off. *Some one bit the diamond out of the lady's hair!*"

"It was one of your blankety-blanked waiters, then," cried the indignant host. "There were no thieves in *my* party."

"Certainly. It was one of the waiters."

"Arrest him, then, instantly!"

"Pardon me a moment, my dear sir. Permit me to explain."

"Explain? What—a theft? Arrest the man!"

The detective was dutifully patient with this ignorant insistence. "There were fourteen waiters," quietly explained the diplomatic adjuster of the burdens of the rich, "one for each of your twelve guests, and two 'buses. I know it was one of the fourteen, but which one it was I do not know, and I have no means of knowing unless I arrest them all and have them and their houses searched."

"Houses!" shrieked the host. "A waiter's *house?*"

"Well, apartments, then—flats, if you wish."

The host was now speechless.

Perceiving his advantage, the detective quickly slipped over the essential information. "I must tell you," he explained, "that those waiters are the very best in America, and that means they are the best in the world." At this statement the chest of the bewildered host slightly expanded. He was (I may as well reveal this now lest some one waste sympathy on him) a typical millionaire of the lobster-palace variety.

Noting that he had begun his approach with the requisite flattery—for nothing so pleases a private dining-room patron as the assurance that he has received "the best in the world"—the man of adroit presence hurried on with: "They are the picked men of their profession——"

The word profession drew a scornful glance from the host, which the detective hastened to mollify. "It *is* a profession," he averred. "Most of them are the sons and grandsons of expert waiters. They know their duties perfectly. Our reputation for excellent service depends largely upon them. You would not come to us if it were not for them. For the private dinner parties, such as yours, there must be drafted the very pick of the profession—yes, *profession*. We have a special corps of waiters employed for no other purpose than private dinners. They do not work as often as other waiters, and they are better equipped, have greater prestige, greater expenses. They have their own club. One of our waiters owns an automobile. Another employs

THE TIP DAMNETH HIM WHO GIVES AND HIM WHO TAKES.

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three servants in his own family. Another——"

By this time the host had recovered the use of his tongue. "What has all this to do with the theft of my guest's diamond?" he cried.

The detective was still patient. "May I ask you rather a frank question?" he directed.

"Fire away, though if you don't end this pretty quick I'll call in the police on you——"

"Then—what tips did you give the waiters last night?"

Only the wonderful deference of a head servant in the presence of a plutocrat saved that devoted diplomat. In the midst of the expostulations, the sputterings, and the imprecations of the host, he learned, however, that fifty dollars had been handed the head-waiter before the dinner.

"And nothing to each of the others?"

The host lamely confessed that he had *intended* to enrich each of the others at the end of the dinner, but, in the confusion, or because he lacked the change, or for some reason or other, he had forgotten it.

A beatific smile of understanding overspread the detective's countenance. "My dear sir," he abjectly observed, with an ingratiating simulation of sympathy, "I am indeed surprised that the ladies of your party escaped with any of their jewels."

Some inscrutable perversity in the detective's manner prevented the host from immediately fulfilling his earlier threat of the police. "Then you mean to say you tolerate this hold-up?" he cried—"this larceny—this bold robbery—this brutal theft—this——"

The detective was now overcome with serious concern. "You mistake me," he said. "I am explaining to you my theory of the theft. I do not condone it. I merely want you to understand it before you go any farther."

"Understand? I am not interested in the psychology of thieves. I want that diamond!"

"Then we shall arrest the fourteen men. We may recover it; it may already have been disposed of; at any rate, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that we do not condone such offenses."

"It looks to me as if you *had* been condoning it."

"Not in the least. The hotel deplores it as much as you do, and it is with your interest at heart that I am calling to your attention the fact that an arrest of fourteen waiters on such a charge will mean a very wide and perhaps obnoxious publicity, not only to you, but to the members of your party as well, some of whom, I understand, are of great prominence. Are you willing to face this? That is all I ask before proceeding."

The host subsided and devoted a few moments to silent thought. His wife had not been a member of the party. Suddenly all of his anger and resentment disappeared. He began to evidence a particular interest in the economic condition of the waiters.

"Poor fellows," he said, "I suppose their wages are pitifully small."

"Merely nominal," assented the detective.

"Then perhaps we should not be too harsh on them. By the way, did you secure an accurate description of the diamond from the lady who lost it?"

"Certainly. Here it is." And the detective produced from his pocket a memorandum.

That afternoon the lady whose hair had been pillaged received a diamond of two and a quarter carats, and she never knew that it had been bought that morning in a shop.

Thus the tip is dramatized. The employee, underpaid, a hothouse product of a vicious system, had as an accessory before the fact his employer. Then came the victim, who should have exposed and denounced the crime; instead, he became an accessory after the fact. There is little to choose among the three; they are alike guilty.

Let us consider facts. Let us confront the tip that has caused the National Association of Commercial Travelers, in convention assembled, unanimously to adopt restrictive measures against its insidious influence on the cost of living. It is the tip that has caused two departments of the United States Government to rule that its employees shall not be allowed more than ten per cent. of their traveling allowance for tips, when every one is agreed that the good old scalper's rule of ten per cent. must now be raised to at least fifteen per cent. It is the tip that has caused the president of the American Federation of Labor to

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declare that the working man who accepts a tip debases himself and besmirches the dignity of labor.

As it grows in true luxuriance in the cities and on the highways of travel, the tip is a sum of money paid the servant of another for a service for which one has already paid. The legendary tip, perhaps a relic of feudal times, was given out of pure gratitude for a service well done. It may still be observed in the South, where the forms if not the actualities of chattel slavery yet exist. There a man tosses a colored boy a nickel for holding his horse. Both are gratified; no harm is done; the colored boy is in effect a slave, the man potentially a master.

FAGIN TRAINING HIS BOYS IN THE ART OF ACQUIRING THE PROPERTY OF OTHERS.

The complex tip of our industrial slavery is quite different. How hollow the fiction that this tip is a voluntary gift! The fiction hardly requires analysis. The waiter, the barber, the errand-boy, and, where I live, even the plumber and the glazier, know how to compel the giving of a tip. They know how to punish a too parsimonious giver, and there are still some left who know how to reward a liberal tipper.

Fail to tip your telephone boy and discover how many messages are delayed. Fail to tip your barber and have your hair gouged or your beard pulled. Fail to tip the window-cleaner and see how clumsily his boots gnash into your book-shelves.

Tip, and what is your reward? A smile —perhaps.

If the tip were only a reward for good service, or even only a means of averting bad service, it might not be so complete in its destructive effect on the elements of character. But it is more. It is a bribe for discriminatory service. We all tip in the vain hope that we may, somehow, get better service than the other patrons of the servant's employer. If we tip enough, sometimes we do. But not often.

The courts have recently revealed that hotel proprietors have gone so far as to farm out their tipping privileges. One gets six thousand dollars a year for the coat-room privilege. The concessionaire, to prevent his boys from "holding out on him," sewed their pockets up and provided a box in which to deposit their tips. This not proving productive of sufficient revenue to pay the six thousand per annum and leave at least an equal amount for profits, the concessionaire adopted the plan of noting each day the amount turned in by each boy. Then, the corresponding day of the following year, he demanded that each boy hand over at least an equal contribution.

This is as shrewd a plan as that adopted by William Henry Vanderbilt, who on his Staten Island farm noted the amount of work done by each new laborer the first day, when he was enthusiastic, and then demanded an equal amount each succeeding day. However, Vanderbilt's laborers attacked the hayfield; the cloak-room boys go haying among the guests of the hotel. Need we wonder that one rescued his coat, without a tip, only after a knockdown fist-fight?

Practically all the hotels of all the large cities rent out their cloak- and hat-room privileges. Their extra income from this source ranges from two thousand to ten thousand dollars a year. To get that back, and as much or more in profits, the concessionaire must become a Fagin in training his boys in the art of acquiring the property of others. The six-dollar-a-week minions of the cloak- and hat-room trust are pitiful products of the system. The generous weak man who submits without resistance, and the ignorant man who believes that the tip he bestows goes to the sad-faced boy, alike

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never know that the little pockets are sewn up, and that the ferrety little eyes, smilingly evil before their time, are surreptitiously consulting the table which publishes the amount of the extortion expected from them that day.

Why a hotel that asks and receives five dollars a day for a room and forty cents for a boiled egg, should go this way about to add a few thousand dollars to its annual profits, already swollen, is a problem in the higher mathematics of greed beyond elucidation here.

Last year there was a revulsion of public feeling (merely temporary, of course) against this sort of tipping in New York. It was crystallized by a particularly cowardly murder. In one of the hotels lived an old stock-broker who was always liberal with his tips. One night a bell-boy, whom he had frequently tipped, climbed into his room through the transom, chloroformed the old gentleman, and rifled his pockets, which contained less than the amount for the stealing of which the law names the crime a felony—twenty-five dollars. The boy confessed that the liberality of the victim's tips had led him to believe that he would make a rich haul by killing his goose right off, without waiting for the comparatively slow dropping of the golden eggs.

The man who takes the tip is, I believe, the least to blame, though frequently the most heinous offender. A few days after my plumber had forced a tip from me to prevent him from gouging the paper off my wall and to finish his work on specified time, I went to Washington and sought the officers of the American Federation of Labor. They were a unit and unqualified in their denunciation of the system.

The specific unions lay it on the employer. A mass meeting of forty-two thousand hotel workers held in New York a few months ago protested vigorously against the tipping evil. It was announced that thirty-six thousand (*not* including head-waiters) would support the movement. The first move made was to establish a monthly journal for circulation among tip-takers, with its chief object a crusade against the demoralizing and impoverishing tip.

Almost simultaneously (this fact is sinister as a comment on the ineradicable nature of the evil in our modern scheme of civilized life) several thousand waiters paraded the streets of London. They did not protest, as did their New York brothers, for higher wages. They did not ask for shorter hours. They asked no recognition for the union.

The London waiters asked for one thing only—the abolition of the "tronc" system. This is English slang for the tipping trust. There all the tips taken in by all the waiters are put in a box. At the end of the week the hotel proprietor takes what he wants out of the box, and the remainder, if there is any, is divided among the waiters. The "tronc" system has long been in vogue in London in connection with the coat- and hat-room privileges—our worthy American landlords learned it there; but only recently has it been extended to the dining-rooms.

Is this what we are coming to in America?

Several states have passed weak little ineffectual laws against tipping. None has ever made it a capital offense, and Judge Lynch is too magnificent a wearer of the ermine to bother with petty criminals. At a meeting of Philadelphia hotel proprietors recently a resolution was unanimously adopted to "mitigate the evil." How, where, and when, were not specified.

In fact, how can you suggest any legal or other device which will take from me my right to give tips, without falling afoul of my inalienable right to make a fool of myself? That is unconstitutional, even among friends.

About a year ago the United States Senate, which has the power to ratify or refuse treaties with sovereign states and to approve or disapprove the appointment of justices of the Supreme Court, decided to abolish the tipping system in its restaurant. Across each menu card in red ink, and on the wall in well-printed placards, spread the legend: "No tipping permitted." In the private dining-room of the senators the rule was enforced, but outside, where lobbyists, reporters, and other such creatures mingle and eat, in less than a week it was thoroughly understood that the only way to avoid an indefinite wait was to slip a dime under a napkin.

Thus the highest lawmaking body in the United States failed to enforce its own anti-tipping edict among its own servants under its own roof. Who can blame the hotel men of the country when, with one eye closed, they sorrowfully deplore the extravagance of *some* tippers?

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Some, mind you, for it is really subversive of discipline for a sure-enough, high-flying spender to run amuck in a well-regulated dining-room. I have talked with several hotel proprietors recently about this very thing. They are alike in denouncing the over-liberal tipper, who acts on waiters like a young millionaire on the back row of the chorus. Jealousies, envies, broken discipline, internal disputes, swelled heads, inattention to duties, and like labor scrofula break out.

HIS WIFE HAD NOT BEEN A MEMBER OF THE PARTY.

No. What the hotel proprietors want is a well-regulated tronc system. I am not quoting any of their words, but merely interpreting their actions and the trend of the times. Then the extortion will be quiet, orderly, suave, and highly gratifying to the skilled executive. He will no longer be subject to the capricious whims of the sudden-millionaire nor to the churlish perversity of some saturnine person who objects, after paying his just bill, to adding about twenty-five per cent. to it—for what?

Nobody knows.

There should be, and doubtless will be some day, a volume of ready reference for the tipper. Who in this broad land is not a tipper? Who knows when to tip, how much to tip, and how often to tip? The subject requires a Baedeker as well as a Bancroft and a Carlyle.

For instance, a man goes into a restaurant and buys food. The man who serves him has performed a personal service and must be tipped. The man goes into a grocery store and buys food. The man who serves him has not performed a personal service and must not be tipped. Nobody can tell just why, but the facts exist; they should be collated; the volume should be rubricated, like the caste books of India.

Correct procedure should be recommended, also, for the following situation: A man who had been tipping his barber regularly for several years found that he had recently acquired ownership of the shop, although he still acted as his own head-barber. Thereupon the man frankly said to the barber: "Now that you are proprietor, you and I are equals, and I do not tip my equals. Which shall it be in the future, conversation and no tips, or tips and no conversation?"

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The barber-proprietor gladly chose the conversation without tips, incidentally remarking that he wished all his customers had the tipping problem so accurately defined. Some months later, however, he lost control of the shop and again became a barber-employee. Thereupon the customer was confronted with this problem: Should he resume his former tipping and thus humiliate his quondam friend, or should he take advantage of the barber's temporary elevation to proprietorship, refrain from tipping, and thus incur the risk of slipshod service?

At a hotel you make arrangements with the clerk to forward your mail; at the next desk you make arrangements with the porter to forward your baggage. The clerk must not be tipped; the porter must. Why? Nobody knows. But here is a hint for the authentic book that must be published. There is urgent need of it.

That book must not neglect the tip idiotic. It occurs in the casual barroom. There, if you stand at the bar and order your drink from the bartender, it would be an insult to offer him a tip. But if you sit at a table near by and order the same drink of a waiter and do not tip him—look out! The bartender is a gentleman, your social equal; the waiter is your inferior.

And the soda-fountain! So long as there are only drinks and ice-cream to be bought—no tips. But let them add sandwiches and tea, and the tips must be forthcoming, even from those who order only ice-cream soda. This is the tip asinine.

Then there is the tip multiple. Suppose you register at any four-dollar-a-day hotel in any fair-sized city. Your suit-case is carried to your room by a boy whom you tip. As he leaves the room you ask him to bring up a pitcher of ice-water. (More likely he himself suggests it.) Finally it arrives—brought by another boy, whom you tip. Then you ask for whatever mail may be awaiting you; it is delivered by—another boy, whom you tip. And so on. Thus has the culture been handled so ingeniously that many tips now grow where only one grew before.

But the Christmas tip—ah! That is a serious thing. Recently I spent some time among the various grades of New York men ascertaining what their Christmas tips cost them. By "grades" I mean the amounts of their various incomes. I should have said castes—the two, three, four, five, seven, ten, and twenty-five thousand dollar castes. They do not paint their faces or wear appropriate ruffles on their clothes to indicate their dollar caste—not yet—though there is hope in Babylon.

All the facts and figures I obtained on the subject of Christmas tipping would furnish material for another fat chapter in that definitive volume which must appear. Briefly stated, I found this: The average two-thousand-dollar man spends thirty dollars on Christmas tips; the average five-thousand-dollar man, fifty dollars; the average ten-thousand-dollar man, one hundred dollars; and the average twenty-five-thousand-dollar man, a hundred and fifty dollars. In other words, Christmas tipping in New York takes about one per cent. of the annual income of every salaried man in the city; more from the small salaried, less from the higher. This is in addition to all the tips idiotic, tips asinine, tips compulsive, and tips abortive that bleed from him throughout the year.

Why bother the Supreme Court about an income tax? The servant class has solved the question without any appeal to law-makers or to law-interpreters.

Yet let us not congratulate the servants on their gain, for no servant takes a tip without losing something of manhood or womanhood. This is no arbitrament of the moralist; it is the observation of the reporter.

Let me illustrate with two stories.

One Christmas in an apartment building in New York there was a new superintendent, a retired soldier of upright character, of good habits, who had given excellent satisfaction; a fine type of honest, worthy citizen. As the holidays approached, the wife of one of the tenants said to her husband that she did not like the idea of offering a Christmas tip to Mr. James, the superintendent. He did not look nor act like a servant. She feared it might offend him. Instead, she proposed to give a "present" of fruit to his wife.

Though the husband agreed, he lost his brave determination before the final day. From his neighbors he learned that they had no intention of pursuing so provincial, not to say plebeian, a course. They reminded him that James would learn at Christmas time, if he had not indeed already learned, that every superintendent in the vicinity counted on his Christmas tips as

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banks tally on discounted paper, and that if James did not get what he would be taught was coming to him, there would be an alarming bill to pay. Untold things would happen during the ensuing year. Life in that building would be a torment.

Therefore, unknown to his wife, the man gave James a tip of five dollars. Christmas Day his wife came to him, greatly agitated. Mrs. James had come to see her, and had wept copiously at the James "predicament." Her husband, she had declared, was not a servant. But, to his astonishment and anger, he had that day received sums of money from various tenants which aggregated nearly a hundred dollars.

What should they do? Would people forever and ever look down upon them if they accepted these too-generous tips?

"What did you advise?" queried the husband.

"I assured Mrs. James that every tenant in the building doubtless had the most kindly feelings toward her and her husband. Otherwise they surely would not have made their 'presents' so substantial."

The husband frowned.

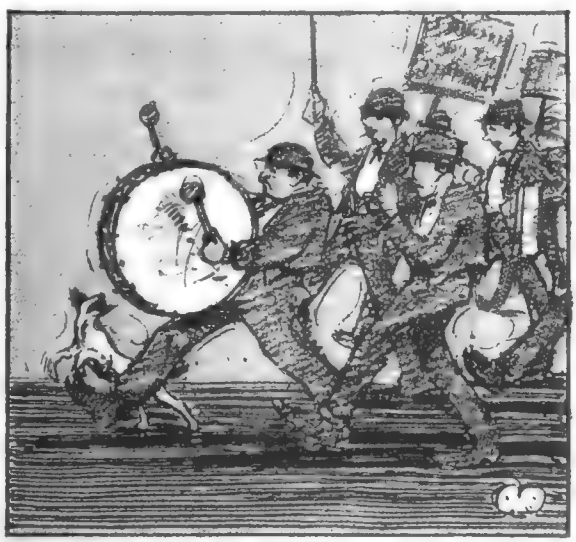
"What would you have said to her?" asked the wife.

"I would have told her to go back to James," responded the husband, consumed with disgust for himself and the system that would so threaten to corrupt an old soldier, "and urge him, if he valued his peace of mind for the rest of his mortal life, to return every dollar of that money as quickly as he could. If he did that, every tenant in the building would have an eternal admiration and respect for him. If he died, we would care for his widow and erect a monument to the memory of the only self-respecting superintendent in the city of New York. He would be a man among men; but now he will never be anything but a servant among servants."

That is all he has been since, and all he ever will be.

One Christmas about ten years ago, however, there was a revelation, in the same city, of the old American spirit that is fast dying out. The proprietor of a certain hotel was (and is) a most successful man. He began life as a waiter and on the way up the ladder doubtless accepted many tips. On this Christmas he had just purchased the great hotel, and it seemed that he had reached the summit of his ambition. Several of his old patrons, among whom were several who lived permanently in his hotel, sent him that year, as they had on many Christmases in the past, substantial "presents" of money.

Now came the dilemma. What should he do? By returning the money, should he run the danger of incurring the displeasure of these valuable patrons? Or should he keep it and condemn himself to remain in the place that he had always held in their regard—that of an efficient servant?



SEVERAL THOUSAND WAITERS PARADED THE STREETS OF LONDON.

He resolved to run the risk. In every case he returned the "present" with a tactful note of appreciation of the supposed spirit which prompted it, never insinuating that such a "present" is, and ought to be, an insult to an independent spirit.

The result? Every man whose money he returned remained a friend for life and a patron of the hotel as long as he lived. At least two of those men, then old, are still living, and on Christmas each is likely to recall the day, ten years ago, when the successful servant stepped forth from his shell of servility and became a man.

The tip spreads through the morals and

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customs of the time, Hydra-headed. It wriggles through the problems between capital and labor, Medusa-haired, and every snake-head unscotched. Like a bribe, it is illegal; like an income tax, unconstitutional; like blackmail, immoral. It damneth him who gives and him who takes.

It begs the problems of economic adjustment. It fosters arrogance, injustice, and Oriental caprice in the tipper. It encourages servility, sycophancy, intimidation, fraud, and extortion in the tippee. It creates on the one hand a beggar spirit, and on the other a patrician insolence.

Oriental. That is the word for it. From the Orient it came, where caste is omnipotent, where every man is dependent on the favor of some one above him, and where every man, to cultivate that favor, is tempted to resort to guile, cunning, subterfuge, or violence. It has no true place in the institutions of a free republic, where a workman should be worthy of his hire and the full equal of any one who employs him. For the taking of a tip instantly places between him who gives and him who takes an insurmountable barrier. The peerage of an ancient aristocracy is as easy to break down.

One midnight I descended from an express train on the wind-swept platform at Cheyenne, Wyoming. A lank citizen reposed in the lee of a doorway opposite.

"Here," I called, "help me with my grip, will you?" He started slowly. I thought to encourage him. "There's a quarter in it," I admonished, pert and confident from the Grand Central Station.

"G'wan," said he, reclining again, majestically. "I'm better fixed 'n you be."

Flippancy, even insolence, it seemed at the time. But after mature reflection, and much reading of Gibbon, Lecky, and Ferrero, and some sojourning in decrepit countries, I have concluded he was right. Proud denizen of Manhattan, possessor though I be of the approved scale of secret tips requisite for all grades of service from hair-dressing to cobbling, that Wyoming mustang is a better man, truer citizen of a great republic. He neither takes nor gives money for insignificant services.

I have said that the origin of this monstrous tipping evil is Oriental. True. It comes from a scheme of life in which the largesse of Destiny was implored by the favorites of Heaven, while the favorites were fawned upon and cajoled by the servants for their largesse. There is no equity, no common law, no uprightness of man to man in it anywhere.

Yet it has not come to us pure and undefiled, with its bounty of charity and guile and its Arabian Nights' splendor, from those far lands and times. On the way it was tripped up in England and there became thoroughly respectable, ultra-conventional, highly unobjectionable, as our old friend, Gilbert, might have said.

It was the "vail" system which started it there. Country magistrates did it. In the days when it was illegal to pay a laborer more than forty shillings a year, the traveling judge, putting up at a country house, had much extra work for the host's servant to do. Therefore these guests, themselves law-interpreters, with the entire consent of their hosts, customarily broke the law and gave what they called "vails," or tips, to each servant. In time these were no longer voluntary; they were exacted. Then a poor gentleman could not visit a country house.

This "vail" system was abolished by law about the time of the Revolutionary War, as was also the system which prevented laborers from being paid more than forty shillings a year. However, the English country house has never outgrown its "vail" system, and there are those in America who have found it incumbent on their increasing *recherché* importance to graft the hideous old barnacle on the country houses of Westchester, Long Island, New Jersey, and Connecticut, along with the English ivy and the side-burned butlers.

This charming system does not exist because the host can not or does not pay his servants well. It is rather an indisputable proof that the house and all appertaining thereto are "strictly imported." It would be a social crime for anything domestic to grow there.

The legislature of New York is considering a bill providing that the giver or the taker of a tip be fined one hundred dollars. Would such a law, if enforced, have any effect? It is certain that the labor unions and the Commercial Travelers' Association have been unable to make much headway against an evil which, in the last analysis, rests squarely on the shoulders of each individual. As with sin itself, each man must answer to his own conscience for the giving or the taking of a tip.

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"Merry Chris'mas"

by

Inez Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HER waking look outdoors showed a sky like a smutty galvanized-iron coal-hod upside down over the smudge of sleeping city; and, finding herself without the inspiration of a proper Christmas dawning, Mrs. Heffernan changed her mind about having hot raised biscuits for breakfast and went back to bed. It took a full fifteen minutes for her to grow sufficiently ashamed of herself to feel interest in the day or the meal; but once she was crisp and clean in the blue gingham and white apron she had ironed the night before, with a fine fire crackling in the shining range and the little white biscuits rising beautifully, and a stray cat, coaxed in from the back fence, nervously lapping warmed milk in a corner, she was able to expect something good to happen even if she didn't expect it.

The breakfast-hour would have crushed a less philosophic optimism. From Mrs. Gutmann (second-floor-front-with-alcove) to black Blanche, who came in to serve meals, there seemed a disposition to resent the gentle restraint of the day's unwritten law. Mrs. Gutmann sent out to ask that the furnace be opened and *kept* open until she was dressed and out of the house, sorry as she was to have to speak of such things on Christmas day *also;* and that was the signal for the loosening of lesser complaints barbed with the same reproach. Blanche slammed down the last soiled dishes with a "Huh!" of open revolt.

"Nobody hates t' stir up hard feelin's any mor'n I do, 'speshully on Chris'mus mo'nin'. No, ma'am! But aftuh me trottin' mah laigs off fo' a yeah, if anybuddy han's me a li'l raggedy ol' dollah bill in er big enverlope stuffed out with a Chris'mus card to look a lot, I can't help sayin' 'Thank yo' foh that *dollah*'—loud—nex' time I go back in, jes' t' show 'em up. Yes, ma'am. Now I gotter go hook th'ee dresses up the back afore I c'n have mah breakfus'. But I sha'n't haf t' see 'em again t'day, an' that's one good thing erbout this house, hol'days."

It was indeed Mrs. Heffernan's chief claim to distinction that her lodgers knew people with houses of their own, and were asked out now and then like ladies and gentlemen.

But social superiority on this day was a lonely eminence shared with a sharp sorrow and a growing worriment. Leon—her one boy, Leon—couldn't get away from his fine new place up-state, with the J. G. Rigby Company, and would eat his Christmas dinner with strangers; and Miss Linnell—the prettiest, merriest, flightiest creature the roof had ever sheltered—had lost her job yesterday, had moved from the third floor to the top-floor-back only last night, wasn't going anywhere on this day of all days, and had made it a joke in such spirits that a wise heart ached with pity for her. Mrs. Heffernan's was not a Christmas countenance as she dressed the chicken that was to make a dinner for two.

Blanche came down bringing many small parcels tied with spliced bits of red ribbon, and dropped the lot into a chair, scaring out the cat who was dozing underneath.

"Me'y Chris'mus f'm all whose name is on 'em," she condensed her messages as she fell upon her breakfast; but when she spoke again the influence of the hot raised biscuit was apparent.

"Ef I wasn't ast out an' ef all the bo'ders wasn't goin' ter be gone, I'd come in an'

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ten' on you ternight fo' nothin'," she declared. "As 'tis, I cer'nly wish you a Me'y Chris'mus an' a——"

"Thanks an' wish yer the same an' there's somethin' under the lef' leg o' the clock there." Before the sentence was well under way, Mrs. Heffernan repented of her brusqueness. "Ye're heartily welcome, an' I wish it could 'a' been more," she made amends. Yet with a half guilty evasion of the thanks due for the small packets in the chair, she put off the chamber work, counting the bangings of the front door till she reckoned that the last holiday-maker was gone.

Miss Linnell on her top floor must have been keeping count as well, for close on the final echoing slam the hot-water pipe on the kitchen wall began to purr its betrayal. It wasn't like Miss Linnell to await any one's going or pleasure before taking possession of the tub. It might be the day or it might be ill fortune that was working on her; and for two flights Mrs. Heffernan wondered whether she might properly call "Merry Christmas" when she passed the bathroom.

But somebody must have made two slams of the door, because Miss Williamson, the quiet dark girl who had shared the third-floor room with Miss Linnell, stood at the head of the second flight, rubbing the stiffness from a pair of newly washed chamois-skin gloves; and at sight of Mrs. Heffernan she drew from her cuff a small folded paper that effectually silenced greeting.

"Good morning," she said, businesslike as ever. "I'm sorry to give you this, but I can't carry the whole room alone, and I don't know of any one else I care to halve it with. This is a week's notice in writing——"

"It wasn't needful to write it!" Temper and reproach tinged Mrs. Heffernan's retort; but instantly she remembered the day and changed her tone. "I speak truth when I say I wish I could afford t' take less fer the room, or had a smaller one; because I hate to lose a good lodger fer more reasons than money. Thanks kindly fer the elegant present y' sent down—an' Merry Chris'mas to yer."

"Thank you—" Miss Williamson started down; "—I'd like to have an extra towel to-day, please—there was a hole in my fresh one."

It was the girl herself who lost most by having no heart in her, Mrs. Heffernan made allowance; and she was square. Hers was the only gas globe on that floor which was stone cold. Every other held, to a testing palm, a lingering warmth that betrayed a full flame kept on till the instant of departure. Probably the top floor had done the same, but they were wise enough to have slipped their globes off and put them on again—all but Miss Linnell. She would have extra gas if she felt like it, but she'd pass over an extra quarter or half on rent-day and make no bones of saying what it was for.

With a positive affection added to her concern for the girl, Mrs. Heffernan faced about on the third flight as the bathroom door opened.

"Merry Chris'mas!" she called. "How soon'll ye be ready fer a br'iled chop an' new biscuits?"

Miss Linnell stopped on the threshold and looked up. A lilac- and talcum-scented hot mist floated behind her slim figure in its sky-hued bath-robe, her eyes were a lustrous deeper blue, her cheeks bright pink, her lips poppy-red, her high-twisted hair wheat color, with its damp loose ends making babyish spirals at her temples and ears. She was a colorful, youthful, and beautiful thing to behold, but Mrs. Heffernan spoke in sharp rebuke of the soberness she fancied she understood.

"This ain't any kind of a day t' be tellin' yerself hard-luck stories. Be glad ye're livin' an' well——"

"Why, do I look grouchy?" asked Miss Linnell—and smiled. How she managed to do it without showing her half dimple, or the crinkle at the upslant of her eyes, or the funny little quirk at her mouth-corners was a mystery, but her smile was as mirthless as the morning. "Merry Chris'mas," she nodded, still holding her lips apart. "Wait a minute, I got something for you."

Mrs. Heffernan sighed at the silken rush past her. Dear, dear, it was a hard world!

"There—and if you don't wear it there'll be trouble." There was no splicing about the crimson ribbon that adorned Miss Linnell's broad flat box; and she carried, moreover, two big holly wreaths with splashing bows.

"Oh dear—whatever!" Mrs. Heffernan lamented. "When ye know I'd take the will fer the deed, an' things costs so!

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Come along down out o' this cold, now—hungry or no, ye'll come down when I touch the bell, mind."

Straightway she pounded down-stairs, tossed the wreaths and her box atop the lesser parcels, and made three slams of transferring the waiting percolator, gridiron, and specially risen biscuit to the stove. If that pretty, scared, bluffing slip of a thing didn't know that there'd be the top-floor-back for her and a bite to eat as long as her need might last, then it was time they two had a clearing-up talk.

But when the new top-floor-back sauntered in with third-floor deliberateness, rubbing up her nails on her palm, her hair fixed the different way, gold bracelets on the slender forearms that a dressy chiffon waist left bare, and a latest model skirt hugging her silken ankles above gleaming pumps, the topic was instantly, psychically impossible.

There was an oddly embarrassed silence while Mrs. Heffernan poured coffee and Miss Linnell tried to beguile the cat from under the stove.

"Didn't I hear you talking to Cora Williamson?" she asked, still stooping.

"Y' heard her givin' me a week's notice in writin'," Mrs. Heffernan corrected.

"If that ain't just like her! Funny how well we got on, when we're no more alike than nothing at all. I've been thinking, and I don't know but what maybe—" She stopped. Mrs. Heffernan, illogically balked in well-doing, and humanly resentful, put coal on the fire with much clattering. Miss Linnell drank her coffee and pushed the tray aside.

"That's an awfully nervous cat," she remarked pleasantly when she could be heard. "It went to the top of the house, I guess, with the speed it put on when you dropped that cover. I was going to say that I guess maybe I'll go back to my old room. I was thinking of getting married in a week or so, but I've changed my mind."

SHE WAS A COLORFUL, YOUTHFUL, AND BEAUTIFUL THING TO BEHOLD

After a second's rigidity Mrs. Heffernan threw the poker into the coal-hod and turned to the sink. "A joke is a joke," she sniffed.

"This wasn't a joke!" But as Mrs. Heffernan swung about at the tone, Miss Linnell laughed, unsuccessfully.

"Don't look so scared—I'm no crazier'n I've always been. I don't know what ailed me—yes, I do, too. It was this Chris'mas idea; everybody shoppin' for somebody an' gettin' ready to go home—it got to me! When anything gets to a town like this the way the twenty-fifth of December does, I guess I needn't be ashamed of sayin' it got to *me!* I thought I wanted—well, I didn't know, an' I let somebody tell me. But it wasn't so, an' I'm goin' back to work."

"Y' lost yer job!" Mrs. Heffernan didn't ask it; she stated it, as the one fact she held to in this jargon of words.

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"I didn't. I gave it up because I thought I wanted to get married. Me! But I thought so right up to about daybreak this morning. Then I woke up an' thought it over an' found out diff'rent. No—it's nobody you know. He's called for me, here, to take me to theatres, and like that, but I never let him spend an evening. He was too serious! He's in the office—next to head clerk an' a college graduate an' a real gentlemanly fellow an' some would call him good-looking—and I kind of liked the way he looked after me and tried to butt in when the travelin' men came in and stopped to talk with me. I didn't let him know it, but I kind of liked it; and when this Chris'mas thing started, he began to talk to me of cuttin' out the city an' havin' our own home, an' chickens an' a flower garden—"

She drew a quick breath and struck the table with her hand.

"Hypnotized, I was—hypnotized! Why *I* thought up this idea of takin' a cheap room an' savin', an' gettin' you to show me how to cook somethin'—me, as wise as I am! How long do you suppose it would last with the two of us? What he likes about me is my looks an' my style an' my independence; an' he'd take 'em away from me, an' inside of a year pity himself for bein' tied to me. It don't last—not nowadays it don't. You know it an' I know it."

"Well, but if y' have the right kind o' feelin' for each other—" Mrs. Heffernan objected weakly.

"How's any one goin' to know? An' if *I* feel the right thing, that's no guarantee he does. I—Oh Lord! I can't talk about it any more! I'm goin' up an' move my things. I guess I'm too wise—I don't want much to eat, an' let's act as if it was just any day; an' don't look so much as if it was a funeral. I'm all right—cheer up!"

She was gone. Mrs. Heffernan sat twisting her fingers miserably. Not that anything she could say would weigh with the girl, and nobody could deny— But what was to come to the world when such young things knew all the heartaches beforehand and never had any sweet foolishness to look forward to or back upon? Who was to do the watching and waiting and child-bearing and sick-nursing and women's work all in all, if women wouldn't fool themselves with hoping any longer?

The roaring of the fresh fire brought her back to action, and work proved such a relief that she kept at it vigorously.

When she went up to announce the early luncheon, Miss Linnell called that she was sorting some fussy little things and didn't want anything to eat. After a minute's struggle with her tongue, Mrs. Heffernan went down, got a cup of soup and a sandwich, and labored up to the top floor again in a spirit of determined kindness that bordered on the bellicose.

"I've this t' say," she panted after an admonitory knock; "ye'll take in this soup now, or I'll have my knee to this tin lock here an' *bring* it in."

After a brief silence Miss Linnell opened the threatened barrier a crack, took the cup with a frigid "Thank you," and shut the door again. But, having won her point, Mrs. Heffernan descended somewhat relieved.

The bell rang when she was within two steps of the front hall floor, and the start it gave her landed her on the level at one jarring stride. Her head was full of Miss Linnell's young man as she opened the door, but it was only a small, blue-cold parcel-delivery boy with a large box which he thrust at her wordlessly, pointing with a stubby pencil to the receipt-book spread open atop. Mrs. Heffernan leaned the book against the wall and scrawled her signature as rapidly as she could perform an operation necessarily so painstaking. The icy draft that sucked in past her must have stung the nostrils of the vagrant behind the kitchen stove, for there was a swift brush against her ankles, and the cat had dodged out and away. Her leap and the boy's grab were futile.

"Ye're no better than a thief, ye ungrateful bag o' bones!" she shrilled after the runaway; she hadn't known how she had wanted a cat until to-day. The boy snickered and her anger veered to him—to be struck dumb by his shivering braggart littleness and the consciousness that he was working on Christmas. She had an impulse.

"Could ye spare time fer a hot bite?" she asked, suddenly eager. "Not a Chris'mas dinner at all, but somethin' t' warm ye?" The boy halted with a sideways look and grin that met good faith half-way, or spoiled a joke—whichever developed. Mrs. Heffernan stepped aside.

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"Come along in then and down-stairs. It's a pity if a good lunch goes wasted a day like this, I should think."

Nothing was wasted. It warmed her heart to see the thick soup and sandwiches disappear, with quantities of tea and rolls and pickles and marmalade and cookies, and two sections of mince pie that she hastened to cut for him. She was sorry when he drew the sleeve of finality across his mouth and scooped his cap from the floor as he rose.

"That was great!" he said convincingly. " 'F I see yer cat I'll chase 'm back here." And as he ducked out the area door she unlocked, he mumbled civilly, "Wish yer Merry Chris'mus."

Mrs. Heffernan's smile and odd sense of comfort lasted till she was in the dining-room again and the oranges and nuts on the sideboard caught her eyes. After one reproachful stare she shuffled rapidly back to the door and out. "Here," she called, scrambling up the three steps to the sidewalk. "Here—come back here, you—" A gust drove stinging pellets of hail in her face, the knife-edge of the cold cut off her breath and made a watery blur in her eyes; but indistinctly she saw a figure, some doors away, turn right about, and she beckoned it with a wide sweep of her arm as she dived into the warmth of the basement, coughing the frost from her throat.

"Step yerself in here the least minute," she bade, opening the door as quick footsteps came down to it; and there entered, hat in hand, a strange young man who shook slightly with cold and excitement as he stood before her.

"Does Miss Linnell wish to speak to me?" he asked instantly. "Er—this is Mrs. Heffernan, isn't it?"

Her quick wit leaped over bewilderment. "If it ain't—well, upon my— Come along in. Save us if it ain't——"

In the lighter dining-room she faced about and looked at him. A middling-sized, square-cut, shining-clean fellow, with a good holding-on look about the chin, and steady dark eyes, but with an occasional nervous twitch to his lips. Mrs. Heffernan's own mouth grew less straight.

"I WAS THINKING OF GETTING MARRIED IN A WEEK OR SO, BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND."

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"My name is Randall," he supplied a trifle blankly. "I thought—I took it for granted that Miss Linnell—I was just passing——"

"She's busy," said Mrs. Heffernan, tersely polite. So strong was the impulse on which she was acting that she looked at Mr. Randall's shapely red ears and yearned to box them. "She's movin' from the top-back she took las' night, into the third-floor she's been livin' in. That's the way she is about things—shilly-shally. Havin' her own way so long, with her looks, is what's spoiled her. 'Tis a pity nobody ever cared enough for her to take her in hand fer her own good."

She felt temper tickling her tongue as Mr. Randall tried to put on a why-do-you-tell-me-this expression; but all at once he flushed hotly and began to unbutton his overcoat.

"Perhaps Miss Linnell will see me now I'm here," he said tentatively.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Heffernan, not moving. Their eyes held for an instant, then the boy's mouth twitched, widened, and held firm.

"Look here, Mrs. Heffernan, I see she's told you, and I'm glad of it. I wanted her to talk with some older woman. All she has is a stepmother, and I've nobody. But I see from your manner that she has—changed her mind, just as I was afraid she would. I've been walking back and forth past here for two hours."

"Why 'n't yer ring the bell an' ask fer her?" Mrs. Hefferman nipped his confidence. His brown eyes showed a spark.

"Miss Linnell particularly requested me not to call until she—" Mrs. Heffernan threw up her hands and gave the air a vigorous downstroke.

"Stop there! An' don't bristle up at me, fer I've a boy o' me own that I'd thank any one t' speak truth to. Ye'll have a cup o' hot tea, Misther Randall, an' then ye'll go away an' stay away, fer 'twould be a prison crime t' help ye t' talk M'rie Linnell over. Y' ain't the man fer her. Now there! No man's the man fer her that lets her boss him at this stage o' the game. When ye had her tied by the wee tip o' a string o' number-one-hundred-fine cotton thread, like, was that any time to let her out the whole len'th of it to go twistin' herself up in knots an' findin' how light she was held an' breakin' away then entirely? It was what ye were feared of, y' said. Well, I'll not tell y' what *she's* afeared of. But havin' seen ye give in all along to *her*, why, she's dead sure ye'll give in all along to ev'rything else——"

"*She's* afraid of *me*—afraid of my——"

"She is!" Mrs. Heffernan's tone snapped. "Prob'ly ye'll be tellin' me ye were afeared of her bein' so pretty an' flighty an' hard to hold, an' of her not knowin' her own mind, mebbe, an' all. An' so long as ye're both afeared of yourselves an' each other, why——"

Mr. Randall turned his back to her, walked over to the barred street window past which white flakes were sifting, stood for a moment, then turned and came back with a look that she wished Miss Linnell could see.

"You hit it," he said. "I've been afraid—of what I knew there was to be afraid of. Not of myself—but for her. The pull of things. And I didn't want to be a brute and *make* her do—anything she didn't feel she wanted to do. I wanted to give her time——"

"Don't!" warned Mrs. Heffernan. "That's one thing a woman must not have. She thinks too easy."

"I think I understand; but you mustn't tell me any more, Mrs. Heffernan. It's hardly fair, and, besides, I'm going to forget most of the things I know about her and myself, and go by what I feel. And I find I'm not afraid any more. Will you tell her that I'm here to see her, please?"

Without a word to say for herself, Mrs. Heffernan moved dazedly past him and led the way up to the street floor. Miss Linnell, a white rose set in feathers and fur, stood with her hand on the front door knob, awaiting them. Her look froze Mrs. Heffernan, swept past her, and centered on Mr. Randall, who was checked by it.

"How d' you do! I *thought* I recognized your voice—" Hers made him a mere acquaintance and she turned in queenly fashion from them both. "I'm going out for a while, Mrs. Heffernan. If Cora comes back before I do——"

"Marie!" said Mr. Randall, and the word held a quaver. Mrs. Heffernan will never be sure, and he wasn't that kind at all, but she thought she heard him swear. "*Marie!*" he said again—and started. It was a tone that made Miss Linnell look over her shoulder quickly. In the next step *he*

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had that shoulder, turned her about as he thrust the door shut, and caught her in his arms.

"Dear—Merry Christmas!" he said in that hard-as-iron, tender-as-heartache voice, and kissed her, twice, before Mrs. Heffernan got her back turned to them.

"Let me go!" Mrs. Heffernan was confusedly fumbling with the box the boy had left, but she knew the fright and anger and something else that were in Miss Linnell's face at that instant.

"In a little while we'll go, together; but not just yet," said the new master.

"I tell you I'm going——"

"She haven't eat enough t' keep a bird alive this day!" Mrs. Heffernan turned traitor shamelessly. "I could make a cup o' hot chocolate in no time——"

"That would be very good of you," said Mr. Randall. "Come in here, Marie. Come in here and wait."

"DEAR—MERRY CHRISTMAS!" HE SAID IN THAT HARD-AS-IRON, TENDER-AS-HEARTACHE VOICE, AND KISSED HER, TWICE, BEFORE MRS. HEFFERNAN GOT HER BACK TURNED.

Mrs. Heffernan found herself and the box in the kitchen with no remembrance of the stairs; but the familiar process of chocolate-making steadied her nerves. She made ready her best small tray with sandwiches and two of her real china cups, and tiptoed near enough to the stairs to make out the sound of Mr. Randall's murmur. It wasn't the right sort of sound to interrupt. She went back, fidgeting, put the chocolate on to keep hot, stubbed her toe against the box as she turned, and twitched it up to the table in exasperation. Her own name was on the label. After an incredulous instant of staring she cut the twine.

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There was something soft and springy under the white tissue. Feathers! Black, short, shiny, fat tips! And then a breath-taking niftiness of foamy, dull black, and shiny black, and a glint of white—the down-streaming splendor of satin ties—a bonnet! Her heart swelled as she stepped backward to a chair, and overflowed as she read the card pinned to one of the broad ties: "From Myrtle—hope it fits. Merry Christmas." Myrtle Judson, who for six years had been the best top-floor-back a house could hope for, who had gone from that roof to her wedding with Peter Mattheson, who came back now and again with no airs to her, and hadn't forgotten and wasn't the kind that forgot! Yellow-backed bills pinned to one's head couldn't brag money plainer than such a bonnet; and it fitted in the right place, close and softly, as she gingerly tried it. Myrtle had trimmed her bonnets for all those six years.

It was some time before she bethought herself of the parcels in the chair, and she opened the lesser ones in guilty haste. There wasn't one thing that she had expected in the lot. There was a good sensible apron from Miss Willetts, and doilies from the two other top-floorers; bed-shoes from the back-third-floor, toilet soap and a book from the third-sides, front and back; a dozen fine napkins from Miss Williamson, and a two-dollar glove certificate from Miss Birdmann, the second-back millinery designer. Mrs. Gutmann's gift was a ribbon-trimmed lavender dressing-jacket; and in Miss Linnell's box was a fichu such as the last Sunday Supplement Fashions had pictured on "matrons over forty." The sheer feel of it gave a pleasurable thrill to the fingers. It was all enough to make an ungrateful creature cry, and that Mrs. Heffernan did so heartily that she didn't hear Mr. Randall till he touched her shoulder and asked if anything had happened.

He was rather pale, but the holding-on look was strong about his jaw as he explained that he was taking Miss Linnell out for a little while. Mrs. Heffernan had the tray ready in no time, admonished him to take a cup for himself, and waited in the dining-room till she heard them come out in the upper hall. Then she made haste to the stairs.

"Come back t' dinner, now, both of ye," she called. "Mind, now——"

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Randall; but Miss Linnell made one of her unexpected rushes back and down-stairs, caught Mrs. Heffernan in a fragrant, furry, wet-cheeked hug, swished about and sped up, half sobbing, and the front door had opened and closed before a slow-moving bulk could mount after her. But from the parlor window one saw that they were close together under the umbrella. Quite illogically, she went down-stairs for the holly wreaths and hung them in the two windows.

She went down again for her presents and set them out on the center-table; and when her work below was out of the way, she came back to the room with a strong sense of Christmas upon her, and sat in the best chair near the window to keep a look out for Miss Linnell. The snowflakes were thick as feathers now, and the houses across the way were trimmed with swan's-down strips and smoking at their chimneys like picture-cards. She found herself counting the fat crystals that whirled into the corner of the window ledge outside; and when she woke with a jump the world was pearl-gray with dusk, with a wicked wind whistling, and the ledge was heaped high.

As she peered out for two possible foolish figures, part of the heap lifted and arched itself against the pane with an unmistakable "Waow!" She started, blinked, made sure of her eyes, and had the door open in no time. "Kitty—come, kitty," she called; and the prodigal shot in past her, halted, a ghostly small shape in the gloom at the head of the basement stairs, and waowed again apologetically.

"Y' old scallywag!" she forgave happily, bustling about for a match. Two burners of the parlor chandelier were none too many for Christmas, and she left the hall light high. The dining-room looked boogerish and she lighted that also; then there was the cat to feed, the fire to mend, the furnace to freshen, and she had barely tidied herself a bit when the front door slammed and lifted her heart with relief.

"Make yerselves comf'table there," she began calling as she hurried to greet them; "I'll start things a-goin' in no time——"

"Why, how do you know who it is?" asked Mr. Gutmann, stopping half-way down the basement flight and smiling over the many bundles in his pudgy arms. Mrs. Heffernan stopped too, and stared. Mrs.

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HER ONE BOY, LEON! "YOU DIDN'T THINK J. G. RIGBY WAS THE KIND OF A MAN TO KEEP MA AWAY ALL DAY CHRIS'MAS, DID YOU?"

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Gutmann loomed behind her husband, snow-powdered and smiling. Smiling!

"It is a nice warm house to come home to, Mrs. Heffernan——"

"Fine!" Mr. Gutmann beamed. "I says to Minna we'd better come home to supper, fer it's snowin' fierce an' goin' to be worser. An' I stopped in to a restaurant where I know the feller that keeps it, and I got a turkey with only some cut off, an' potater salad an' all, fer I says to Minna, it's only once a year anyhow, an' who will be a tight-wad at Chris'mas? An' I'm goin' a cook us a fine German supper, Mrs. Heffernan, while Minna sits down here, if you will get me an apurn to cover me."

The front door opened and closed softly.

"There now, think o' that!" Mrs. Heffernan ejaculated. "I never see the beat o' you two fer doin'—Mrs. Gutmann, ma'am, I'll jist take them wet things from ye—" She had Mrs. Gutmann's fur coat off before that important lady could answer, reached the top of the stairs with the breathless break of her sentence, and surprised Miss Willetts and another top-floorer shaking off snow on the *inside* rug.

"We got the most of it off outside," Miss Willetts protested, putting forward an oblong bundle, "but we was jest brushin' off the last of it afore we came down to ask if we could have a bite to eat. We're all beat out plowin' through this snow. I went into a restaurant an' made them sell me a loaf of bread for fear you'd be short, an' a blizzard comin'."

"There's enough t' eat—" Then Mrs. Heffernan's heart smote her and twisted her tongue to kindness. "But thanks fer the thought, an' ye're welcome. The Gutmanns is below, an' I'm expectin' more."

More came. Miss Birdmann came in a taxi, to save her new dress, and brought a dozen yellow chrysanthemums that made the tables splendid; the third-sides, back and front, came bringing nothing, but so glad to find supper in prospect and a welcome apiece that their holiday faces were acquisitions. Least likely of all, the back parlor, who hadn't been home since the morning before, came in looking queer-eyed and massaged and Turkish-bathy; and he brought a couple of long bottles that were what any one would have known he would bring; but after all it was Christmas. And last, in the midst of the hurly-burly, with all of them talking at once in the dining-room and Mr. Gutmann cooking like mad all over the kitchen, if black Blanche didn't pound on the area door and get herself let in, grinning and tickled.

"I's headed fo' home, but I seen the 'lumination an' suspicioned our folks had come back," she explained, delightedly dodging Mr. Gutmann. "I cer'nly do like t' be where they's a good time an' good folks. Yes, ma'am. Now while I'm settin' tables yo' jes' step up-stairs, Mis' Heffernan, 'cause I let somebody in ahind me, without nobody seein' 'em, an' they'd like t' speak t' yo' private."

They were waiting in the parlor, Cora Williamson behind them; and she knew what they had to tell at one glimpse of their faces. She felt almost like the mother of both of them as she held the clinging girl close, patting her shoulder with one hand, while the radiant boy gripped the other and apparently thought himself calm.

"Well, that written notice has got to stand, *now*," said Cora Williamson presently. She was bright-cheeked and bright-eyed and laughed between her words. "They hunted me up and I saw it done. Doesn't take long, does it! Say, Marie—Wilbur! You aren't entitled to all the attention. Mrs. Heffernan—who would you rather see than all of us put together——"

And there the gilt-storks-on-black-paper screen moved, and Leon came out from behind it. Her one boy, Leon!

"Why, there, there!" He patted his mother's back as if it had been a habit with him and didn't make a move to put her away. "Why, you didn't think J. G. Rigby was the kind of a man to keep me away all day Chris'mas, did you? Not much he ain't! I wouldn't 'a' joked about it if I'd thought—I said I wouldn't be here to Chris'mas *dinner*, because I thought you'd have it at two o'clock. I'd 'a' been here at four if the trains hadn't been late. Now brace up, come on! There! Betcha—Here's pussy-foot Willetts, an' we might as well go down-stairs."

But down-stairs was like own folks, precisely. The yellow chrysanthemums were massed where the young pair were placed at the second-floor table; and between the new Mrs. Randall and Leon, Mrs. Heffernan—protesting, distracted, and happy—was made to sit. When one of them scolded, or when Mr. Gutmann accused her of slighting his cooking, she tasted whatever

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her fork picked; but joy was a haze between her eyes and reality.

She felt dimly awed by the silver-mounted black seal handbag that Mrs. J. G. Rigby (once Juliet Whitson of the top-floor-back) had sent her by Leon; and was momentarily stirred by the yellow-backed bill that fattened the little purse within, with "Merry Christmas" on J. G. Rigby's card. But only once did she feel and see acutely: when the back parlor proposed a toast to the day and the wedded pair, and handed round glasses with a smell that woke an almost forgotten fear in her. He came to Leon——

"No, thanks," said Leon, "I'm sticking to coffee. Thanks, *no!*—they won't care if I do stick to coffee."

That was when she felt a joy so keen it was pain, and her trembling hands folded hard under cover of the table-cloth. Dan's boy, with his father's eyes and his father's look and his father's laugh, said *no*—God be thanked!—and meant it.

Happiness sang in her heart to the melody Mrs. Gutmann made for them after supper; proud happiness dimmed her eyes when Leon joined his tenor, by invitation, to that lady's heavenly contralto. Happiness born of faith sustained her when the taxi came and the pink-rose girl clung to her in good-by and the young husband kissed her cheek. Mr. Gutmann had found the rice and Blanche had an old shoe, and Miss Birdmann piled the yellow chrysanthemums in the bride's arms, and the back parlor treated the chauffeur, and there was a going-away in style.

"Is a dollar 'n' a half too much to pay for one of those doodabs you women wear in the front of your collars—a lace-frill like?" Leon asked as she turned down the covers of his folding-bed behind the screen.

"It's a good deal," she said, unsuspecting.

"They said it was worth it—there it is, anyhow." He tossed a tissue-paper roll from his suit-case to the table display. "If you don't like it——"

"*Like*—oh, whatever—dear, dear——" she pounced on the scrap with emotion.

"How's Lily-o'-the-Valley perfume—all right?" He handed her, without turning, a huge cut-glass bottle, gold-sealed and ribbon-tied. "I happened t' have room t' tuck them in"—he was elaborately careless. "I got a few little things f'm our hardware department, though—a patent toaster an' a combination can-opener an' a little force-pump for stopped-up kitchen sinks—that maybe you'll be int'rested in to-morrer, if they's no young brides to baby an' no Mr. Randalls to tend to. D'd you see my collars anywhere?"

"THERE'S AN EXTHRA BLANKET ON THE FOOT O' YER BED; MIND YE KEEP COVERED."

This last precious drop brimmed her cup: *he was jealous!* She went behind him and bent over him as he knelt at unpacking, and pressed her cheek to the roughened kinky hair at the crown of his head that looked as it used to when he was a little boy.

"There's an exthra blanket on the foot o' yer bed," she said softly; "mind ye keep covered. Good night——"

"Call me when you get up—" His head slipped sideways, and snuggled for an instant against her shoulder. She kissed his forehead.

"'Night," he said in a grown-up-little-boy growl; and his lips brushed her cheek. "Merry Chris'mas!"

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The Golliformed Rabbit

by Rose Lombard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

THE rabbit was one of Peggy's pets. That sounds like a casual, innocent statement, but it was a phrase fraught with menace to anything belonging to the animal kingdom. Peggy's pets—and they were legion—all came to an untimely end.

There was the lamb, who climbed a shaky heap of old boxes, stuck his head through a loop of rope, and hanged himself in the cellar on election day. It is still a dark mystery in the annals of the Whitaker family how he got into the cellar and why he hanged himself. Father was running for judge that year, and got himself woefully snowed under, but we all took it philosophically enough, and there certainly was no occasion for the lamb to assume the whole burden of the family humiliation.

The billy-goat deserved to die. The only reason why anything so obnoxious as a billy-goat is tolerated, within even stable limits of polite society, is that he is supposed to be useful to cart off a young person of Peggy's age for a little daily jaunt, and give the family a few hours of peace and quiet.

Our family investment in peace and quiet never paid any dividends. That billy-goat's disposition was pure mother-tincture of unadulterated meanness. He always behaved like a lamb while Peggy hitched him to his cart, and went off gaily, at a smart trot. In a half hour we invariably had a telephone call. Peggy was stranded somewhere, weeping, on somebody's front steps. She had headed the billy-goat for home and he had refused to go a step. She wasn't strong enough to pull him, but she always tried; so we drew lots to see which of us had to go and drag home the goat, the cart, and the exhausted small sister.

You would think that after a day's work like that, he would have spent his nights making some resolutions toward trying to be a decent billy-goat: but not he! He used that saved-up energy in trying to find out how to work the trap-door to the oat-chute. One night he accomplished it, and ate himself to death.

Then there was the chameleon that father brought from Florida. Peggy carried him around everywhere with her. One day she lay in the hammock, trying to get interested in "Elsie Dinsmore," and feeding the chameleon flies between chapters. "Elsie" wasn't exactly Peg's kind of a girl, but Aunt Louise, who usually gave us our very choicest Christmas gifts, had given Peggy eighteen volumes of "Elsies" that year, and poor Peg was making one last effort to see if there was anything in the set. Finally she quit in disgust, and went off to tease the parrot. That night she missed the chameleon. He could not be found anywhere and she had the whole family making nervous jumps for a week, every time we felt sure we had stepped on the little beast; but his disappearance remained unexplained for a year. Then, in house-cleaning time, he was found neatly pressed between the pages of an "Elsie" book.

When all the natural and unnatural methods of departing this life had been exhausted among Peggy's pets, they occa-

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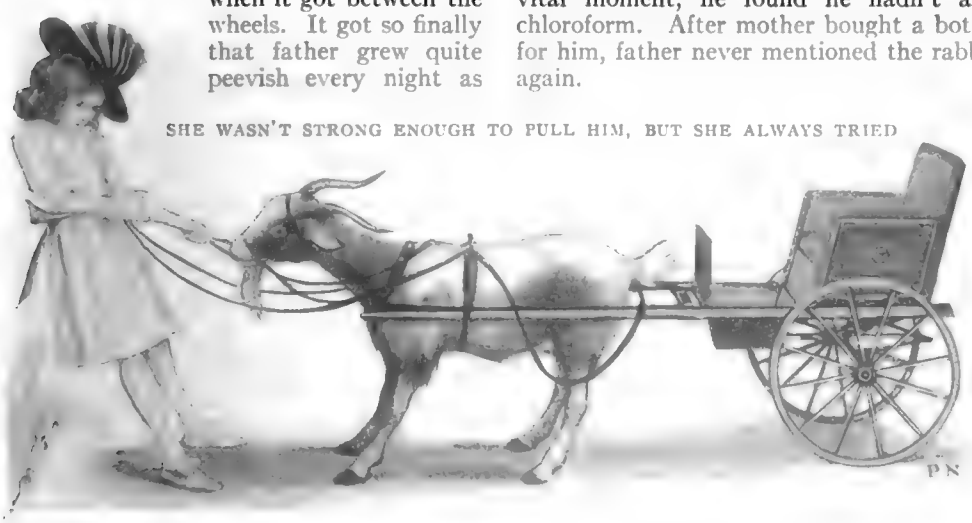
sionally took to devouring each other; for instance, the time she had an aquarium, and added a harmless-looking little alligator to the collection. Next morning there was nothing left but the alligator, trying its best to look unconscious. I've forgotten now whether it was the bulldog or the raccoon that ate the alligator.

At any rate, the rabbit was foredoomed to trouble from the minute father paid twenty-five cents for him on the street and handed him to Peggy. You would not think that a simple little act like the passing of a silver coin could be of such vital importance, but I wouldn't, for anything in this world, have taken the chances of life that rabbit assumed, the minute the transfer was made.

As usual with most of the pets that father brought Peggy, the rabbit proved a particular nuisance to father himself. It contracted a daily habit of hiding in the shrubbery beside the drive, and hopping out into the road at the very moment father drove up in the evening. He almost yanked the head off his favorite mare the first time, pulling her up just in time to miss stepping on the rabbit. Next time he had deliberately to tip the buggy over, as the only means of saving the rabbit when it got between the wheels. It got so finally that father grew quite peevish every night as he approached the house, because of his expected trouble and excitement in trying to keep from killing that rabbit.



SHE WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO PULL HIM, BUT SHE ALWAYS TRIED

At last, one night when he stayed cross all through dinner, mother caught the rabbit when she thought Peggy was out of the way, and gave it to the washerwoman to take home. Peggy met her at the gate and bought it back.

The next night father drove in at a smart trot, with an untroubled mind, and the inevitable happened. There was a yell from Peggy, and a groan from the rest of the family on the porch. The rabbit had hopped out as usual, into the middle of the drive, and this time finally got himself run over.

I think father could have stood it better if he had killed it outright; but after the excitement was over, Peggy was still in possession of an otherwise perfectly sound rabbit, with one broken hind leg. Father said it was cruel to let it live, and it would have to be chloroformed, and he would attend to it in the morning. The next day he asked mother if she had remembered to have the rabbit chloroformed, and he got quite indignant over the notion that he was the one who was expected to do it.

After that the rabbit skulked around the shrubbery for a week, with one hind leg dragging limply after it. Father worked himself up three distinct times to the point of putting it out of its misery, and paid Peggy a heavy bribe each time to stop crying about it. Every time, at the vital moment, he found he hadn't any chloroform. After mother bought a bottle for him, father never mentioned the rabbit again.

Now, this is where Brother John comes in. Brother John will go down in history as the-person-who-always-got-the-worst-of-it. He was the eldest and the best of us. He took all the prizes and medals at school; he was a solid comfort to his teachers, and to father and mother, and he ought to have

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been to himself, but I never knew any one to get less fun or comfort out of life. Rob was younger, and perfectly ordinary and commonplace, but if there were any good times lying around loose for the Whitaker boys, it was Rob, and not John, who got them. It was really sinful how persistently my bad younger brother came out ahead.

I remember one thing that happened when we were all still quite small, that was a fair sample of John's luck.

One morning at Sunday-school, the superintendent announced that he was sending a box to a missionary family, and if we children had saved any magazines, he wanted us to bring them next Sunday. John went home happy. He had taken the *Youth's Companion* for seven years, and he had every copy, neatly sorted, segregated, and stored away in the attic. He went home thinking about them with the greatest satisfaction. He was crazy about the superintendent, and this was his chance to make a hit.

He was up at dawn the next Sunday, sorting the papers all over again, each year by itself; finally he made a neat package, tied up with a stout string, ready to carry off after breakfast. At the last minute, he went up-stairs again to brush his hair, and when he came back the package, which he had left at the front door, was missing. He searched the house frantically, and left at last, in despair, with mother promising to bring them herself if they turned up before Sunday-school was over. After the exercises, the superintendent began to talk about the missionary box.

"Children," he said, "something has happened which pleases me very much. You see on the platform some small packages of magazines which several of you have brought. Now I want to show you what one boy has done!"

He stooped and lifted John's bundle of papers and held them up for every one to see. John just beamed; mother had found them after all. He tried to look unconscious, but Mr. Siddons was looking straight at him, and he flushed very red.

"Now, children," he continued, "there is more than just a big bundle of papers and a generous gift to the poor in this package. As I look at this carefully prepared offering, I see all sorts of fine qualities in the boy who saved them so carefully. I see love of good books, and I see generosity, and neatness, and methodicalness, and thoughtfulness, and I see many other excellent qualities that will go some day to the making of a very fine man. Now, I am going to tell you the name of this boy that I admire so much."

He paused and looked around, and John got redder and redder.

"He is a modest boy," he continued, "and I can see he does not want his name called right out in meeting like this, but I am proud of him, and his name is Robert Whitaker!"

Then the children all clapped and looked at Rob, and Rob blushed for shame, but they thought it was modesty. Rob explained to father that he just carried the papers for John, and dropped them down on the platform in front of Mr. Siddons, and just said, "There, what do you think of that?" and never claimed they were his at all. Of course, father punished him; but John was so used to seeing Rob punished that it did not help much; and that is just a sample of the way John was always getting the worst of it in our family.

All this may seem to you to be getting a long way from the rabbit; but I am coming to the rabbit right now, and there will be plenty of rabbit before we get through.

Of course, after what I have told you about John, you can see that it just came about naturally for every one to turn over a disagreeable task to him; so, after he got tired of having everybody ask him if he had chloroformed the rabbit yet, or why he hadn't chloroformed the rabbit yet, he finally took down the bottle, one Sunday afternoon, when he and I were alone at home. He had an old book that told you how to do everything under the sun, and he could turn right to the place where it gave explicit directions for putting an animal comfortably out of its misery. After he had read this over, he came to me.

"Elizabeth," he said, "it is going to take two people to chloroform that rabbit, and you will have to help me."

We were all sick of the subject. Peggy had been going around for the last few days dragging one leg behind her to see how much it hurt. We knew the deed would never be accomplished with Peggy there crying about it, so I screwed up my courage and consented to help and have it over with, once for all.

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A YEAR LATER, THE LOST CHAMELEON WAS FOUND NEATLY PRESSED BETWEEN THE PAGES OF AN "ELSIE" BOOK.

of Peggy's pets, and that was the end of it.

At least, we thought that was the end of it, and it *was* the end of it for ten long years. Think of a rabbit, ten years dead and buried, rising up in revenge to sow trouble and discord in a perfectly happy, harmonious, united family!

Ten years have brought about tremendous changes, of course. John has been four years in the ministry now, and Rob has been five years married. Rob's baby, who was three years old last Sunday, is the darling of the family. They all foregather at the old home regularly every Sunday afternoon. John comes with his wife, and Rob with Margie and little Bobby. Peggy is a young lady in long skirts.

John went about it in his usual beautifully methodical way. He got a large sheet of writing-paper and some mucilage and made a paper cone. Then he took the cone, some absorbent cotton, and the chloroform, and we went after the rabbit. It was easy enough to catch it..

Now, I admit that I closed my eyes from then on. But I want you to remember that John and I were at home alone that Sunday afternoon, and that we chloroformed that rabbit between us. He put the chloroform on the cotton, and dropped it into the cone, and then I held the cone and he held the rabbit. Of course I admit I did close my eyes, but of course I know exactly what happened, and I remember distinctly the whole circumstance, as plainly as if it had all happened yesterday.

We buried it in the garden, among the other graves

MOTHER GAVE THE RABBIT TO THE WASHERWOMAN. PEGGY MET HER AT THE GATE AND BOUGHT IT BACK.

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Last Sunday Rob and Margie and the baby came early. Mother was still away at some missionary meeting, and father and I were alone. Peggy was entertaining her first beau in the garden.

Bobby was full of excitement over his birthday, and was also evidently fairly bursting with the desire to tell a piece of news. He trotted up to father as soon as his wraps had been shed, and announced excitedly:

"My daddy golliformed my kitty-cat!"

Father looked up inquiringly over his spectacles at Margie as he picked up the boy, and Margie interpreted:

"Why, Bobby's cat had a sort of fit this morning, father, and Rob decided it was dangerous, so he was obliged to chloroform it. Baby doesn't know, really, what happened, but he has picked up the word and can't seem to talk of anything else."

Father looked mildly interested. He got that judgeship the year after the lamb hanged himself, and he has had an impressive, judicial look ever since. Up to this moment no member of our family had ever contradicted father.

"So they chloroformed your kitten, son; that's too bad," he said.

Then a reminiscent look came over his face. "I remember I once chloroformed a rabbit of Peggy's," he remarked.

Now, Peggy's rabbit had just popped into my own head, and when father made this astonishing misstatement, I opened my mouth to correct him. I hated to contradict him, but I meant to do it as politely as possible. Before I could say a word, however, Margie had broken in.

"I think you are mistaken about the rabbit, father," she said, "unless Peggy had two rabbits." Margie was going to do it in her tactless way, but I was glad she was setting him straight. "Rob has just been telling me all about Peggy's rabbit," she continued, "and how he chloroformed it."

"Why, Robert Whitaker," I exclaimed indignantly, "what do you mean by telling such a whopper as that? You never had a thing to do with killing Peggy's rabbit!"

Now, the funny thing was that Rob did not look guilty, and goodness knows I have seen his guilty look often enough to know it when I see it. There was an honest look of righteous indignation on his face. Margie was furious with me.

"Why do you feel so sure father did it, rather than Rob?" she asked, icily.

"Father didn't do it, either," I blurted out. "I did it myself!"

There was a shout of laughter. Father and Rob and Margie were enjoying themselves hugely.

"Oh, Elizabeth," giggled Margie, "you know you scream if you see a caterpillar coming toward you. You couldn't have done a thing like that! Why, you couldn't have held the rabbit. Rob says it struggled more than the cat did this morning."

"I had my eyes shut—" I began indignantly, and father went off into another roar of laughter, with Rob and Margie in taunting chorus.

"Of course, I didn't do it alone—" I broke in at last.

"I don't remember anything about your being there," said Rob, and father came in at the same moment with, "It doesn't seem to me at all probable that you helped me, daughter."

I was perfectly disgusted. I could have told them all about how it was, but they had eliminated me completely from the controversy and started off into a perfect battery of argument, full of "Don't you recollect, sir?" and "I recall this much perfectly, son"—with Rob trying hard to remember to be properly respectful, and father trying to remember that Rob was grown up.

In the middle of it Peggy and her admirer came in. They made the usual fuss over the baby. He was brimful of chatter about his "birfday," and delivered a breathless jumble of news, winding up triumphantly with the announcement:

"And my daddy golliformed my kitty-cat!"

Margie interpreted again. Peggy perched Bobby on the arm of her chair.

"When Aunt Peggy was a little girl," she informed him, "she had a little pet rabbit that got itself hurt, and she had to golliform it too."

Father snorted.

"Who did you say chloroformed it, Peggy?" he demanded.

"Why, I did it myself," said Peggy, looking astonished. "I remember it just as well!"

This was too much. Peggy's family rose in a body and sat upon her. Father and Rob and I could argue it out between us,

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but Peg's claim was too absurd, and was going to be thrown out of court, instanter.

She was very indignant.

"Why, father," she reminded him in her most injured tone, "didn't I choke the canary, and drown the parrot with the garden hose, and drop the Maltese kitten in a bucket of soft soap——"

"You were a heartless young villain, all right, Peg," said Rob; "nobody is going to deny that; but the rabbit was chloroformed for its own good. It was a humanitarian piece of work."

"I REMEMBER I ONCE CHLOROFORMED A RABBIT OF PEGGY'S."

Now, I didn't blame Peggy. She was very young when it all happened, and she had one advantage: it was her rabbit. Then, you are very apt to make such mistakes at Peggy's age. I remember father used to pride himself on the way I could remember things that happened when I was very young, until one day I remembered something that happened before I was born, and ruined my reputation forever.

As I said, it was not astonishing for Peggy to make the mistake; but it was certainly silly of her to stick to it after the whole family had shown her plainly that it was ridiculous. But that was just Peggy. If she once took a stand, you might as well argue with the coal-shovel. She would be perfectly capable of sitting up and telling Colonel Goethals how she dug the Canal, if she had gotten herself into a fix where it seemed necessary to insist she did it.

Of course, I knew something about the way you go to work to chloroform a rabbit, and I decided to settle Miss Peggy's claims in the matter at once.

"Well, if you did it, Peg," I said wickedly, "suppose you tell us just how you did it."

Everybody but Peggy looked happy.

"Why-er, let me see-er, it was so long ago—why, of course, I dropped the rabbit into a thick bag. It was that big cotton-flannel bag that mother keeps the silver punch-bowl in," she added triumphantly.

That is Peg's way. By getting her details well handled, she was beginning at once to sound plausible.

But if she made a good beginning, she rushed, this time, headlong to her undoing.

"I dropped the rabbit into the bag," she continued confidently, "and then I just dropped in a lump of chloroform——"

Peggy's voice was drowned in the shriek of laughter that greeted this detail. Her sweetheart came as gallantly as possible to the rescue.

"You mean you dropped the chloroform on a lump of sugar, and dropped that in the bag," he volunteered hastily.

"Certainly, that is exactly what I said just now," said shameless Peggy.

It was about this time that Margie turned peacemaker and volunteered the most sensible advice that had been offered yet.

"It seems to me," she said, "that if this family would lay the rabbit on the table and hold an adjourned meeting when mother gets home, we should be likely to arrive at the truth about this thing."

Margie was right. Mother's coming, with us, always meant the presence of peace and good-will, and the straightening out of troublous tangles. Mother would remember some little detail that would solve the whole problem. My mother is

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the most beautiful character I know. She is a devout church-woman, and would cheerfully go to the stake rather than tell a wilful lie. We were sure of a righteous judgment from mother. Of course, I might have known that if mother really conscientiously could, she was going to side with father; but I felt sure her memory would be accurate, and that I should be vindicated in a moment. We heard her step in the hall before Margie finished speaking. Baby introduced the subject promptly upon her arrival in our midst. Running excitedly into her arms, he proclaimed with undiminished gusto:

"Gamma, my daddy golliformed my kitty-cat!"

Mother is the one person who always understands Bobby's baby talk.

"Chloroformed your kitty, darling?" she exclaimed.

We all held our breath.

And then, as I live, that same "oh, yes, that reminds me" look began to dawn in mother's eyes. Would you believe it? That saintly woman stood up there and announced to that trusting assembled company:

"Do you know, I once chloroformed a rabbit of Peggy's myself!"

I hate to write the rest of this story. I feel so sorry for John. Now, wasn't it just like his luck to walk in at the end like that, when we were all so full of golliformed rabbit that the addition of one more golliformer was more than human nature could endure?

When little Bobby began his horribly familiar formula, "My daddy golliformed—" the eyes of the whole family were fixed on John in eager anticipation. With wicked satisfaction we watched the dawn of that look in his face, the look of one who gropes in his memory for the exact details of an interesting experience, with which he will presently regale the company.

John has acquired a strong ministerial look, just as father grew impressively judicial. It seems to run in the family to get all that is coming to us in that line. However, the family have never accorded to John the full measure of deference that he feels his calling should command.

So when he began his interesting little reminiscence with:

"When we were all quite young, and Sister Peggy had a little pet rabbit—" he was greeted with a shout of laughter from the entire family.

Peggy arose and stood before him in a threatening attitude.

"Now, John Whitaker," she admonished savagely, "remember you are a minister of the gospel! Think of your spotless reputation! Think of the honor of your family, and don't, I beg of you, don't, John, don't tell us that you golliformed that rabbit!"

John's look was one of utter amazement.

"Why, of course I chloroformed your rabbit. Who on earth did you think did it?"

Peggy flopped down in a limp heap.

"Who? Why, father did it, and Rob did it, and Elizabeth is perfectly positive she did it, and I know I did it. Even mother thinks she did it, and most likely the cook, and the coachman, and all the neighbors!"

Poor John! If I could only have given him a hint that it was perfectly hopeless!

The more he explained, of course, the funnier it grew, and I don't blame him for finally losing his temper with us all.

I do think he might have searched his memory, though, enough to remember that it was I who helped him! But *he* seemed to think I should have mentioned him more promptly in the first place.

Just at the end he used strong language. Think of it! Think of the vindictiveness of the ghost of that golliformed rabbit! Not content to upset the whole Whitaker family, and send the reverend member of it home in a rage, it must wind up by getting him into the bad books of the Recording Angel.

John was leaving the house, perfectly furious with us all, when Rob offered to settle it by going into the garden and putting it to a test. He offered to go to the spot where he remembered to have buried the rabbit, and dig. John was to go to the spot where he had buried the rabbit, and dig. Whoever succeeded in finding the skeleton would be completely vindicated.

But John waved him aside impatiently and opened the front door and stepped outside.

"No," he said. "No, I will not. I will do nothing so silly and undignified. Besides, it would be just like your infernal luck to hit on a spot where you would dig up one of Peggy's confounded cats!"

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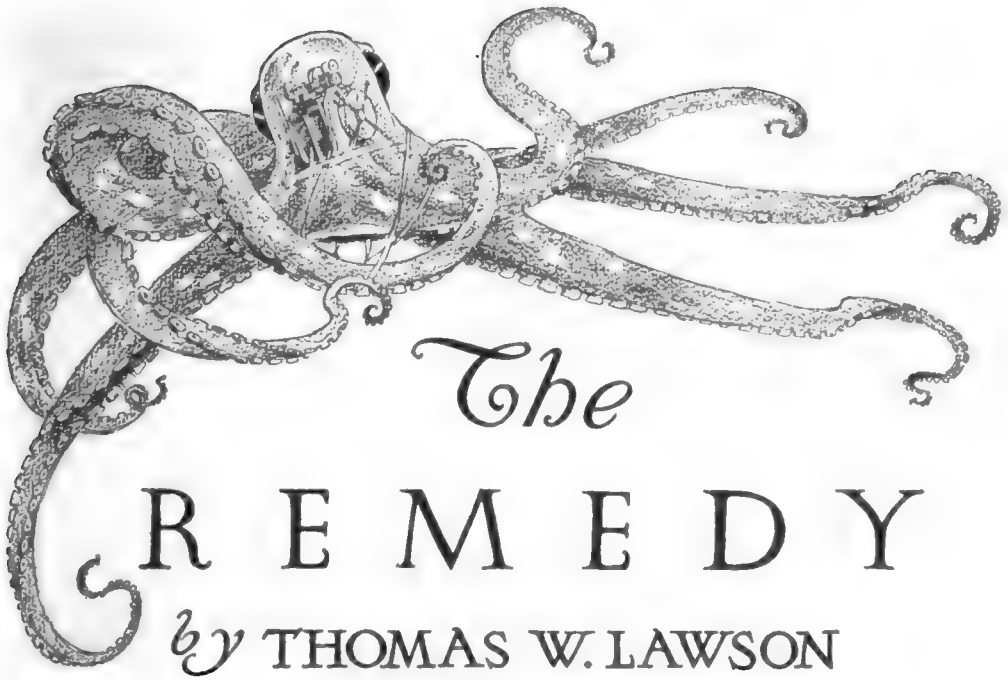

The REMEDY

by THOMAS W. LAWSON

III.

The New Old Louisiana Lottery Law

I ENDED my last chapter with a transcript of the proposed Federal law for closing the gambling end of the Stock Exchange. It is the old Louisiana lottery law, which has passed all the courts, amended to exclude from the mails all Stock Exchanges not incorporated by Congress. Such an incorporation carries with it the right of Federal inspection. I desire now, before going on with my story, to submit this radical proposition through my readers to the American people:

The law contained in the last chapter, in conjunction with the one to be presented in the next chapter, should mark the most important innovation in practical business finance of the past hundred years; these two laws should do more to remedy the economic ills of the country, and should confer upon the American people greater financial benefits, than any commercial law enacted in the past century.

This is a strong statement. If it be sound, it should merit the profound attention of the American people. If unsound, it should, and will, bring down on my head overwhelming condemnation.

For more than a quarter of a century every one everywhere in America has felt that there was something radically wrong with the American people's business structure, and that this was weakening the nation's political and social foundations. But every one—state legislatures, Congress, the courts, and the presidents and their cabinets—has found it impossible to put a practical remedy to work, because any

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remedy that might prove itself practical either would be declared unconstitutional when it reached the Supreme Court, or would consume so long a time in getting its constitutionality established that the wrongs sought to be remedied would meanwhile have assumed new names and forms, requiring new legal cures.

The common verdict of the authorities, therefore, has been that the trust evil can not be destroyed until the Constitution has been amended. And to secure an amendment to the Constitution, according to Article V. of the Constitution itself, the following elaborate provision must be complied with:

> The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which in either case shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths of the several States, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress; provided that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the Ninth Section of the First Article; and that no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.

This is as complicated as the futile legal procedure of the past to regulate Big Business under the Constitution. Congress can not agree upon an amendment to be submitted to the states, not to mention getting the states to agree upon the change.

In the meantime the people have gone ahead doing the best they could under present laws, with the result that after years of litigation against the trusts, many, notably the Beef Trust, have won out, while some have been convicted. Foremost among the convicted ones are Standard Oil and Tobacco.

It took some twenty years for the people, through various suits, state and Federal, criminal and civil, to obtain a final decision as to the real status of these trusts. And during these years these combinations continued their illegal practises, because the decisions of the lower courts branding their acts as illegal could not be enforced until the Supreme Court of the United States had said whether the charges were legally proved. The Supreme Court finally said after all these years of litigation that Standard Oil and Tobacco must dissolve.

Did this assist in remedying the wrong that was oppressing the people? Did it lighten their load? Not at all. For in its decree against Standard Oil and Tobacco the Supreme Court, in ordering the dissolution, said in effect: "But you can reorganize in another way, a legal way."

Whereupon Standard Oil and Tobacco reorganized in a way so much better for themselves and so much worse for the people that their stocks increased vastly in price (one of them has risen $900 per share since the Supreme Court's final decision). And right after the decision the price of almost every Standard Oil product was substantially lifted.

This meant—what?

That when the charge of illegality brought against a trust is sustained by the final court, its decree gives the convicted trust the right to go ahead in a new form, which, even if more oppressive than the old, can be attacked by the people only with the same dull, unwieldy, ineffective weapon that they used before in vain.

In a word, no practical method of remedying the trust evil has appeared except to alter the Constitution in a way that will admit of a law decreeing: When a trust is found guilty of abuses, the law administrators must kill them—not whitewash it, dye its pelt, or substitute a new set of teeth and claws for the old set—but kill the abuses.

Although it is true that the Constitution has been amended before, in the case of no

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amendment has there been lined up, in opposition to it, unlimited money power. To-day the annual loot of the trusts, tribute collected from the people, is billions, and to preserve the machinery by which these billions of loot are collected, the trusts will spend a large portion of them. And this is an age when money talks, even to the courts.

So, as a matter of fact, the situation is: The trusts are destroying the nation. They will continue to destroy unless the people destroy the trusts. And the people think they can not destroy the trusts without altering the Constitution. And the trusts can balk all attempts to amend the Constitution.

Now what does this mean? That the System, the few who are so ruthlessly plundering the people, have found that they can perfect a device which for all practical purposes will circumvent the laws of the land. A monstrous proposition, this—that a few people, less than ten thousand, can so get around the laws of a free people, who make their own laws, that these people, a hundred million strong, can not change the laws to meet the evil, even though the evil is the enslavement of the hundred million!

On the face of it the proposition seems preposterous. And yet such has been and is the condition in the United States.

FEDERAL CONTROL OF ALL INDUSTRY

In my previous chapters I have shown how by a trick worked through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange billions of stocks and bonds, which should represent truthfully the corporate wealth of this country, have been counterfeited and exchanged for the savings of the people in national banks, trust and insurance companies. The trick workers have acquired vast wealth. They are now the controllers of the industries of the country. Their gambling tolls are collected from the people, because there is added each year in making up the price of the people's necessities two thousand millions of dollars as an interest charge on forty billions of counterfeit capital.

I have traced the cause of High-Cost Living back through the trusts and corporations which produce the people's necessities—and they are the instruments for collecting the Stock Exchange gambling tolls—to the heart of corporate tribute-levying, the gambling end of the Stock Exchange. *To cure this evil, then, the people, if they and not Big Business are to rule, should have absolute control through Congress of all of the big and little and in-between trusts and corporations which own the industries that produce the people's necessities.* This means Congress-made laws giving the Federal Government the authority to enforce orders that the trusts, combinations, and corporations

Shall not unfairly inflate their stocks and bonds;

Shall not earn unfairly large dividends and interest, or unfairly accumulate earnings;

Shall not be controlled by interlocking boards of directors.*

Therefore I sought some way by which the people through Congress could secure this control—some way other than through a Constitutional amendment, and found it, although the statesmen, lawyers, political economists, and the press said that it was impossible.

As I have already shown in my previous chapters, if the Stock Exchange were regulated by the Federal Government

*One of the most vicious instruments used by the System in bringing about and maintaining High-Cost Living is the interlocking board of directors. As an illustration: a System board of Steel Trust directors may sell to themselves, as directors of a railroad, the product of the Steel Trust at outrageously high prices. As directors of the Coal Trust, they may pay to the railroad exorbitant freight charges to reimburse the railroad for what it overpaid the Steel Trust. As directors of the banks, insurance and trust companies, they may allow all three trusts the use of the people's deposits at hazardous risks, for the purpose of manipulating their securities to prices which are used as instruments to compel the public to pay exorbitant prices for their fuel. And as directors of the three trusts they may furnish funds for the corrupting of the legislative, administrative, and judicial arms of the State and Federal Governments and the ballot-box, that the people may not protect themselves against such high prices and such corruption.

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all the things necessary to be done to destroy High-Cost Living could be done: The counterfeiting of stocks and bonds and the using them as instruments for making the prices of the people's necessities, could be stopped; the earning of unfairly large dividends and interest, the accumulating of unfairly large earnings, the unfair inflation of stocks and bonds, interlocking boards of directors, and the corruption of the ballot-box and of the legislative, administrative, and judicial arms of the state and Federal Government could be stopped, as surely and as feasibly as if these practises were directly prohibited by a Constitutional Federal law.

CONGRESS MUST CONTROL THE STOCK EXCHANGE

This conclusion brought me to the next step—there must be a Federal law which will put the Stock Exchange under Federal control.

But I foresaw that as soon as the people attempted, through their Federal Government, to take control of the Stock Exchange, the law would be attacked by the System as unconstitutional and the suit would begin its slow travels through the courts, and in time—ten, fifteen, or twenty years' time—the Supreme Court would say "Unconstitutional," and whiff! all our work would go up in smoke. Or it would say "Constitutional," when in all probability by that time, with the present rate of robbery—two billions annually—of the people by the System, to say nothing of the inevitable increase, the people would be in the throes of revolution, or as securely shackled to an old-time slavery as they are now shackled to High Cost of Living.

This meant that a basis for a law must be found which not only would be constitutional on its face, but more, a law the constitutionality of whose basis all the courts had favorably passed upon—a law furnishing its own guarantee that the courts could not interfere with it.

All the law-making authorities whom I consulted said: "How can you expect to find such a law? If such a law could be found which would apply to the Stock Exchange, the same law would apply to all corporations, and presto! you would have that which has been hunted by all the big and little statesmen, all the big and little lawyers, all the big and little political economists, and the press for the past half century."

The surer I felt that I must have this law or my life-work—or at least the first section of it, the closing of the Stock Exchange as a gambling institution, the cause of High-Cost Living—would be balked; and the more the lawyers, economists, statesmen, and the press argued that such a quest was the wildest sort of a wild-goose chase, the more I was determined to find it.

And then—then I found it; found that there was a clause in the Constitution so perfectly tailored to my purpose that one would swear it was made to order for the curing of the present black situation, although as a matter of fact it was made by our wise forefathers over one hundred years ago, at a time when no one dreamed of the present trust-corporation-High-Cost-Living situation.

TO REVOLUTIONIZE TRUSTS

My readers may think me exuberant, but I say to them that as soon as I dropped on to what I had been so desperately hunting, and laid it before the statesmen, economists, and corporation lawyers for their examination, they were as excited as I.

One of the foremost lawyers in America, one who is at the present time the senior counsel for the defense of some of the most important trust suits, as soon as he had listened to my proposition, said, "Are you sane? Why, if what you say is true, it is a simple matter for the Federal Government

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to control Big Business." After thinking for a moment, he went on: "If you can put the Stock Exchange under Federal control it will revolutionize Big Business beyond anything that the most radical has dared to suggest. But it is impossible. If such a thing were possible, some of us would have discovered it long ago."

"Perhaps you have," I suggested, "and buried it as soon as you discovered it."

"No," he said, "it is impossible; it must be impossible."

THE CONSTITUTION SAYS WE CAN DO IT

Then I laid before him the argument and the authorities upon which it was based, and in a short time he said: "There is no disputing it. It is tremendous."

I know no man in the entire legaldom of Financialdom who is better equipped to pass upon such a subject than this great trust attorney, so I said to him: "Tell me what you think I have discovered."

"*You have discovered a way for Congress to pass a law that will absolutely regulate the Stock Exchange, a law that will not only be constitutional, but will carry upon its face proof that it is constitutional and workable. And it can be put into effect at the time of passage without any possibility of the delays which lockstep new laws. For although it is absolutely new for the purpose for which it is used, it has been thoroughly tried out by all the courts, including the Supreme Court, and has been in every case decided to be constitutional.*

"The suggestion of Federal or state control of Stock Exchanges in the past has met with violent opposition. If it is made clear, however, that the new law is to apply to the Stock Exchanges alone, I don't believe that Big Business will dare to oppose it. If the Stock Exchange had been harnessed by the Federal Government in this manner twenty—yes, ten—years ago, in my opinion the trust question as we have it to-day would not exist."

Right here let me give my readers an illustration of how the simplest things in the world may by a mere twist become more far-reaching in their results than things many, many times bigger.

A few years ago aluminum was a semi-precious metal worth $1.25 per pound. This because it was impossible to extract it at low cost.

Aluminum is contained in certain clays. Apply a tremendous heat to these clays and the silver-gray metal will bubble out. All metallurgists and chemists knew this, and knew that if it were possible to find a vessel which would hold the clay while the heat was boiling it out, without at the same time melting the vessel, aluminum would become a base metal of great use and value.

But there was no material known to science for making vessels to contain clay which would not melt at the heat necessary before the clay could give forth its treasure.

THE SIMPLE CASE OF ALUMINUM

Then came Charles S. Bradley, my partner now in another great industry-revolutionizing invention, and he solved the aluminum problem, and brought the metal from the semi-precious into the base-metal class, where it can be sold at less than fifteen cents per pound and still give enormous profits.

The courts of the land, including the United States Supreme Court, have proclaimed Mr. Bradley the inventor of aluminum, and the Supreme Court in its finding called the man who made the invention which turned in during the life of his patents hundreds of millions of dollars to their owners, a benefactor of humanity.

What did Mr. Bradley do? He made a mound of clay similar to those big mud pies the children make in the back yard, and in the top of the mound he scooped out a hole, and in this he sank electric wires and turned on the current and melted down his vessel. But his vessel was the clay itself.

Mr. Bradley's invention appeared so

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simple *after* it was discovered as to make one smile. So it is with this plan to control Stock Exchanges. It is not only simple, but has been kicking around underneath the feet of statesmen, political economists, trust lawyers, and Government attorneys during all the years when these learned gentlemen were burning midnight oil to find a way for the Government to control Big Business constitutionally.

THE STATE'S SPOILED CHILD

For the information of my lay readers I will briefly show the hitch—the heretofore insurmountable hitch—in the people's getting at the trust evil, or at Stock Exchange gambling, which is the foundation of the trust evil.

A trust is the child of a state. A state—New Jersey, for illustration—says that the Steel Trust is legitimately birthed, and at its birthing, or afterward, its $250,000,000 of property-capital calling for five per cent., or $12,500,000 annual interest return—which is added to the cost price of steel—may be multiplied six times and called $1,500,000,000 capital, demanding $75,000,000 for dividends alone, which is added to the price of its steel product, a necessity of the people.

The state permits this, and, however much injustice it may work to the people, the procedure becomes legal when the state permits it, because a state is sovereign and nothing Federal can interfere with its right to invest its offspring with whatever power it sees fit, so long as such powers do not violate the Constitution.

So the Steel Trust goes about the country, into all the other states, and the people pay outrageously high prices for their steel necessities, prices which enable the Steel Trust to pay dividends on its counterfeit, or watered, stock.

And thereupon the people, other than those of New Jersey, say to their state government: "Stop this unjust practise of the Steel Trust."

And their state government replies: "Impossible, because the Steel Trust is not our child, and we have no jurisdiction over our sister state's brat."

And so the people go to their Federal Government and say to Congress:

"Pass a law that will prevent this injustice which the Steel Trust is working in every part of the country."

And Congress passes a law. Thereupon the Steel Trust says to the Federal court: "The Constitution of the United States gives to each state the sovereign right to do with its affairs and the affairs of its offspring as it sees fit, without let or hindrance from the Federal Government." And the Federal court decrees the law unconstitutional. That is, it decrees that the Federal Government can not compel the Steel Trust to cease inflating its capital stock for the purpose of plundering the people.

Under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, Congress passed a law, an anti-trust law, which in effect says that when the creature of one state sends its produce outside that state into another, the interstate commerce thus created can be regulated and controlled by Congress. The Standard Oil and Tobacco trusts were tackled by the people under this anti-trust interstate law, and the trusts met the attack with the cry, "Unconstitutional." Following years of litigation, the court decreed the law constitutional, but in its decree it showed that it is so well-nigh impossible to define what can and what can not be done under this law, that all the trusts are still at their nefarious practises. They know that if an attempt is made to stop them from doing anything that the Supreme Court has not specifically forbidden, they can be brought to account only after long years of litigation.

THE NEGLECT OF OUR FATHERS

If the framers of the Constitution had dreamed of any such condition as exists to-day, they could have made impossible, in a paragraph or two of that document, those things which have brought about High-Cost Living, for they could have said: "The Congress shall have power . . . to establish Stock Exchanges." "The Congress shall have power . . . to establish trusts, combinations, corporations, etc." This would have given Congress full and absolute control of Stock Exchanges and Big Business, and Congress would have passed laws saying in effect: "Stock Exchanges shall not cheat, and trusts shall not inflate," as they did say: "Congress shall have the power to establish banks."

And as soon as such laws were enacted, they would have gone into effect, and no

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one could have set up "unconstitutionality."

But the framers of the Constitution knew nothing of trusts. The word "combine" had not been coined legally as good English by the United States Supreme Court. The octopus was not a common business emblem. The framers did their best, but they were not infallible financial prophets and they neglected to insert a paragraph giving Congress authority over Stock Exchanges and Big Business.

And yet hidden away in the Constitution, hidden so far as the seekers for authority to regulate Big Business have been concerned, is a clause that, properly applied, may give the Federal Government almost absolute authority over all business as done to-day.

HERE IT IS

Article 1, Section 8, of the Constitution of the United States provides, among other things, that "the Congress shall have power . . . to establish post-offices and post roads." This embraces regulation of the entire postal system and includes as a necessary incident the right to determine what may be carried in the mails and what shall not be carried in the mails. I say this positively, because I am quoting the language of the Federal courts which have decided such cases.

The Federal courts have decided that the question as to what should be excluded from the mails must be left to Congress in the exercise of a sound discretion, and that the use of the mails is not a matter of right but of privilege, limited by acts of Congress providing that certain classes of matter shall not be mailable.

The Federal courts have also ruled:

That Congress, in lawfully declaring what may and what shall not be carried in the mails, may also confer upon the Postmaster-General the requisite authority to prevent the mails from being used as a medium to disseminate printed matter which, on the grounds of public policy, Congress has declared to be non-mailable;

That Congress may invest the Postmaster-General with authority to inquire and determine whether the matter presented for mailing was or was not mailable;

That the courts can not inquire whether the Postmaster-General has correctly refused the mails, and can not review or control the action of the Government's executive officers in the determination of questions of fact which they have been expressly empowered by Congress to determine.

THE POWER OF THE POST-OFFICE

These decisions of the court, expressed after years of thorough and exhaustive contention to the contrary, make it clear that no trust, corporation, or individual can raise the question of constitutionality with reference to any matter within the domain of what Congress chooses to consider public policy in relation to the postal clause of the Constitution, or can raise any question as to the right of Congress to say that the mail may or shall not be used.

Now comes the nub of it all:

In the present age it is impossible to do business without the use of the mails; therefore if there be a power which can say to the Stock Exchange: "Unless your business is done thus and so, you can not use the mails," then corporate business that has counterfeited its securities through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange and collected its robbers' graft from the price of the people's necessities, may be curbed as Congress wills. And that power was given to Congress by the Constitution through the use of the Post-Office Department.

Therefore, all that is necessary is for Congress to pass a law saying, in effect, that the Stock Exchange must do business thus and so, and that the Post-Office authorities are ordered to bar the mail of Stock Exchanges which do not conduct their affairs according to the rules and regulations laid down in the law—and the great problem of the past half-century has been solved.

Logically and legally, this power of the Post-Office Department may be extended to enforce the regulation of all business in accordance with laws passed by Congress. The first section of my Remedy for High-Cost Living calls for the abolishment of the gambling end of the Stock Exchange, and I would apply this constitutional power only for that purpose. The Stock Exchange is the heart of corporate business, Big Business, and if its pulsations are regulated, my method of dealing with its creatures, the trusts, is simple, expeditious, and effective.

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Gambling is against public policy. The gambling end of the Stock Exchange is bigger than all other forms of gambling in this country. Economically, it is wrong. It may be wiped out under this law as completely as was the old Louisiana lottery, and without damage to the well-recognized legitimate functions of a Stock Exchange.

CONGRESS MIGHT REGULATE ALL BUSINESS THROUGH THE POST-OFFICE

If such legislation should be blocked by the Interests that have grown rich through Stock Exchange gambling, and if the people realize what a weapon Congress has at hand in the Post-Office, is it not probable that they may demand the regulation of all business by Congress through the power to exclude from the mails? This is not radical to-day.

There was introduced in the last Congress by Senator John Sharp Williams a bill prepared by Robert R. Reed, requiring every state corporation to incorporate federally as a condition to engaging in interstate commerce and to conform its organization to certain requirements. This was presented to secure additional safeguards against unfair competition and monopolistic growth, and in the opinion of Attorney-General Wickersham, "if carefully framed would go far toward the solution of the vexed problem of securing reasonable business requirement with sound governmental policy." But interstate commerce restrictions have dragged through the courts for years; and though they give temporary relief, they do not effect a permanent cure.

A trust conservative will undoubtedly object to the suggestion that Congress regulate all business through the Post-Office Department, on the ground that the Postmaster-General already has too much authority and is even now interfering with many kinds of business. But if he will reflect, he will see that Congress in passing such a law may carefully and specifically set forth just what the Post-Office authorities could exclude from the mails and their reasons for such exclusion. It could label, so that all men might know just what business acts were illegal or against public policy.

As Congress gives this authority to the Post-Office Department, it may also limit its powers. If the Post-Office Department should attempt to use this authority unjustly, it could be held to account by the courts through injunction or otherwise, because after the passage of such a law the courts would have as full a jurisdiction over the Post-Office Department in the execution of this law as over any other department.

Recognizing that my readers may from past experience with the present autocratic power of the Postal Department doubt the ability of Congress to limit such an extension of power over the Stock Exchange or Big Business, I will say that Congress can in such a law limit the powers of the Post-Office as absolutely as it does those of the Customs or National Bank departments. And under such a law Tobacco and Oil might be forced to reform promptly and properly, without years of litigation. Congress could put the Post-Office under the control of the courts in a way that would prevent delay by an appeal from the lower court.

Such a law, for instance, would say that no corporation, combination, or trust should inflate its stocks and bonds;

Should gamble in its own stocks and bonds;

Should contribute funds in elections.

And in saying this, the law would be most specific as to what could and what could not be done.

To illustrate:

A complaint might be made to the department by persons of responsibility specified in the law, accompanied by proof to meet the demands of the law, that the Steel Trust was not only gambling in its own stock, but that its directors, while thus conducting such gambling, were gambling in the Steel Trust stock for their own private account.

This is the most dastardly of all loaded-dice, sure-thing gambles—directors making money for themselves through the use of the funds of the stockholders for whom they are trustees. The complaint might charge that the trust was so mixing up with its legitimate earnings the loot pillaged from the people as to make it impossible, under the present conduct of the trust business, to distinguish one from the other. It might charge that this gambling money was being used for the payment of dividends upon the stock in such a way as to lay the foundation for the stock gambling of the trust.

All of this is now, incredible as it may

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appear, legalized by the State of New Jersey in the granting of its charter to the Steel Trust, and therefore the trust can not be attacked by the Federal authorities under any other law than the postal law. If it were, the attack would be blocked by court-decreed "Unconstitutionality."

THE SIMPLICITY OF IT

The Post-Office might, if Congress gave it such authority, demand the books and records of the Steel Trust, including those of the directors, necessary to determine whether the charges were true or false.

If the Steel Trust refused to allow such examination, presto! it would be out of business, for it would be barred from the mails. Therefore it could not refuse such a Federal inspection of its books. If the Post-Office Department decided after examination that the Steel Trust had violated the law and should be excluded from the mails for such violation, the Steel Trust, if innocent, might apply for an injunction, and prove its innocence in open court. If it were guilty it would be forced to cease its evil practises and reform itself according to the laws. And the result of such trust reformation would be the decrease in the price of that trust's product.

This illustration clearly shows the value of the discovery by which such practises can be destroyed. For up to the present time it has been absolutely impossible for the courts, investigating state legislatures, congressional committees, and the different Federal Government officials, including the Attorney-General of the United States, separately or all combined, to compel the Steel Trust to show this one phase of its practises, because any and all of these authorities are met at every turn with the Steel Trust's New Jersey state charter, which has legalized such practises.

And what is true of the Steel Trust is true of thousands of other trusts, industrial, bank, and transportation interests.

INCORPORATE STOCK EXCHANGES

There will be no necessity, however, for laws regulating all business through the Post-Office Department if, in place of them, Congress will pass a law nationally incorporating the Stock Exchange. Such a law would say that no mails shall be carried concerning any Stock Exchange transaction unless (1) the books of such Stock Exchange shall be voluntarily submitted to the Post-Office Department; (2) the books of every member of such Stock Exchange shall likewise be submitted; (3) such Stock Exchange shall voluntarily provide that the following transactions on the exchange shall be prohibited:

(*a*) Washed or fictitious sales, describing and regulating the same;

(*b*) Margin sales where there is no intent actually to purchase or deliver the securities, guarding under this section what needs to be shown to prove such intent.

(*c*) The selling of watered stocks or securities, providing herein for a public exposition of the properties against which the securities are issued.

(*d*) The taking or carrying of a speculative account, even if the securities are actually delivered, if the customer is an employee of a bank, trust company, or insurance company, unless such bank, trust company, or insurance company consents in writing to such transaction.

(*e*) Any attempt to manipulate securities below or above the market for the purpose of influencing prices.

(*f*) The taking or carrying of a speculative account in the shares or bonds of a corporation of which corporation the customer is a director or officer.

It will, in addition to the above, prohibit any of the present admitted-by-all-to-be-bad practises of the Stock Exchange, and will provide that such Stock Exchange shall agree that if any member violates any of the proposed regulations he shall be expelled from the Exchange without privilege of reinstatement. And unless such Stock Exchange does so expel the member within a limited time from the time his violation has been brought to the attention of the exchange, then such exchange and its members shall no longer be allowed to use the mail.

This incorporating law, which will be presented in the next instalment, will specify in detail how the evils of the trusts must be cured before their stocks and bonds may be sold on incorporated exchanges. This is why I say that if Stock Exchanges are properly incorporated and supervised by the Federal Government, it will not be necessary to extend the power of this law to include directly Big Business.

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Boiled down, my discovery is this—High-Cost Living can be smashed, destroyed, through the Stock Exchange.

The Stock Exchange can be controlled by the people through Congress.

Such a law would be monumental and fundamental, and should appeal both to the conservative and to the radical.

It must be borne in mind that the use of the postal arm of the Government as a ram to sink, quickly and effectively, the piratical crafts of the robber bands who operate or pretend to operate under the law, is in no way a new or untried experiment. It is only new in its application to Stock Exchanges.

There is no law on the statute-books whose constitutionality has been more thoroughly tested than the one giving absolute authority to the postal arm of the Government.

Gigantic "fake" drug combinations, obscene publications, gift enterprises, wildcat mining swindles, lotteries, and all manner of "get-rich-quick" concerns have been pounced upon and, as if by magic, put out of business. When Congress authorized the Postal Department to drive them over the brink, no political pull, no amount of money, could save them. This is so well known that once the word goes forth that the postal people are to tackle an evil, it is settled in the public mind that the evil is doomed.

One day the Louisiana lottery was a fairly respectable affair, and the playing of it general among Americans, but between night and morning it became a disreputable creature of the underworld.

To-day "stock speculation" adds to the very respectable business man's respectability. Once the mailed finger of the Postal Department is shaken at it in warning, it too will become a despised creature of the underworld.

MR. LAWSON'S ADVERTISED STOCK OPERATIONS

Editor's Note—Mr. Lawson's articles have brought to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE *a great body of correspondence from its readers, commenting on every phase of "The Remedy." Among the many letters, a few have raised questions as to the status of certain stocks with which Mr. Lawson's name has been associated. A few have called us to account for our own confidence in his work, in the light of personal grievances because of some investment loss. We have asked Mr. Lawson to answer these inquiries bearing on the stocks in question, and he has done so, fully and frankly. Extremely busy with his manifold interests, and, most important of all, with "The Remedy," Mr. Lawson can not spend the time to correspond with either friendly or unfriendly critics. This expression will have to serve instead of personal letters. As to ourselves, we are confident of his full sincerity and the integrity of his purpose in the work he is doing.*

November 5, 1912.

TRUMBULL WHITE, ESQ.,
Managing Editor Everybody's.

DEAR MR. WHITE:

I received your letter requesting that I write the magazine explaining some of my past stock transactions, that it might "explain" to inquiring readers. Until now, with malice aforethought perhaps, I have done nothing in regard to this phase of our work. However, I will do as you request, but only after I have coupled with my answer some preliminary remarks. And, make no mistake, I will be frank—frank to the edge of brutality—in setting them forth.

I am sore, dead sore, on "kickers;" I might almost add on the public at large, for my experience with the public in stock matters is one that leaves me in no doubt as to their beastly ingratitude. You understand I am speaking now of the public as a whole, and am in no way passing judgment upon any particular case.

My career in stocks has been different, entirely different, from that of promoters or those who ordinarily advertise the sale of stocks.

TAKING HIS OWN ADVICE

With the exception of one stock, I have never sold stock to the public; that is, I

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have never advised the public to buy stocks which I had on sale. Nearly all my advertised advice on stocks has been the giving of my opinion to the public as to the worth, or unworth, of a particular stock, a stock that they might go into the open market and buy from whoever had it for sale. Never in my forty-three years' activities in the stock market have I advised the public or any one to do that which I was not willing to do myself. Never have I advised people to invest unless I was willing also to invest. In other words, in stock affairs I have been as square with the public as it is possible for a human to be.

I have advised the public to invest in stocks which showed them more than three hundred millions of profit; three hundred millions more than they lost by all of my mistakes, by all of my unsound advice.

I have helped the public to make more millions than any other man at present connected with stocks or at any time connected with stocks who has advertised public advice. This is a matter of easy verification. And yet the public has most unmercifully damned me for my mistakes. Mind you, I did not expect their thanks, did not want them, and I don't particularly mind the damning. I would pay no attention to it but for the fact that you intimate I owe an explanation of my "mistakes."

Probably never again will I publicly advise in regard to stocks. "Bully!" I hear you say. "Bully!—" I know a stock at the present time that is going to repeat the success of Chino. It is going to make from fifty to a hundred and fifty millions for some one. Formerly I would have been talking my strongest in advertisements to the public, but as Mutt says, "Never again!" I believe I know, believe as strongly as a man can believe anything that is in the future, that this stock is a world-beater, and it can be bought today for a song a share. Yet I may be mistaken. Of all things in the world that man can not be infallible upon, stocks are chief.

Before giving advice on a stock, I investigate it carefully and then never give advice unless I have the strongest feelings along the lines of my advice. But none of us is infallible, and I have made mistakes in my public advice. They have been honest mistakes, mistakes that cost me more than they cost any one or possibly any hundred of those who followed my advice.

I hear the question asked from time to time by "kickers:" "How can it be possible for a man who knows the business as he does to make the mistakes he has made? He must be a knave."

THE HUMAN PERCENTAGE OF ERROR

Let me give you two illustrations of the mistakes a man well posted in the stock business can make:

The Tamarack Mine is one of the oldest in the country. It is owned and managed in Boston by the very highest order of copper business experts and the most honorable of men. I have bought and sold it since the early seventies. I know the mine, and the officials and managers are my friends.

A short time ago the stock rose from under 100 to 170, and on the eve of my departure for Europe I sold from the funds of my children, of which I am trustee, City of Providence, Pittsburgh, and Massachusetts state bonds, gilt-edged securities, to the extent of $510,000, which I invested in 3,000 shares of Tamarack. That is how well I thought of the stock.

Upon my return from Europe a few months afterward the stock was selling below 50. I disposed of the 3,000 shares at 40—$120,000, losing $390,000 of a $510,000 investment. I sold because I believed the stock would go practically to nothing. It did go into the low twenties.

Again. The other morning Steve Dow, of the Stock Exchange house of Stephen Dow & Company, president of seven copper mines, including Indiana and North Lake, picked me up with his automobile as I was walking down-town, and told me how good investments North Lake and Indiana were. I had graduated from the copper finance business before Steve Dow was born, and it was not conceit on my part to suppose that I had forgotten more than he knew about the business. Yet I walked from his automobile to my broker's wire, and bought 3,000 shares of North Lake for $75,000 and 2,000 shares of Indiana for $38,000—$113,000.

A month ago Stephen Dow's affairs blew up. He is under criminal indictment on ninety-two separate counts, and my $113,000 investment went to $33,000—$80,000 loss on an investment of $113,000.

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These are well-known facts, easy of verification. I mention them to show what mistakes we can make.

NEVADA-UTAH—A CLOSED BOOK

Now let us see what mistakes I have made in my public advertising, for they are very few and all know of them. Trinity, First National Copper, Bay State Gas, and Yukon Gold. That is all. For I will have no patience with any one who attempts to charge up Nevada-Utah losses to me.

The Nevada-Utah case was all set forth in the press, in public advertisements, at the time I was connected with it. Briefly, I had my attention called to the mine by its owners and managers. They said it was a wonder. I investigated it. The Street found I was investigating it and began to buy the stock. The stock began to mount. Financial writers put out all sorts of cock-and-bull stories and hitched them to my name to account for the rise and to encourage it. There I made the mistake of jumping into a series of advertisements telling exactly my connection with the affair, telling that I had the best experts procurable examining the mine, that I had taken an option on the stock, and that, if the reports were favorable, the moment they were put into my hands I would advertise the fact and go into a bull campaign on the stock.

The public jumped to the conclusion that I would go into it anyway, and the stock began to rise. My experts reported that while the mine was worth taking hold of, it was nothing like it had been reported to me. I advertised that I would withdraw from it, and the stock smashed from 6 or 7—I don't know but that it was 8—to 2, and then fluctuated between 2 and 6.

As many of my friends and some of the public had been stuck on the stock, I wanted to do what I could for them, and, the election of the company being close at hand, in public advertisements and by circular I laid the facts before the stockholders. I said that I had reason to believe—these reasons growing out of my investigation—that the management of the company was such that even though the mine were good, investment in its stock would not be; but that if the stockholders wished me to assume the presidency and would back up their wish by electing me, I would put my shoulder to the wheel. If they did not, I would wash my hands of the entire affair.

The stockholders met and saw fit to turn down my offer, and from that day to this Nevada-Utah has been a closed book to me, and will be to the end.

Now to my four real delinquents. Bear in mind, I do not give their history as an excuse, but only as an explanation. My explanation I give to you, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, because after reading the argument contained in your last letter I believe that perhaps I do owe it to you.

TRINITY

In 1898, when I was putting together the Amalgamated properties, some California people came to me and asked me to investigate the Trinity mine. I did investigate it, and my investigations led me to believe that it had the making of one of the greatest copper properties in the world.

There has never been a time since 1898 when I have changed my opinion of the Trinity property. Bear in mind, as I have said before, that we can all make mistakes. I may be mistaken about Trinity. I believed in 1898 it was one of the greatest copper properties on earth. I believe so to-day. I have believed so in the time from 1898 to to-day. Could I put it stronger?

I purchased the property and paid for it. I incorporated the Trinity Company with 240,000 shares, and I took a large portion of the stock in payment for the property. I offered some of the stock for sale to the public at par, $25 per share, setting forth every detail in connection with the enterprise, giving my opinion that it was a good purchase. The public had the privilege of buying or letting it alone. The public bought some of the stock.

All sorts of difficulties beset coppers generally and the Trinity enterprise in particular. The stock dropped to $4 per share. All the time I gave to its management my best services free of all charge. Afterward the affairs of the company looked brighter, and I told the public that I would shortly start in on a bull campaign, that I would sell a large portion of my stock in the public market at $5 per share, that those who had bought it at $25 might even up.

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The offer was an unusual one. The smart financial Alecks, a large portion of the public, ridiculed it. Nevertheless, the offer was just what it showed on the surface. My only reason for making it was to reimburse those who had lost by following my advice, and I was so situated that I could afford to reimburse them.

After I had sold my stock at 5 and the public had bought, the stock rose to 20. Things looked rosy for the enterprise. Then new difficulties beset it. This operation was repeated once or twice. Then copper—the metal—mounted to 25 cents. At 25 cents or at 20 cents Trinity could coin money. I set the facts before the public and again notified them that I would dispose of the balance of my stock, with the exception of a few hundred shares, that they might get the benefit of the rise, and that I would start a campaign which I believed would carry the price of Trinity to where it belonged. There was a fast and furious bull campaign. The stock mounted to 42. Every man, woman, or child who had Trinity had an opportunity to get back his money and from 50 to 700 per cent profit.

THE CRASH IN COPPER

Right there, without warning, the copper —metal—market was smashed wide open. From 26 cents it dropped to 11, and chaos prevailed in all good copper properties. The Trinity campaign smashed wide open and there were losses; but the loss of one was the profit of some other, for there never has been a share over the original 240,000 issued.

All my operations on Trinity had been based on the metal's being about 18 cents. It never got back to 15 cents until very recently.

This is the history of Trinity. In all the years that I have most carefully and as well as I knew how managed the property, I have never called upon the stockholders for any additional funds, nor have I issued bonds or additional stock, or levied assessments. Any funds that were needed I have personally loaned to the company, and to-day Trinity is in what I believe to be fine shape. I believe it is eventually going to be one of the greatest copper properties.

Yes, put it down unqualifiedly, one of the great copper successes. So much for Trinity.

FIRST NATIONAL

Knowing the value of the Trinity property and keeping close watch on all the Shasta, California, copper territory, I was cognizant of the value of the First National properties. The Guggenheims floated them. So well did I think of First National that I personally invested in 20,000 shares at $10 per share in the Guggenheim flotation. Afterward I bought 20,000 shares more at from $12 to $15 per share. I believed then, I have believed ever since, and believe now, that First National will some time be a great success.

At the time I made my personal investment in First National, I advised friends to invest, too. Shortly afterward there was a row among the stockholders. The management came under strong criticism. I joined with the stockholders, and at their urgent solicitation, and at the solicitation of the Guggenheims on the other side, I accepted the presidency of the company, and First National began its mining, smelting, and copper-producing operations.

Everything looked rosy, when a new trouble, one that had never before confronted any copper enterprise, arose. The farmers of the Shasta district claimed that their crops were being ruined by the fumes from the First National smelter. Litigation ensued, and the Federal courts issued an injunction against the First National's operation, and the stock dropped to its present price. The management is endeavoring to install a process which will take care of the fumes. I believe they will succeed. If they do succeed, and the present price of copper is maintained, First National should mount in price to 20, 30, and over 40.

That is, in my opinion.

This is the history of First National, and—even stronger than I said it for Trinity—I have no excuses to offer to any one for my connection with it.

BAY STATE GAS

Bay State Gas was a corporation with millions of shares of stocks and with a charter that allowed it to issue unlimited stock. The stock was held by over 100,000 people. It was kicking around

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from pillar to post at practically nothing—seven cents per share. The stockholders unanimously asked me to take charge of the company and try to do something with it. I said that with its exceptional charter I might be able to turn it into a great stock-gambling institution different from any other that had ever existed, and use it as a club to dominate Wall Street and crack the skull of the System; that I would take the management of it provided the stockholders unanimously requested me to, and, in giving me the management, practically gave me unlimited powers—that is, I should have full swing, be board of directors, officers—everything, in fact; and I should answer to no one other than for the fair and honest running of the concern.

I explained fully to the stockholders and the public on taking possession of the property, and in all the literature that I issued, that I did this because it was worthless at the time I took it; that it could be made of value only in the way that I set forth; and that to make it of value I must be free to run it as if it were my personal property.

I set forth to the stockholders and to the public fully and in every detail that the foundation of the enterprise would be the public's buying the stock, thereby putting large sums of money into the company's treasury, and that this money I would use as the basis of operations. I set forth that the thing as it existed at the time I would take it over was only a financial prostitute, but that if the public rehabilitated it by turning in large amounts of money through the purchase of its stock, it would then become a great institution, and that I in my management of it would treat it as such.

It must be kept in mind that when I took hold of it there were about four million shares of stock in the hands of the public, and that before I could get the stock to a price at which I could afford to sell new stock, there must be a wide market made for those who wished to sell—the holders of the old stock. The stock was forced up from 7 cents to $2.00.

The public believed, or was getting ready to believe, that my campaign was a success and that there was to be a large amount of stock sold, the public thereby supplying the company with funds. As a matter of fact, no new stock was issued. But I was getting ready to issue new stock and to sell it to the public, when the System—which, it must be borne in mind, I expect to meet in any and every operation I am connected with—came to the front. I had stated in my prospectus that one of the main uses to which I would put the money supplied by the public, would be the duplication of the System's banks and trust companies.

OUT OF BUSINESS

This struck home at the System, and I was told, in a way that I could not misunderstand, that unless this part of my program was abandoned, things would happen to the enterprise. And they did.

One morning in the middle of my campaign the Post-Office Department threw its inspectors into the brokerage houses, and began an investigation which struck terror into all intending buyers. There was a collapse of the stock, although I insisted, as long as the Government had started the investigation, they should complete it and give the company a clean bill of health. This was done. But Bay State Gas for the time being was put out of business so far as securing capital from the public was concerned.

This is the history of Bay State Gas. I have no other excuses to make for it, and only this one word to add: My connection with the enterprise has personally cost me many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The foundation proviso I made when I accepted the company was that I should be allowed to throw it over at any time. I have tried to throw it over a number of times since, and would have insisted upon it but for the pleadings of a large army of stockholders, who will never be able to see daylight in their speculation unless I find a way yet to make a success of the enterprise.

YUKON

I have no excuses to make, even to you, on Yukon, for I am going to tell its story in a chapter of my work. Briefly, the company needed three millions of new money. It hired me to get it. I said that if my investigation of the property bore out the statements of the Guggenheims, who controlled the property, I would stand sponsor for it. My investigations more than bore out their statements, and satisfied me of the soundness of the statements, which I subsequently made in my

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advertisements, that I was really selling gold dollars for fifty cents.

The public bought the Yukon stock. My campaign for the sale of it was an unheard-of success. Then I met with a piece of treachery, in combination with a series of happenings unheard-of in stocks, which has held the price of the stock below that at which I sold it to the public. Otherwise, Yukon is a great success. It has a most valuable property. Its earnings are increasing each year. It makes a return of 6 to 8 per cent. to those who have invested in it.

If I had the job to do over again, I would do it just as I did it before. I have never in all my stock experience seen a surer winner than Yukon appeared to me to be at the time I floated it, and yet the stock has never risen to the place where it would allow those who had purchased to get out whole, and this principally because there are twenty-five millions of it, of which the public hold three millions and a half, and the Guggenheim Company twenty-one millions and a half. No one will enter into a campaign to put it up very far when the twenty-one millions and a half may be dropped upon him at any time.

A WORD ABOUT CHINO

I don't want any of your readers to be influenced in any way by what I say about the four, as yet, unfulfilled-prediction stocks. If I have not made myself sufficiently clear, I wish to repeat that I have no further advice to give to the public on stocks—on any stocks—including these four stocks, other than that advice which I will give directly to the stockholders in the companies of which I am the executive officer.

For over eleven years I have been damned as much on Chino as on Trinity. My prediction on Chino that it had the making of the greatest copper mine in the world antedated by years my prediction that Trinity had the making of a great copper mine, and yet to-day, while the press is teeming with the phenomenal success of Chino, nothing is said to call the public's attention to the fact that I personally bought it, personally owned it, was personally damned as a faker because of my predictions in regard to it for eleven years, and turned it over to its present management and personally renewed my predictions at the time this stock was floated, and have personally kept them up monthly in public utterances.

And now with the knowledge that the mine proved more than I predicted for it, and when it is known by all that nearly all of the forty millions which have been made on the Chino property have been made by the public, and that this sum is more than all the losses that could possibly be made by combining all of my still-hanging-fire predictions, wouldn't you suppose that Financialdom and the press would at least have the decency to call attention to the outcome of my Chino prediction while they are still harping upon Trinity and other failures?

THE PUBLIC'S GAINS AND LOSSES

One other point to set forth in more detail—the profits into which I have steered the public. Here is the list of some of them:

The prices given in the second column of the following list are the prices which were quoted when, at large expense, I called the public's attention to the advisability of purchasing.

	SHARES	PRICE	SOLD AT PER SHARE	PROFIT
Boston & Mon.	150,000	62	520	$68,200,000
Butte & Boston	200,000	2	130	25,600,000
Anaconda	1,200,000	14½	75	72,600,000
Copper Range	293,445	8	105	28,464,165
Trimountain	100,000	8	125	11,700,000
Utah Copper	750,000	5	70	48,750,000
Nevada Cons.	2,000,000	4	30	52,000,000
Ray Cons.	1,587,500	3	25	34,925,000
Chino	870,000	5	50	39,150,000
			Total Profit	$330,539,165

NOTE:—These figures are necessarily approximate. Allowance should be made for increases in capital stock. Utah, for instance, had 450,000 shares in 1904, 600,000 in 1905, 660,000 in 1907, and 750,000 in 1908. Ray and Chino also have increased their stock by the issue of bonds convertible into stock at $20 and $25 respectively, the par value of Ray being $10 and that of Chino $5.

HERE ARE THE LOSERS

	SHARES	PRICE	SOLD AT PER SHARE	LOSSES
Trinity	240,000	25	6	000
First National	600,000	12	2.50	5,700,000
Yukon	700,000	6	3.50	1,750,000
Bay State*	4,000,000			5,880,000
				$17,890,000

*Selling at 7c when I took the management; went to $1.75; selling at 27c.

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For good measure say that everybody sold out to everybody else at $1.75 and the gain to everybody who sold was the loss to everybody who bought, of $1.47 per share.

You will observe that the total of the successes exceeds the aggregate losses by a fairly substantial balance, a fact which some of my industrious critics seem to overlook.

As a matter of fact, the public's losses on the four stocks probably do not amount to $3,000,000.

Over 150,000 shares of Trinity cost the public less than $10 per share.

Over 300,000 shares of First National have always been held by "insiders"—the Guggenheims have a block of 80,000, and I hold directly and indirectly 100,000, which cost me, with interest, $15 per share.

Every dollar lost by the public in Bay State Gas was made by the public. Yukon is worth to-day double what it cost the public, and is to-day paying and always has paid more than going interest on all it cost the public.

Now one word in general. What I have said in answer to your inquirers I have said finally. I will not be bothered with them or allow you to bother me with them in the future. In my "Frenzied Finance" campaign I foolishly attempted to explain and explain to my critics until I threw up the whole work in disgust. You will remember that the press and a large part of the public, and particularly the "kickers," used to figure out at length that I had started "Frenzied Finance" for stock-jobbing purposes. You know that I started "Frenzied Finance" solely because one morning EVERYBODY'S owners called on me and tempted me to tell the story. It cost me more than money could possibly pay for, and it cost me many millions of money. And it is no boasting on my part to say that the public did get some benefit from "Frenzied Finance."

Now I start "The Remedy." I ask nothing from the public for my work. I submit it through your magazine to the people. If they want it, well and good. If they don't, —. I give them the best there is in me, and solely for their good and my own pleasure. As I look at the magazine, they get more than their fifteen cents' worth, leaving out my articles, so why would it not be fair for you to say to them, once and for all: "If you don't want to read what Mr. Lawson writes—you don't have to."

Believe me, yours,

(Signed) THOMAS W. LAWSON.

In my next chapter of ***"The Remedy,"*** *in the February number, I will present the* ***Stock Exchange Incorporation Law*** *and illustrate its workings.* *T. W. L.*

The attention of readers is called to the Straight Talk department, on Page 138, which is devoted to letters of comment and criticism on "The Remedy," by Dr. E. A. Ross, a distinguished sociologist, and by Mr. M. L. Muhleman, Secretary of the Hughes Investigating Committee.

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A SCENE FROM "C. O. D."

The PLAYERS

by

CLAYTON HAMILTON

AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE," ETC.

THE law of the survival of the fittest is often violated in our theatres. As a matter of theory, it is as true to-day as it was in the days of Molière or Shakespeare, that a really good play must be so planned as to please the multitude; but as a matter of practise it is often very difficult at the present time to make the multitude aware that a really good play has been disclosed. All of our productions, good and bad, are advertised in the same terms of hyperbolic praise; and the public has been so long misled by inefficient criticism that it has come to pay very little heed to the remarks of the reviewers.

When a producing manager brings a play into New York he is required by the proprietor of the theatre to bind himself by contract to close the piece if the weekly receipts fall below a certain stated figure. A new play, in order to succeed at all in the metropolis, must therefore succeed at once; and unless it starts off with a good business, it may not survive long enough to profit by that best of advertising which consists of a verbal recommendation passed on to their friends by the people who have seen and liked it.

During its first fortnight an excellent play may do a very poor business, for any of a multitude of reasons over which the author can not exercise control. It may have been produced in the wrong theatre or at the wrong season of the year. It may have been under-advertised or over-advertised. It may have been presented in the same week with four or five other pieces which happened, for some adventitious reason, to have exhausted the immediate attention of first-nighters. Though the piece may be admirably acted, it may chance that none of the performers is sufficiently known to the public to serve as a drawing-card for the attraction. The title may be unalluring; or the weather bad; or the enterprise may suffer from some unfortunate managerial maneuver.

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FORREST WINANT AND ANNA WILKES IN "THE GYPSY."

Hence the critic, even though he may maintain the general theory that a good play ought to be popular with the multitude, can not, under our present conditions, consider the commercial failure of a drama as an evidence that it deserved to fail. Something is wrong with any piece that proves caviare to the general; but nothing is wrong with the piece that is liked by all who see it, even though it is seen by very few.

Nine-tenths of all the people who saw "The New Sin" agreed that it was one of the most interesting plays of recent seasons, and yet the piece played to a very poor business and was soon withdrawn. At the outset it was handicapped by the fact that Mr. George C. Tyler advertised it in such a manner as to scare the multitude away; but it is difficult to understand why it did not ultimately triumph. Though the play contained no love-story, and no women appeared upon the stage during the entire course of the action, those who saw the piece agreed that the author did not allow them to note with any regret the absence of this usual element of interest. The basis of the story was incredible; but the subsequent development of the narrative was so tense and true that the audience eagerly accepted the condition precedent to the action. And the merits of the piece were so many and so manifest that it appears to be impossible to find a reason for its failure.

"THE NEW SIN"

"The New Sin" was written by Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings. Mr. Hastings is the editor of the London *Bystander*, and this is his first play. He is apparently a disciple of Mr. Granville Barker. Like Mr. Barker, he has brains, and is not afraid to use them in the theatre.

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KATHERINE EMMET AND JOHN BARRYMORE IN "THE 'AFFAIRS' OF ANATOL."

For nearly twenty centuries it has been accepted as an axiom in European countries that, regardless of his circumstances, it is the duty of every man to live; but Mr. Hastings has dared to propound the thesis that, under certain conditions, it may become the logical, clear duty of a man to die. The story that he has invented to illustrate his dramatic struggle between the right to live and the duty to die is rather artificial in its basis, but his theme is so profound that the play arrests attention from the outset.

The eccentric father of Hilary Cutts has died, leaving an extraordinary will. In order to prevent Hilary, with whom he had quarreled, from any possible participation in his wealth, he has not only bequeathed his entire large fortune to his eight or ten other children, but has tied the estate up in such a way that none of the beneficiaries can collect a single penny of their portions for twenty-one years, unless Hilary should die in the meantime, in which event their legacies would be immediately paid over to them.

It happens that Hilary is the only self-supporting member of the family. He is a promising painter, but his brothers and sisters are worthless and are soon reduced to want. Since they hold Hilary responsible for their poverty, they milk him of nearly all the money that he earns, and so hamper him in his career that at length he deems it hopeless to endeavor to go on. His situation is such that he can do no good to any one by continuing to live, but by determining to die he can confer an immediate benefit on eight or ten helpless human beings. He lays his dilemma before his two most intimate friends, and, when he tells them that he has decided to kill himself, they find it impossible to reason him out of his resolve.

Hilary's younger brother, Max, has been

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HELEN WARE, IN "TRIAL MARRIAGE."

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HOPE LATHAM, TOURING THE COUNTRY IN "RANSOMED."

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MARY LAWTON IN "THE CASE OF BECKY."

discharged from the draper's establishment in which he had been working; and, by a not unnatural coincidence, he meets his former employer, David Davids, talking with Hilary in the latter's rooms. Davids is a particularly objectionable specimen of the commercial middle-class—selfish, sensual, and brutal. In a sudden rush of hysterical rage, Max seizes the pistol which Hilary had intended to turn upon himself, and shoots the loathsome Davids dead. When people rush into the room, attracted by the shot, Hilary says that he himself has murdered Davids and gives himself into custody. He has rapidly reasoned that a judicial execution will merely relieve him of his determined duty to commit suicide.

Hilary is convicted of murder by his own confession and by the corroborative testimony of his brother, and stoically receives a sentence of death. But at the last moment this sentence is commuted to imprisonment for life, so that his dependent relatives now find themselves even more desperately situated than before.

It was at this ironic moment that the play originally ended. In this three-act form the piece was produced in London and was published by the author. But Mr. Hastings was persuaded to add another act, as a sop to American theatre-goers. In this fourth act Max confesses and Hilary is pardoned. Hilary then sells a prize picture for a large sum, and purchases immunity from his relatives by turning over the money to them.

"The New Sin" holds life and death in an impartial balance, and discusses with grim vigor an utter deadlock between the right to live and the duty to die. The dialogue is crammed with searching thought. If anything, the author thinks too much; and occasionally he commits that common fault with inexperienced playwrights of giving direct expression to his own ideas instead of allowing his characters to talk entirely for themselves. But whatever Mr. Hastings says is interesting. There are many passages of humor in the play, and even the grimmest scenes are lightened by the author's intellectual alertness. "The New Sin" will be remembered as a glorious failure after many of the season's successes have been utterly forgotten.

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"THE 'AFFAIRS' OF ANATOL"

In "The 'Affairs' of Anatol," Winthrop Ames has found an entertainment that is admirably suited to the special clientele of his aristocratic Little Theatre. "Anatol" was written by Mr. Arthur Schnitzler, the leading dramatist in Austria to-day. Mr. Schnitzler, who began life as a physician, is endowed with an almost uncanny intimacy with the psychology of sex, and he has developed also the cynical and somewhat weary wisdom of an experienced observer of the world. He is clever, he is daring, he is brilliant. He possesses that peculiar power of the serviceable satirist, which is to make his public laugh lightly at the moment and then think seriously afterward.

"Anatol" is not a play: it is a sequence of quite independent dialogues, each of which illustrates one of the hero's love affairs. There are seven episodes in the original text, and five of these are presented at the Little Theatre, in an English paraphrase by Mr. Granville Barker.

Anatol is a young butterfly of Vienna to whom living is synonymous with loving. He is never really interested in life except at those moments when he feels himself falling in love or falling out of love. He has a friend named Max who is the confidant of his adventures and who observes with sympathetic amusement the progress of his various "affairs."

Anatol is played by Mr. John Barrymore; and each of the five episodes that are presented offers this popular young actor an opportunity to make love to a different leading lady. During the course of the entertainment he is required to pass through nearly all the moods, from elation to despair, which the scientific Schnitzler has recorded as characteristic of the experience of amorous adventure; and this psychologic panorama is extremely interesting to a clever-minded audience. "Anatol" has been famous on the continent of Europe for ten or a dozen years, and Mr. Ames should be thanked for giving New York a glimpse of this unusual and brilliant bit of cleverness.

"LITTLE WOMEN"

It is a long step from the smiling cynicism of "Anatol" to the ingratiating sentiment

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MLLE. IRENE BORDONI, FRENCH PANTOMIME DANCER AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

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DONALD McLAREN AS *LAURIE*, MARIE PAVEY AS *JO*, JOHN CROMWELL AS *JOHN BROOK* AND ALICE BRADY AS *MEG* IN "LITTLE WOMEN."

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of "Little Women." Louisa M. Alcott's immemorial novel is not at all dramatic in its tone, and it is doubtful if anybody could have turned it into a play; but Miss Marian de Forest, in preparing the stage version of the story, has avoided failure by forbearing any attempt to be dramatic. She has merely opened the covers of the book, and allowed the well-beloved characters to step alive upon the stage.

It is a pleasure to meet them once again, and to encounter them for the first time in the flesh. We see the four immortal girls laughing and sorrowing before our very eyes. Great-hearted Jo sacrifices the glorious hair of which she is so proud, in order to raise money so that Mother March may hasten to Washington to nurse Father March, who has been wounded in the war. Aunt March storms about the stage, but reveals a really tender heart beneath her noisy fulminations. We watch the course of Laurie's hopeless love for Jo, and his subsequent transference of affection to the prattling and ambitious Amy. We follow the courtship of Meg, and see her married to John Brook, and rejoice in the arrival of the twins. We meet the gentle-natured Professor Bhaer, and suffer an agreeable dismay at his timidity in wooing and winning the independent and yet pliant Jo. And, for a touch of pathos, we watch the slow decline and gentle death of little Beth.

All of these familiar characters are beautifully played, and the piece has been very sympathetically staged by Mr. Bertram Harrison. The first three acts are set in the sitting-room of the March homestead; and the very room is redolent of the fine flavor of the domestic life of Concord, Massachusetts, half a century ago. In the last act we ramble out-of-doors to the apple-orchard at Plumfield, and take leave of the little women and their lovers under an October sun.

"THE POINT OF VIEW"

"The Point of View," by Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman, is the best-made play that this talented young author has yet contributed to our stage, but its merits are mainly technical. It treats a serious subject with evident sincerity; it tells an interesting story; but the author does not succeed in casting any new light on the phase of life that he has chosen to discuss.

The heroine, Myra Dimsley, has been betrayed by a man in whose love she has unwisely trusted. In a maternity hospital, where her new-born child has died, Myra is discovered by Frances Lawton, a wealthy and humane young woman who devotes her life to helping fallen girls. Miss Lawton takes a great liking to Myra and invites the girl to live in her apartment and help her with her charitable work.

When Miss Lawton's brother, Robert, comes to see his sister, he meets Myra face to face, and she recognizes in him the man who had seduced and then deserted her. Until that moment she had known him by another name. He is now engaged to a rich girl of his own set, but he offers to do the right thing and marry Myra. This offer she declines, because she knows that Robert no longer loves her; and she runs away without a word to her benefactress.

A man from her home town, who has always loved her, comes to see her in the shabby little room where she is hiding from the Lawtons. She tells this man her tragic story, but he generously begs her to forget the past and marry him. After a long hunt, Miss Lawton and her brother finally discover Myra's hiding-place; and when all four characters confront each other, Miss Lawton discerns the desecrating part that Robert has played in Myra's history. The man from home threatens to kill Robert; but Myra, to prevent a fight between the two men, hysterically declares that she had led a loose life before Robert had ever met her. The Lawtons accept her story and renounce her; but the man from home, who knows her better than to believe her words, takes her trustingly into his arms.

In the last act Miss Lawton learns that Myra has belied herself, and that her former faith in the girl had been well-founded, and a prospect is held forth that the heroine will ultimately marry the wholesome-hearted man from home.

The gravity of this story is diversified by many pleasing passages of comedy. The piece is very well acted, especially by Miss Lucile Watson and Miss Emily Stevens in the leading feminine rôles; and it holds the interest of the audience from the outset to the end. Yet this interest is excited merely by the author's technical manipulation of material that is, after all, traditional; and it can not be admitted that Mr. Goodman has succeeded in telling us

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anything new about the life-problem of the inherently virtuous young girl who has been betrayed into a single grievous error.

"HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A."

Without any disrespect for the labors of our earnest playwrights, it may be confessed that it is rather restful now and then to spend an evening at a play that exhibits no life-problem whatsoever but treats existence as an amiable joke. Such a piece is "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," a romantic farce by Mr. James Bernard Fagan, which seems to have been considerably revised by other writers since it was originally presented in London a few seasons ago. In its present form the play is a sort of combination of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

The hero, Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne, is played with breezy dash by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. Hawthorne is a young American tourist who, by a great run of luck at Monte Carlo, has broken the bank and won a hundred thousand dollars. With a genial chum named Rodney Blake, he wanders to the Balkan States in search of strange adventures; and in the little town of Oberon, the capital of Borrovina, he comes upon his fate.

It all began when Hawthorne vaulted over a wall into a romantic old garden, picturesque with ruins overgrown with vines; for there he encountered the loveliest young woman in the world. She seemed glad to see him, too, as if she had led a lonely, uneventful life, and welcomed this athletic, laughing hero from some other land. So for several afternoons they continued to meet at five o'clock by the old sun-dial in the garden, and neither ever thought to ask the other's name.

But before many days Hawthorne was doomed to discover that his fairy princess was the daughter of the reigning monarch and that she had just been betrothed, for political reasons, to Prince Vladimir, the sinister leader of a house that theretofore had always been hostile to her own.

Three days later an attempt is made upon the life of King Augustus; and Hawthorne discovers that Prince Vladimir has organized a plot to dethrone the monarch and to have himself declared king in his stead. The plot has prospered, because the country is bankrupt and the army has not been paid for many months. Hawthorne reveals to King Augustus the intended treason of the prince; but his eager, breezy manner is so careless of court etiquette that the monarch dismisses him from his presence and closes the interview prematurely. Thereafter the hero severely pummels the prince in a personal encounter, but is captured by the police and lodged in jail.

Hawthorne bribes his way out of jail and rushes to the royal palace. The conspirators have planned to attack the palace on the stroke of midnight, and the hero is prepared for them. When they batter down the gate and dash into the royal presence they find themselves confronted by the imperturbable Hawthorne and a shabby-looking suit-case guarded by Rodney Blake. This suit-case contains all the money that the hero has won at Monte Carlo, and he proceeds to quell the revolution by paying off the army and its officers in full.

It then becomes a general belief that Hawthorne is a multimillionaire and one of the commercial rulers of America. He is taken into the counsel of the quailing, reestablished king; and, by a successful emulation of the methods of the famous Wallingford, he succeeds within a year in turning the poverty-stricken little state into one of the most popular and paying resorts of Europe. Thereby he obliterates all leanings toward the disaffected prince and establishes King Augustus firmly on his throne.

Having done his work, he prepares to sail home to America. But the King has learned of Hawthorne's love for the princess; and, in order to make their marriage possible, the monarch resigns his throne and turns the little country into a republic.

This entertaining play is at once impossibly romantic and preposterously comic. It can not be considered seriously as a dramatic composition; but this fact seems more a merit than a fault. At least it offers an escape from the gravity of life into the enlivening levity of make-believe.

"THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE"

"The Blindness of Virtue," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, suffers somewhat as a play because it is intended primarily as a preachment. It is a plea against the sheltered-life system of bringing up young girls, and a warning against the perils that beset the path of young people who have been allowed

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by their parents to remain ignorant of the basic facts of sex.

Effie is seventeen years old. She is the only daughter of the vicar of a little living in Middlesex, and she has been brought up in utter seclusion from the world. A young gentleman, the Honorable Archibald Graham, is sent down from London to be tutored by the vicar. Archie has been expelled from Oxford and is regarded by his father as a ne'er-do-well; but the only real trouble with the boy is that nobody has ever understood and trusted him. The vicar treats him frankly as a good fellow, and Archie prospers under his teaching.

Quite naturally Effie falls in love with Archie, who gradually grows to love her in return; and in her utter ignorance, impelled by impulses of which she is not cognizant, she makes physical advances to him, which the boy finds it difficult to repel without hurting her childish heart. When Archie is called away to London to meet an old friend who has returned from India, Effie goes to his empty room at midnight and waits there till four in the morning, in the hope that, if he returns that night, she may be the first to greet him.

Archie comes home at seven in the morning, and hearing him in the house Effie hastily dons a kimono and rushes to his room. To her innocent mind there is nothing embarrassing in this procedure, but Archie is deeply troubled. When her mother knocks upon the door, Archie hides Effie in his closet and keeps her there until her mother has withdrawn. Effie does not understand this, and can not fathom the boy's apparent lack of pleasure at seeing her again. Unconsciously she woos him, until he gathers her into his arms.

At this moment the vicar enters. He suspects the boy of a dishonorable intrigue with his daughter, and this exhibition of a faltering of faith on the part of the only man who has ever been his friend, pushes Archie to the verge of suicide. But a tragic outcome is averted by the vicar's discovery that the apparent guilt of Effie had resulted merely from her extraordinary innocence.

Mr. Hamilton should be thanked for his frank discussion of a subject that, even in this comparatively enlightened period, still needs to be preached about in public. Too many of our parents still remain remiss in their reasonable duty to prepare their children for the inevitable encounter with the problems of sex. But in criticism of Mr. Hamilton's play it may be urged that any dramatic treatment of the tragic ignorance of adolescence should be cast in the tragic mood, and that, to convey its message most emphatically, a play upon this theme should develop an instance predestined inevitably to a disastrous catastrophe.

"THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN"

Considered merely as a panoramic spectacle, "The Daughter of Heaven" is pleasing to the eye. It presents a slowly shifted sequence of eight pictures, in which the beauty of contemporary China is exhibited in gorgeous costumes and sumptuous scenery; but the text itself reveals no merit whatsoever, either as drama or as literature. The piece was devised by Judith Gautier and written by Pierre Loti. By virtue of his membership in the French Academy, M. Loti may be advertised as an immortal, but his sensuous and luscious prose is ill adapted to the cut and thrust of dialogue, and whatever eloquence may have adorned his writing in "The Daughter of Heaven" has necessarily disappeared in the English adaptation by Mrs. Golding Bright. M. Loti is an eminent novelist, but his genius is not at all dramatic, and it is not surprising that this effort toward a play should be a failure.

There are two great races in China—the conquering dynasty of Tsin and the conquered dynasty of Ming. The two are eternally hostile to each other. In the present piece an emperor of the Tsins falls in love with an empress of the Mings, and, having captured her in war, seeks to end the enmity between the races by marrying her and sharing with her the rule of a united China. But the empress of the Mings, although she loves him, is so enthralled by her ancestral pride that she takes poison and dies within his arms.

This quite ordinary story is told without any tensity of dramatic interest, and the action moves so slowly that it seems at all points subservient to the scenery. "The Daughter of Heaven," if its dialogue should be deleted, would afford an excellent scenario for moving pictures, if only the pictures would move more rapidly; but as a spoken and acted play it is extremely wearisome.

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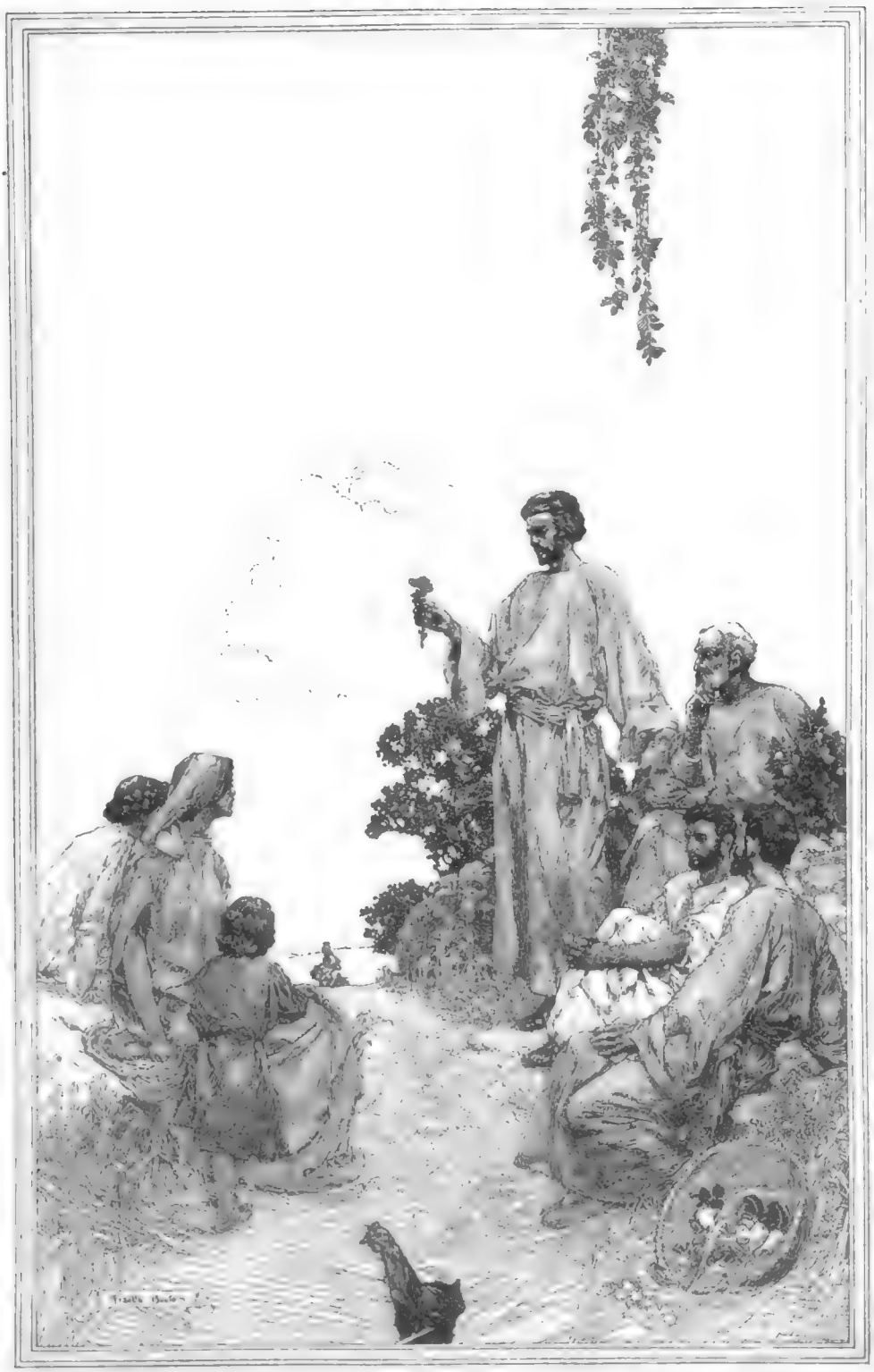

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A COUNTRY CAROL

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

WHERE the patient oxen were, by the ass's stall,
Watching my Lord's manger knelt the waking cattle all;
'Twas a little country maid vigil by Him kept—
All among the country things my good Lord slept.
Fair was Rome the city on that early Christmas morn,
Yet among the country-folk was my Lord born!

Country lads that followed Him, blithe were they and kind,
It was only city-folk were hard to Him and blind.
Ay, He told of lilies, and of grain and grass that grew—
Fair things of the summer fields my good Lord knew;
By the hedgerows' flowering there He laid His head—
It was in the country that my Lord was bred.

When the cross weighed down on Him, on the grievous road,
'Twas a kindly countryman raised my good Lord's load;
Peasant girls of Galilee, folk of Nazareth,
These were fain to follow Him down the ways of death—
Yea, beyond a city wall, underneath the sky,
Out in open country did my good Lord die.

When He rose to heaven on that white Ascension day,
Last from open country did my good Lord pass away.
Rows of golden seraphim watched where He should dwell,
Yet it was the country-folk had my Lord's farewell:
Out above the flowered hill, from the mossy grass,
Up from open country did my good Lord pass.

Where the jeweled minsters are, where the censers sway,
There they kneel to Christ the Lord on this His bearing-day;
But I shall stay to greet Him where the bonny fields begin,
Like the fields that once my good Lord wandered in,
Where His thorn-tree flowered then, where His sparrows soared,
In the open country-land of my good Lord.

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PLOT Your PROGRESS Curve

by

ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

THE gage of Life is growth.

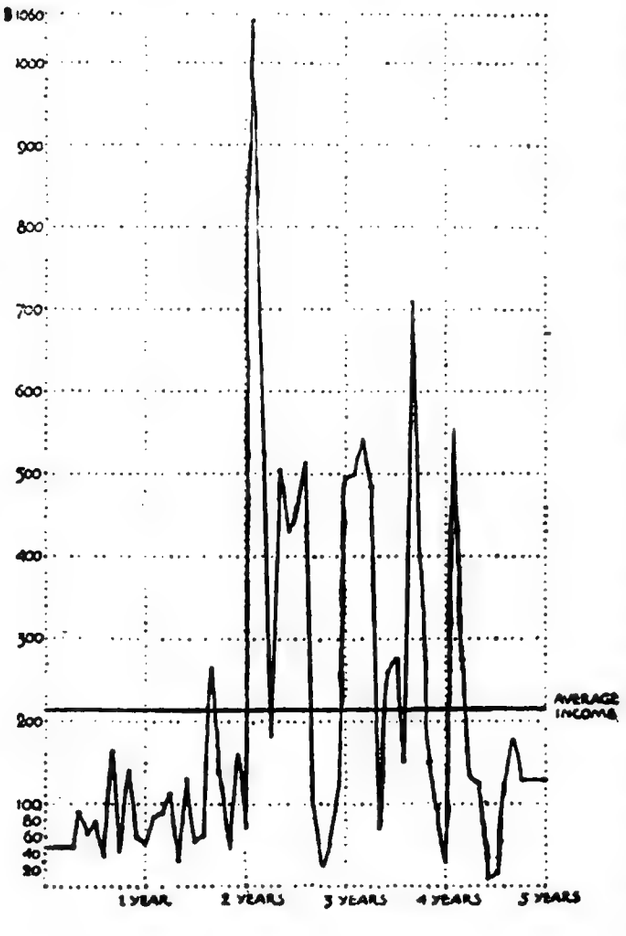
Man is mobile and must expand or contract, mentally, spiritually, and physically, in exact accord with his predominating interests and desires.

Probably the dominant interest in the lives of most of us is the making of money. The desire for money is fundamental, but in itself seldom brings soul-satisfaction.

As a man increases his earning power he should consistently develop his capacity for personal attainment.

It is ever worth while for a man to stop and consider whether he is doing the essential things for his own development and betterment to-day or whether he is expending that constructive energy in groping after more money.

Plotting a curve of personal improvement is a direct device for putting yourself on paper for analysis. It is possible for you to visualize the net results of your striving and make sure whether you have widened your scope at the expense of your salary, or enlarged your salary at the expense of some worthwhile ambition.



To illustrate the method of plotting a curve of progress, the writer has put himself on the table for dissection.

I am twenty-five years old. I work for myself. My business is writing magazine fiction. I chose the life of a free-lance because it required no capital, promised good returns, and allowed me much personal freedom of action and ideas. Besides, I had a decided leaning toward the business of writing.

I have just finished five years of work. My net average monthly income for that period has been about $210.

On a comparative basis of figuring, weighing each instance of personal progress with reference to its actual value to myself as I stand to-day, I find that my average monthly growth, mentally, spiritually, and physically, has been twice as great as my rate of making money. My learning power has been double my earning power.

This year I intend deliberately to reduce my income in an effort to increase my capacity for personal attainment. A man must continually pour ideas into himself to progress. It is filling the vessel that counts.

Before explaining my system for reducing personal progress to figures, let me establish my five-year financial chart.

The diagram on this page represents the ups and downs of my income, month by month.

My first three months in the free-lance field yielded about $44 apiece. A few

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months later I climbed to nearly $170 and then my income rose and fell, not again reaching that sum until more than a year later, when it jumped in the month of August to $270, having fallen as low as $35 in the interim.

My financial returns almost immediately dipped down again to $50 and after one false start suddenly soared to $1055 in one month.

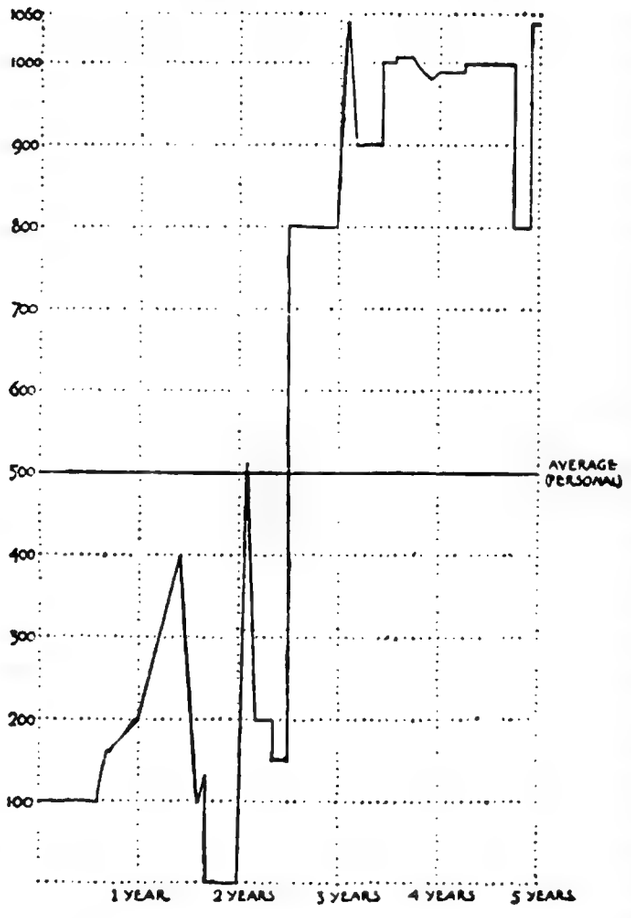
The next month my income was down to half that and the next down to $150. Shortly afterward, in a series of spurts, it achieved $500, then dropped to $20, climbed slowly back to $500, $525, and finally $560. Again it tapered off to $525 and dropped down to $70.

Staggering up the incline it approached the three hundred mark several times, had one slip to $150, and then leaped to $710 in another August.

For four months it descended peg by peg to $40 and suddenly lifted to $560 at the beginning of my fifth year. It has not been so high since then, my income having sunk to practically nothing for three months and only rallying to $200 two months ago.

A business man would doubtless be worried if this were his chart; the dwarfish stalagmites toward the last would annoy and irritate him. These small returns encourage me because during the same period I have been putting high peaks on my personal progress chart. (See diagram above.)

In reducing my mental, spiritual, and physical growth to figures for comparison with the financial curve, I have carefully sifted each of my acts and interests during this five-year period and studied their effect upon me as I am to-day. I find one thing which stands above all other acts as making for my greatest growth, spiritually, mentally, and physically. That is my marriage; and to be perfectly fair with the financial chart I can only compare this point of personal progress with the maximum point of 1055, which in the first diagram represented dollars, but which must represent degrees of attainment in my second chart.



In considering the acts and interests which offered barricades to progress and stopped my personal growth, I recall vividly a period of four months in my second year of work when I stood absolutely still, my growth retarded by intemperate habits and cheap ideals. This period fixes zero in my second chart, and the valleys and peaks between that and my maximum of 1055 degrees of attainment represent acts and efforts which I have carefully scaled with respect to their actual influence in making me what I am now.

To illustrate: At the beginning of my first year of work I had already reached about one hundred degrees of attainment, for I had been striving to express myself and had finally received practical recognition. At that time I was about one-ninth of the man I became when I married. (It takes nine bachelors to make a man.) For seven months I made no more progress, then I climbed falteringly upward, my first step being dependent on earning $270 in August, which was directly responsible for the purchase of some books that helped me mentally. My second small step was the saving of $200 in January of my second year. With that money I paid a debt of my mother's, and credited myself with my first tangible spiritual expansion.

In June of that year I moved from a small Western town to New York, and as I consider the importance of that move now I can only place it at four hundred degrees of attainment, for the actual value in the

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broadening of my mental and artistic interests was about four times that of expressing myself in print for the first time and hardly half the value of my marriage.

But the combination of the city and a larger income was fatal to personal progress. Spiritually I slumped to zero. I deliberately set up artificial ideals of work and life and allowed my forlorn little inner self to struggle along at zero for four months.

Then I received a financial shock as a direct result of my exclusive interest in money and cheap work, and in one month I earned $1055.

Considering the short time I had been writing and the comparatively large reward, I began to readjust my ideals and did some constructive thinking as a direct result of that financial shock. I pulled myself with a jerk from cheap work and cheap habits, and climbed at least another hundred points in trying for the first time to express my real self, to do something true and valuable.

But the artificial stimulus from that financial shock lasted only a month, though at the time I sowed seeds of progress which sprouted later. I slumped back to cheap work, but I went only half way to zero, for I was checked by material ambition of a progressive sort.

I now had enough money to enjoy some of the better things in life for which I had longed. I began to have an ambition to go abroad; and while I worked toward that goal my progressive hope kept me hovering around the two-hundred mark.

In June of my third year I did go to Europe, and the moment I stepped on shipboard my personal value soared to about eight hundred, or nearly double the pinnacle achieved during the brief month in which I made my first thousand dollars. My scope was instantly widened. I was living, reveling, mentally and spiritually, in a dream, doing the thing I wanted to do and making it worth while with constant, joyous observation of everything.

I received an impressive introduction to real refinement and culture—the kind I wanted. I met stimulating people with more than an idea and a dollar to rub together. I learned that English humor is really subtle and not at all as it is represented in the American funny papers. I began to understand the real joy of life—before, my interests had been artificial. I was actually acquiring the things I had wanted all along. I saw more beauty in everything, and the pointer of my progress stayed near maximum almost constantly during five months of intoxicating travel. My interests multiplied, my real value to myself became fixed. I felt for the first time that I wanted to be an artist.

Then, at the end of my third year, during one of my lowest financial slumps, came my marriage. That proved more valuable to me spiritually than travel had mentally. I leaped in value to myself and society to the highest mark I have yet reached, while making only $120 in the month of my marriage. Marriage was my maximum. I married a painter whose sense of the important things has influenced mine and kept me ever since at a pitch always above that I reached on my trip abroad.

For three months after the wedding I interested myself exclusively in the best work of which I was capable. I had been spiritually uplifted by my marriage and I tried to put truth into my stories.

As a result my financial grip began slipping, and I dropped from the pinnacle suddenly, and wrote my cheapest stuff for several months, but under great pressure, with the purpose of getting enough money so I could continue to do my best. Before that my stories had not deserved even the name "pot-boilers:" they had been only commercial. Now I wrote with a purpose beyond cash, and my efforts were almost instantly rewarded by a chance to make good on a series of stories for a magazine much better than the ones for which I had been accustomed to work.

Then I went a step higher for myself and spent three months writing my first book as I wanted to write it. The book failed and I slipped back to pot-boilers, but with a higher personal purpose than ever.

The pot-boilers won me a chance for rest and change, which I needed, and I took my wife to New Orleans, where I loafed to much advantage for three months in her Creole Quarter studio. I also stopped smoking cigarettes, the effect of which I found lowered my tone; and I took a trip to Mexico—two fair steps toward my general improvement.

We went from there to a farm in the Middle West where I earned practically nothing, but wrote the kind of stories to which I had always looked forward. I

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was continually at top progressive pitch.

On the farm, our first baby was born, and the emotional struggle and resultant knowledge and growth sent me back to my maximum of life. It is wonderful to know a baby; it is a spiritual access.

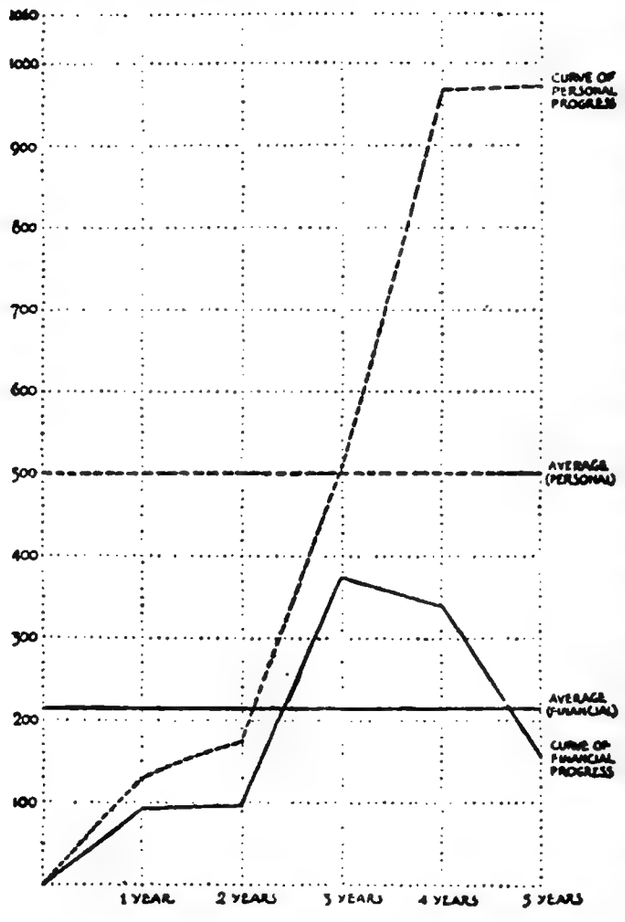
We returned to New York, I started smoking again, and did pot-boilers for a month or two to pay expenses.

A chance has just come for me to rewrite my first novel, which failed two years ago. I have gone back to work on it with vim, and in the work I have again reached my maximum of endeavor, though I am earning only enough to pay my bills.

It is worth while.

The curve of progress God will take into consideration is the one I am making distinct from my financial curve. The financial chart is of only passing interest; the mental and spiritual one permanent.

In the diagram opposite, the curve of my yearly average of results is shown. I may have reached the highest pinnacles of both personal endeavor and financial results possible for me, but I can't help feeling that I have just begun, and that some peak of growth must follow from my present maximum of attainment. At least I have confidence in the truth that if I look after my worth-while ambitions the dollars will look after themselves.



Stop and calmly sum up yourself. Plot your progress curve and find out if you are doing the thing you want most to do.

That which is progress for me may be stagnation for you. Figure it out personally and see if you are keeping pace with your measure of life. Within each of us is a simple, durable metronome regularly ticking off the measure of a man. Each of us is uncomfortably conscious of the fact that he sometimes lags behind the beat, that he often endeavors to rush or confuse it; but the instrument ticks on accurately, always a ready gage to consult.

Ego, soul, conscience, whatever the trade name of that metronome, it offers each man a fixed mental, spiritual, and physical standard which he ought constantly to approach.

Have you taken time to study butterflies? Have you helped send that deserving young fellow through college, as you've always wanted to? Have you built that model boat you have had in the back of your brain so long? Are you going to take that trip to California this year? Have you bought that phonograph for your family? Have you taken up the study of tulip culture, as you had hoped to do by this year? Are you really going to make that wished-for garden this spring? Have you helped lighten the burden of that cripple who lives across the way? Have you started reading the History of England or gone in for the study of African javelins?

The years are stealing bases on you. Get into the game!

Put a few peaks on your personal progress chart.

Do a little living by the wayside. Stop to consider how much more you are worth to yourself and society when you are actually doing the real thing you feel you must do some day.

Move to a cheaper house so you can really rent and occupy a larger castle in Spain.

That's progress!

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The CASE of JENNIE BRICE

by

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Conclusion

CHAPTER XV

AFTER twenty-four hours' deliberation, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. It was a first-degree verdict. Mr. Howell's unsupported word had lost out against a scar.

Contrary to my expectation, Mr. Holcombe was not jubilant over the verdict. He came into the dining-room that night and stood by the window, looking out into the yard.

"It isn't logical," he said. "In view of Howell's testimony, it's ridiculous! Heaven help us under this jury system, anyhow! Look at the facts! Howell knows the woman: he sees her on Monday morning, and puts her on a train out of town. Very well: she was alive on Monday. We know where she was on Tuesday and Wednesday. Anyhow, during those days her gem of a husband was in jail. He was freed Thursday night, and from that time on until his rearrest on the following Tuesday, I had him under observation every moment. He left the jail Thursday night, and on Saturday the body floated in at Sewickley. If it was done by Ladley, it must have been done on Friday, and on Friday he was in view through the periscope all day!"

Mr. Reynolds came in and joined us. "There's only one way out that I see," he said mildly. "Two women have been fool enough to have names tattooed over their hearts. No woman ever thought enough of me to have *my* name put on her."

"I hope not," I retorted. Mr. Reynolds's first name is Zachariah.

But, as Mr. Holcombe said, all that had been proven was that Jennie Brice was dead, probably murdered. He could not understand the defense letting the case go to the jury without their putting more stress on Mr. Howell's story. But we were to understand that soon, and many other things. Mr. Holcombe told me that evening of learning from John Bellows of the tattoed name on Jennie Brice and of how, after an almost endless search, he had found the man who had cut the name away.

At eight o'clock the door-bell rang. Mr. Reynolds had gone to lodge, he being an Elk and several other things, and much given to regalia in boxes, and having his picture in the newspapers in different outlandish costumes. Mr. Pitman used to say that man, being denied his natural love for barbaric adornment in his every-day clothing, took to the different fraternities as an excuse for decking himself out. But this has nothing to do with the door-bell.

It was old Isaac. He had a basket in his hand, and he stepped into the hall and placed it on the floor.

"Evening, Miss Bess," he said. "Can you see a bit of company to-night?"

"I can always see you," I replied. But he had not meant himself. He stepped to the door and, opening it, beckoned to some one across the street. It was Lida!

She came in, her color a little heightened, and old Isaac stood back, beaming at us both; I believe it was one of the crowning moments of the old man's life—thus to see his Miss Bess and Alma's child together.

"Is—is he here yet?" she asked me nervously.

"I did not know he was coming." There

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was no need to ask which "he." There was only one for Lida.

"He telephoned me and asked me to come here. Oh, Mrs. Pitman, I'm so afraid for him!" She had quite forgotten Isaac.

I turned to the school-teacher's room and opened the door. "The woman who belongs here is out at a lecture," I said. "Come in here, Ikkie, and I'll find the evening paper for you."

"'Ikkie'!" said Lida, and stood staring at me.

"The lady heah and I is old friends," Isaac said, with his splendid manner. "Her mothah, Miss Lida, her mothah——"

But even old Isaac choked up at that, and I closed the door on him.

"How queer!" Lida said, looking at me. "So Isaac knew your mother? Have you lived always in Allegheny, Mrs. Pitman?"

"I was born in Pittsburgh," I evaded. "I went away for a long time, but I always longed for the hurry and activity of the old home town. So here I am again."

Fortunately, like all the young, her own affairs engrossed her. She was flushed with the prospect of meeting her lover, tremulous over what the evening might bring. The middle-aged woman who had come back to the hurry of the old town, and who, pushed back into an eddy of the flood district, could only watch the activity and the life from behind a "Rooms to Let" sign, did not concern her much. Nor should she have.

Mr. Howell came soon after. He asked

"IT ISN'T LOGICAL. IN VIEW OF HOWELL'S TESTIMONY, IT'S RIDICULOUS. HEAVEN HELP US UNDER THIS JURY SYSTEM, ANYHOW!"

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for her and, going back to the dining-room, kissed her quietly. He had an air of resolve, a sort of grim determination, that was a relief from the half-frantic look he had worn before. He asked to have Mr. Holcombe brought down, and so behold us all, four of us, sitting around the table—Mr. Holcombe with his note-book, I with my mending, and the boy with one of Lida's hands frankly under his on the red tablecloth.

"I want to tell all of you the whole story," he began. "To-morrow I shall go to the district attorney and confess, but—I want you all to have it first. I can't sleep again until I get it off my chest. Mrs. Pitman has suffered through me, and Mr. Holcombe here has spent money and time——"

Lida did not speak, but she drew her chair closer, and put her other hand over his.

"I want to get it straight, if I can. Let me see. It was on Sunday, the fourth, that the river came up, wasn't it? Yes. Well, on the Thursday before that, I met you, Mr. Holcombe, in a restaurant in Pittsburgh. Do you remember?"

Mr. Holcombe nodded.

"We were talking of crime, and I said no man should be hanged on purely circumstantial evidence. You affirmed that a well-linked chain of circumstantial evidence could properly hang a man. We had a long argument, in which I was worsted. There was a third man at the table—Bronson, the business manager of the Liberty Theatre."

"Who sided with you," put in Mr. Holcombe, "and whose views I refused to entertain, because, as publicity man for a theatre, he dealt in fiction rather than in fact."

"Precisely. You may recall, Mr. Holcombe, that you offered to hang any man we would name, given a proper chain of circumstantial evidence against him?"

"Yes."

"After you left, Bronson spoke to me. He said business at the theatre was bad, and complained of the way the papers used, or would not use, his stuff. He said the Liberty Theatre had not had a proper deal, and that he was tempted to go over and bang one of the company on the head, and so get a little free advertising.

"I said he ought to be able to fake a good story; but he maintained that a newspaper could smell a faked story a mile away, and that, anyhow, all the good stunts had been pulled off. I agreed with him. I remember saying that nothing but a railroad wreck or a murder hit the public very hard these days, and that I didn't feel like wrecking the Pennsylvania Limited.

"He leaned over the table and looked at me. 'Well, how about a murder, then?' he said. 'You get the story for your paper, and I get some advertising for the theatre. We need it, that's sure.'

"I laughed it off, and we separated. But at two o'clock Bronson called me up again. I met him in his office at the theatre, and he told me that Jennie Brice, who was out of the cast that week, had asked for a week's vacation. She had heard of a farm at a town called Horner, and she wanted to go there to rest.

"'Now the idea is this,' he said. 'She's living with her husband, and he has threatened her life more than once. It would be easy enough to frame up something to look as if he'd made away with her. We'd get a week of excitement, more advertising than we'd ordinarily get in a year; you get a corking news story, and find Jennie Brice at the end, getting the credit for that. Jennie gets a hundred dollars and a rest, and Ladley, her husband gets, say, two hundred.'

"Mr. Bronson offered to put up the money, and I agreed. The flood came just then, and was considerable help. It made a good setting. I went to my city editor, and got an assignment to interview Ladley about this play of his. Then Bronson and I went together to see the Ladleys on Sunday morning, and as they needed money they agreed. But Ladley insisted on fifty dollars a week extra if he had to go to jail. We promised it, but we did not intend to let things go as far as that.

"In the Ladleys' room that Sunday morning, we worked it all out. The hardest thing was to get Jennie Brice's consent; but she agreed, finally. We arranged a list of clues, to be left around, and Ladley was to go out in the night and to be heard coming back. I told him to quarrel with his wife that afternoon—although I don't believe they needed to be asked to do it—and I suggested also the shoe or slipper, to be found floating around."

"Just a moment," said Mr. Holcombe, busy with his note-book. "Did you suggest the onyx clock?"

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"No. No clock was mentioned. The — the clock has puzzled me."

"The towel?"

"Yes. I said no murder was complete without blood, but he kicked on that — said he didn't mind the rest, but he'd be hanged if he was going to slash himself. But, as it happened, he cut his wrist while cutting the boat loose, and so we had the towel."

"Pillow-slip?" asked Mr. Holcombe.

"Well, no. There was nothing said about a pillow-slip. Didn't he say he burned it accidentally?"

"So he claimed." Mr. Holcombe made another entry in his book.

"Then I said every murder had a weapon. He was to have a pistol at first, but none of us owned one. Mrs. Ladley undertook to get a knife from Mrs. Pitman's kitchen, and to leave it around, not in full view, but where it could be found."

"HE TELEPHONED ME AND ASKED ME TO COME HERE. OH, MRS. PITMAN, I'M SO AFRAID FOR HIM!"

"A broken knife?"

"No. Just a knife."

"He was to throw the knife into the water?"

"That was not arranged. I only gave him a general outline. He was to add any interesting details that might occur to him. The idea, of course, was to give the police plenty to work on, and just when they thought they had it all, and when the theatre had had a lot of booming, and I had got a good story, to produce Jennie Brice, safe and well. We were not to appear in it at all. It would have worked perfectly, but we forgot to count on one thing—Jennie Brice hated her husband."

"Not really hated him!" cried Lida.

"*Hated* him. She is letting him hang. She could save him by coming forward now, and she won't do it. She is hiding so he will go to the gallows."

There was a pause at that. It seemed too incredible, too inhuman.

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"Then, early that Monday morning, you smuggled Jennie Brice out of the city?"

"Yes. That was the only thing we bungled. We fixed the hour a little too late, and I was seen by Miss Harvey's uncle, walking across the bridge with a woman."

"Why did you meet her openly, and take her to the train?"

Mr. Howell bent forward and smiled across at the little man. "One of your own axioms, sir," he said. "Do the natural thing; upset the customary order of events as little as possible. Jennie Brice went to the train, because that was where she wanted to go. But as Ladley was to protest that his wife had left town, and as the police would be searching for a solitary woman, I went with her. We went in a leisurely manner. I bought her a magazine and a morning paper, asked the conductor to fix her window, and, in general, acted the devoted husband seeing his wife off on a trip. I even"—he smiled—"I even promised to feed the canary!"

Lida took her hands away. "Did you kiss her good-by?" she demanded.

"Not even a chaste salute," he said. His spirits were rising. It was, as often happens, as if the mere confession removed the guilt. I have seen little boys who have broken a window show the same relief after telling about it.

"For a day or two Bronson and I sat back, enjoying the stir-up. Things turned out as we had expected. Business boomed at the theatre. I got a good story, and some few kind words from my city editor. Then —the explosion came. I got a letter from Jennie Brice saying she was going away, and that we need not try to find her. I went to Horner, but I had lost track of her completely. Even then, we did not believe things as bad as they turned out to be. We thought she was giving us a bad time, but that she would show up.

"Ladley was in a blue funk for a time. Bronson and I went to him. We told him how the thing had slipped up. We didn't want to go to the police and confess if we could help it. Finally, he agreed to stick it out until she was found, at a hundred dollars a week. It took all we could beg, borrow, and steal. But now—we have to come out with the story anyhow."

Mr. Holcombe sat up and closed his note-book with a snap. "I'm not so sure of that," he said impressively. "I wonder if you realize, young man, that, having provided a perfect defense for this man Ladley, you provided him with every possible inducement to make away with his wife? Secure in your coming forward at the last minute and confessing the hoax to save him, was there anything he might not have dared with impunity?"

"But I tell you I took Jennie Brice out of town on Monday morning."

"*Did you?*" asked Mr. Holcombe sternly.

But at that the school-teacher, having come home and found old Isaac sound asleep in her cozy corner, set up such a screaming for the police that our meeting broke up. Nor would Mr. Holcombe explain any further.

CHAPTER XVI

Mr. Holcombe was up very early the next morning. I heard him moving around at five o'clock, and at six he banged at my door and demanded to know at what time the neighborhood rose: he had been up for an hour and there were no signs of life. He was more cheerful after he had had a cup of coffee, commented on Lida's beauty, and said that Howell was a lucky chap.

"That is what worries me, Mr. Holcombe," I said. "I am helping the affair along and—what if it turns out badly?"

He looked at me over his glasses. "It isn't likely to turn out badly," he said. "I have never married, Mrs. Pitman, and I have missed a great deal out of life."

"Perhaps you're better off: if you had married and lost your wife—" I was thinking of Mr. Pitman.

"Not at all," he said with emphasis. "It's better to have married and lost, than never to have married at all. Every man needs a good woman, and it doesn't matter how old he is. The older he is, the more he needs her. I am nearly sixty."

I was rather startled, and I almost dropped the fried potatoes. But the next moment he had got out his note-book and was going over the items again. "Pillow-slip," he said, "knife *broken*, onyx clock—wouldn't think so much of the clock if he hadn't been so damnably anxious to hide the key—the discrepancy in time as revealed by the trial—yes, it is as clear as a bell. Mrs. Pitman, does that Maguire woman next door sleep all day?"

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"TO-MORROW I SHALL GO TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND CONFESS, BUT—I WANT YOU ALL TO HAVE IT FIRST!"

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"She's up now," I said, looking out the window.

He was in the hall in a moment, only to come to the door later, hat in hand. "Is she the only other woman on the street who keeps boarders?"

"She's the only woman who doesn't," I snapped. "She'll keep anything that doesn't belong to her—except boarders."

"Ah!"

He lighted his corn-cob pipe and stood puffing at it and watching me. He made me uneasy: I thought he was going to continue the subject of every man needing a wife, and I'm afraid I had already decided to take him if he offered, and to put the school-teacher out and have a real parlor again, but to keep Mr. Reynolds, he being tidy and no bother.

But when he spoke, he was back to the crime again: "Did you ever work a typewriter?" he asked.

What with the surprise, I was a little sharp. "I don't play any instrument except an egg-beater," I replied shortly, and went on clearing the table.

"I wonder—do you remember about the village idiot and the horse? But of course you do, Mrs. Pitman; you are a woman of imagination. Don't you think you could be Alice Murray for a few moments? Now think—you are a stenographer with theatrical ambitions: you meet an actor and you fall in love with him, and he with you."

"That's hard to imagine, that last."

"Not so hard," he said gently. "Now, the actor is going to put you on the stage, perhaps in this new play, and some day he is going to marry you."

"Is that what he promised the girl?"

"According to some letters her mother found, yes. The actor is married, but he tells you he will divorce his wife; you are to wait for him, and in the meantime he wants you near him, away from the office, where other men are apt to come in with letters to be typed, and to chaff you. You are a pretty girl."

"It isn't necessary to overwork my imagination," I said, with a little bitterness. I had been a pretty girl, but work and worry——

"Now you are going to New York very soon, and in the meantime you have cut yourself off from all your people. You have no one but this man. What would you do? Where would you go?"

"How old was the girl?"

"Nineteen."

"I think," I said slowly, "that if I were nineteen, and in love with a man, and hiding, I would hide as near him as possible. I'd be likely to get a window that could see his going out and coming in, a place so near that he could come often to see me."

"Bravo!" he exclaimed. "Of course, with your present wisdom and experience, you would do nothing so foolish. But this girl was in her teens; she was not very far away, for he probably saw her that Sunday afternoon, when he was out for only an hour or so. And as the going was slow that day, and he had much to tell and explain, I figure she was not far off. Probably in this very neighborhood."

Mr. Holcombe went out shortly after that, and during the remainder of that morning I saw him at intervals, going from house to house along Union Street, making short excursions into side thoroughfares, coming back again and taking up his doorbell ringing with unflagging energy. I watched him off and on for two hours. At the end of that time he came back flushed and excited.

"I found the house," he said, wiping his glasses. "She was there, all right, not so close as we had thought, but as close as she could get."

"And can you trace her?" I asked.

His face changed and saddened. "Poor child!" he said. "She is dead, Mrs. Pitman!"

"Not she—at Sewickley!"

"No," he said patiently. "That was Jennie Brice."

"But—Mr. Howell——"

"Mr. Howell is a young ass," he said, with irritation. "He did not take Jennie Brice out of the city that morning. He took Alice Murray, veiled and in Jennie Brice's clothing."

Well, that is five years ago. Five times since then the Allegheny River, from being a mild and inoffensive stream, carrying a few boats and a great deal of sewage, has become a raging destroyer, and has filled our hearts with fear and our cellars with mud. Five times since then Molly Maguire has appropriated all that the flood carried from my premises to hers, and five times have I lifted my carpets and moved Mr.

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Holcombe, who occupies the parlor bedroom, to a second-floor room.

A few days ago, as I said at the beginning, we found Peter's body floating in the cellar, and as soon as the yard was dry, I buried him. He had grown fat and lazy, but I shall miss him.

Yesterday, a riverman fell off a barge along the water-front and was drowned. They dragged the river for his body, but they did not find him. But they found something—an onyx clock, with the tattered remnant of a muslin pillow-slip wrapped around it. It only bore out the story as we had known it for five years.

The Murray girl had lived long enough to make a statement to the police, although Mr. Holcombe only learned this later. On the statement being shown to Ladley in the jail, and his learning of the girl's death, he collapsed. He confessed before he was hanged, and his confession, briefly, was like this:

He had met the Murray girl in connection with the typing of his play, and had fallen in love with her. He had never cared for his wife, and would have been glad to get rid of her in any way possible. He had not intended to kill her, however. He had planned to elope with the Murray girl, and, awaiting an opportunity, had persuaded her to leave home, and to take a room near my house.

Here he had visited her daily, while his wife was at the theatre.

They had planned to go to New York together on Monday, March the fifth. On Sunday, the fourth, however, Mr. Bronson and Mr. Howell had made their curious proposition. When he accepted, Philip Ladley maintained that he meant only to carry out the plan as suggested. But the temptation was too strong for him. That night, while his wife slept, he had strangled her.

I believe he was frantic with fear, after he had done it. Then it occurred to him that if he made the body unrecognizable, he would be safe enough. On that quiet Sunday night, when Mr. Reynolds reported all peaceful in the Ladley room, he had cut off the poor wretch's head and had tied it up in a pillow-slip, weighted with my onyx clock!

It is a curious fact about the case, that the scar which his wife incurred to enable her to marry him was the means of his undoing. He insisted, and I believe he was telling the truth, that he did not know of the scar: that is, his wife had never told him of it, and had been able to conceal it. He thought she had probably used paraffin in some way.

In his final statement, written with great care and no little literary finish, he told the story in detail: of arranging the clues as Mr. Howell and Mr. Bronson had suggested; of going out in the boat, with the body, covered with a fur coat, in the bottom of the skiff; of throwing it into the current above the Ninth Street bridge, and of seeing the fur coat fall from the boat and carried beyond his reach; and, in endeavoring to recover it, of being carried far out in the current; of disposing of the head near the Seventh Street bridge; of going to a drug-store, as per the Howell instructions, and of coming home at four o'clock, to find me at the head of the stairs.

Several points of confusion remained. One had been caused by Temple Hope's refusal to admit that the dress and hat that figured in the case were to be used by her the next week at the theatre. Mr. Ladley insisted that this was the case, and that on that Sunday afternoon his wife had requested him to take them to Miss Hope; that they had quarreled as to whether they should be packed in a box or in the brown valise, and that he had visited Alice Murray instead. It was on the way there that the idea of finally getting rid of Jennie Brice came to him. And a way—using the black-and-white striped dress of the dispute.

Another point of confusion had been the dismantling of his room that Monday night, some time between the visit of Temple Hope and the return of Mr. Holcombe. This was to secure the scrap of paper containing the list of clues as suggested by Mr. Howell, a clue that might have brought about a premature discovery of the so-called hoax.

To the girl he had told nothing of his plan. But he had told her she was to leave town on an early train the next morning, going as his wife; that he wished her to wear the black-and-white dress and hat, for reasons that he would explain later, and to be heavily veiled; that to the young man who would put her on the train, and who had seen Jennie Brice only once, she was to *be* Jennie Brice; to say as little as possible and not to raise her veil. Her further instructions were simple: to go to the place at

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Horner where Jennie Brice had planned to go, but to use the name of "Bellows" there. And after she had been there for a day or two, to go as quietly as possible to New York. He gave her the address of a boarding-house where he could write her, and where he would join her later.

He reasoned in this way: That as Alice Murray was to impersonate Jennie Brice, and Jennie Brice hiding from her husband, she would naturally discard her name. The name "Bellows" had been hers by a previous marriage and she might easily resume it. Thus, to establish his innocence, he had not only the evidence of Howell and Bronson that the whole thing was a gigantic hoax; he had the evidence of Howell that he had started Jennie Brice to Horner that Monday morning, the evidence that she had reached Horner, had there assumed an *incognito*, as Mr. Pitman would say, and had later disappeared from there, maliciously concealing herself to work his undoing.

In all probability, he would have gone free, the richer by a hundred dollars for each week of his imprisonment, but for two things: the flood, which had brought opportunity to his door, had brought Mr. Holcombe to feed Peter, the dog. And the same flood, which should have carried the headless body as far as Cairo, or even farther on down the Mississippi, had rejected it in an eddy below a clay bluff at Sewickley, with its pitiful covering washed from the scar.

Well, it is all over now. Mr. Ladley is dead, and Alice Murray, and even Peter lies in the yard. Mr. Reynolds made a small wooden cross over Peter's grave, and carved "Till we meet again," on it. I dare say the next flood will find it in Molly Maguire's kitchen.

Mr. Howell and Lida are married. Mr. Howell inherited some money, I believe, and what with that and Lida declaring she would either marry him in a church or run off to Steubenville, Ohio, Alma had to consent. I went to the wedding and stood near the door, while Alma swept in, in lavender chiffon and rose point lace. She has not improved with age, has Alma. But Lida—Lida, under my mother's wedding veil, with her eyes like stars, seeing no one in the church in all that throng but the boy who waited at the end of the long aisle—I wanted to run out and claim her, my own blood, my more than child.

I sat down and covered my face. And from the pew behind me some one leaned over and patted my shoulder.

"Miss Bess!" old Isaac said gently. "Don't take on, Miss Bess!"

He came the next day and brought me some lilies from the bride's bouquet that she had sent me, and a bottle of champagne from the wedding supper. I had not tasted champagne for twenty years!

That is all of the story. On summer afternoons sometimes, when the house is hot, I go to the park and sit. I used to take Peter, but now he is dead. I like to see Lida's little boy: the nurse knows me by sight, and lets me talk to the child. He can say "Peter" quite plainly. But he does not call Alma "Grandmother." The nurse says she does not like it. He calls her "Nana."

Lida does not forget me. Especially at flood-times, she always comes to see if I am comfortable. The other day she brought me, with apologies, the chiffon gown her mother had worn at her wedding. Alma had never worn it but once, and now she was too stout for it. I took it; I am not proud, and I should like Molly Maguire to see it.

Mr. Holcombe asked me last night to marry him. He says he needs me, and that I need him.

I am a lonely woman, and getting old, and I'm tired of watching the gas meter; and besides, with Peter dead, I need a man in the house all the time. The flood district is none too orderly. And then, when I have a wedding dress laid away and a bottle of good wine, it seems a pity not to use them.

I think I shall do it.

THE END

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Little STORIES *of* REAL LIFE

THE WORKSHOP IN THE STAR

BY MARIE BLOEDE

THE Poet, coming suddenly into the attic room one dreary, drizzly afternoon, found the Crippled Child in tears, and the Imp of Loneliness sitting astride the foot-board of the little bed, making most diabolical faces at him.

"We've had enough of this fellow for to-day," cried the Poet, and with these words he seized the struggling Imp by one leg and threw him from the window. "And now," said he, "for the story I promised you:

"Once upon a time there lived a mother who had no child. You think it impossible, this?—that there should be mothers without children? I tell you the world is full of them; but if you can not believe me, then you have only to say to yourself: 'Tis naught but a fairy-tale.'

"This mother lived alone. All day long she worked, and though she found the little Imp of Loneliness lurking always in some corner of the big house, she never allowed him to linger, but drove him from room to room at the end of her big feather duster. It was at night when she lay with closed eyes that he came and sat unmolested by her bed. She could not see him, but she could feel him there, and she could hear his voice whispering, whispering always of the child that had never been hers—of the child that might have been.

"Then she lay and sobbed in the darkness, and the tears stole from under her closed lids, and fell and fell—but you shall hear very soon what became of them.

"There was a Fairy, of course—must there not always be a Fairy in a fairy-tale?—and every night as the clock struck twelve, she opened the door quite noiselessly and floated into the room of the Mother-without-a-Child. Slowly she knelt by the bed and caught the tears as they fell, one after another, in a bowl of crystal, luminous and clear as they. When the tears had ceased, when all the dream-children in the service of the Sleep-Fairy appeared mysteriously and romped about the bed of the Mother-without-a-Child, then the graceful, gauzy-gold-winged figure slipped away as quietly as she had come, the precious bowl hidden in the folds of her white gown.

"But if she had made ever so much noise it would not have mattered in the least—for oh, the shouting and the romping of the dream-children!

"Often in the gray hours of the morning one sunny-headed dream-child, grown tired of play, crept into the woman's arms. In her sleep she stirred and clasped it close

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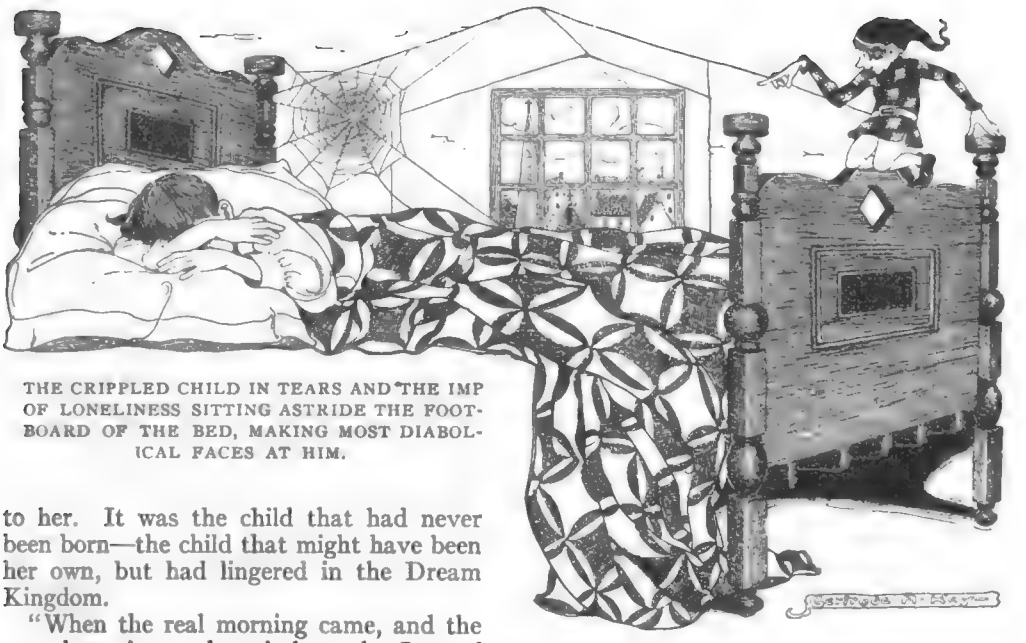

THE CRIPPLED CHILD IN TEARS AND THE IMP OF LONELINESS SITTING ASTRIDE THE FOOT-BOARD OF THE BED, MAKING MOST DIABOLICAL FACES AT HIM.

to her. It was the child that had never been born—the child that might have been her own, but had lingered in the Dream Kingdom.

"When the real morning came, and the sun shone in at the window, the Imp of Loneliness was there again, and the woman, holding tight, tight, to the dream-child in her sleep, always felt him lift it from her arms just before she woke. And when her eyes opened the baby was gone, but sitting cross-legged at the foot of the bed was the Imp, laughing at her. So the day began.

"One night when the full moon was flooding the room with light, the Mother-without-a-Child suddenly opened her eyes and discovered the Fairy at her bedside. She thought, no doubt, that her eyes, tear-dimmed, saw not aright, for with one hand she brushed the tears hurriedly away, and looked, and looked again.

"'What do you here?' she said at last.

"'I come,' answered the Fairy, 'to gather up your tears.' Then, at the look of astonishment that met her words, she went on softly: 'Know you not that no tear is ever lost — that each is a treasure — that every mortal living on the earth has a good fairy who gathers them up, and carries them to the Big Workshop?'

"'But tears,' protested the woman, 'are such useless things—such ugly things.'

"'Useless—ugly?' repeated the Fairy, a soft irony in her voice. 'Would you visit the Workshop, and see for yourself how the most beautiful things in the world are made of tears?'

"'If it be not too sad a place,' murmured the woman. 'I am wearied of sadness.'

"'Nay,' answered the Fairy. ''Tis a happy place—the Workshop.'

"'Then let us go.'

"I may not tell you the way to the Big Workshop among the stars. The Fairy has forbidden it. Some day perhaps—who knows?—she may take you there, and allow you to see the things that are made of tears. She took the woman in her arms, as if she had been a child; she floated through the door; she spread her gauzy-golden wings and flew up into the night, to one bright particular star that twinkles blue as a sapphire in the darkness.

"No, I may not break my promise to the Fairy: I may not tell you the name of that star, but there the good fairies of all mortals assemble, to 'make over' the tears they shed. They were all hard at work—these fairies—when *our* Fairy appeared with her guest. They scarcely glanced at the new arrivals, so very, very busy were they, pouring the tears drop by drop from the crystal bowls into great golden caldrons that were hanging above the fire. Watching the flames leap and dance and glow, the Mother-without-a-Child suddenly understood why that one star had twinkled more than the rest; understood too, that it alone shone blue among its golden sister-stars

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because of the salt tears that boiled over upon the fire-wood.

"The Fairy's hand upon her arm roused her from her thoughts—'Look!' said she—'at the caldron nearest you.'

"A thin white cloud was rising from a boiling mass of tears. Quite like an ordinary bit of vapor it looked, or like the steam you see rising from that kettle on the hearth. But with it a song floated out upon the air—oh, *such* a song! The exquisite beauty of it! The woman caught her breath with delight and forgot all the tears she had ever shed. So raptly was she listening that she did not even know that *more* tears—tears of ecstasy, tears of joy—were at that moment rising to her eyes, rolling down her cheeks.

"The little cloud was traveling away, away; the song was growing fainter, ever fainter. The little white cloud was disappearing in the distance; the song was trailing, quivering. And now the cloud was gone—the song had died away.

"'It was made of tears—of a blindman's tears,' spoke the fairy voice.

"The woman lifted awe-lit eyes to her face. 'Where has it gone?' she whispered.

"'Out into the world,' said the Fairy. 'But look! The second caldron boils.'

"From the second caldron rose a cloud—a cloud wonderful, indescribable, glowing with many colors, like an opal, like a rainbow. It, too, trailed away in the distance—it, too, went out into the world.

"'Made of tears,' repeated the Fairy, 'the tears of a man who lived in an attic, starving and alone, who was hungry for bread, who was hungry for friends.'

"'Oh, the beautiful, beautiful thing! Tell me what it is,' pleaded the woman.

"'A poem,' answered the Fairy, 'a poem to enrich the world who forgot him.'

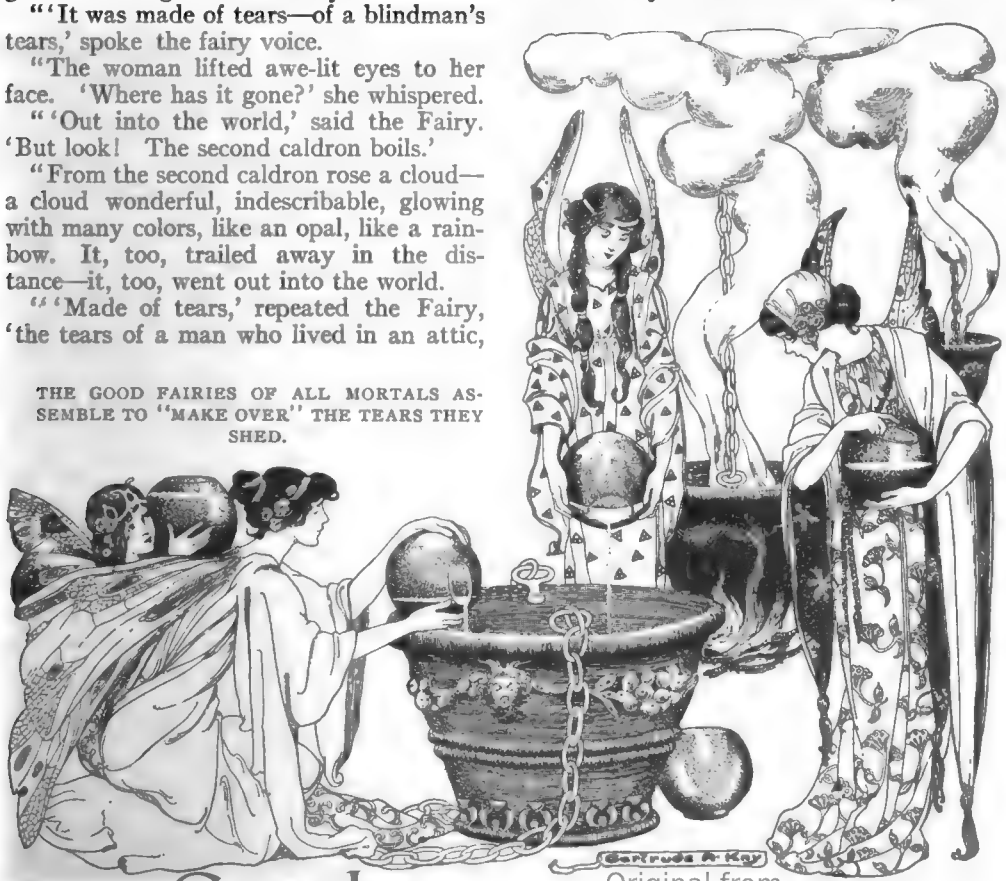
"Another caldron had begun to boil; another and another. Little trailing clouds rose from them—each different, each exquisite.

"'Lo, a thought!' said the Fairy, pointing to one of them. 'Only a thought, but one to add to the world's beauty.'

"She pointed again. 'A dream,' she explained, 'to bring consolation to an aching heart.'

"And again: 'An inspiration for a picture that will gladden the eyes. Another for a statue whose purity will make the soul sing. Still another for a book from which multitudes will learn—all born of tears.'

"The Mother-without-a-Child laid her hand entreatingly upon the Fairy's arm. 'I would see my own tears made over,' said she.



THE GOOD FAIRIES OF ALL MORTALS ASSEMBLE TO "MAKE OVER" THE TEARS THEY SHED.

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"Silently the Fairy nodded and lifted her crystal bowl. The tears hissed in the golden caldron, then rose in a cloud above it. Eagerly the Mother-without-a-Child watched it go out into the world."

The Poet paused in his story. The Crippled Child clamored greedily for the rest.

"The end is the best of all," said the Poet, "for of that woman's tears was born a very beautiful idea.

"She is a Mother-without-a-Child. She wants to take a Child-without-a-Mother into her arms, into her home, into her life. She has asked me," continued the Poet softly, "to find it for her; and I have found her—*you*. To-morrow I shall take you to her," and very tenderly he kissed the Crippled Child on the forehead.

SALEM HILLS TO ELLIS ISLAND

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

A single sleighbell tinkling down
  The virgin road that skirts the wood
Makes poignant to the lonely town
  Its silence and its solitude.

A single taper's timid flare
  Makes darker, by its feeble light,
The cold and empty farmsteads square
  That blackly loom to left and right.

And she who sews, by that dim flame,
  The patient quilt spread on her knees,
Hears from her heirloom quilting frame
  The frolic of forgotten bees.

Yea, all the dying village thrills
  With echoes of its cheerful past,
The golden age of Salem Hills—
  Its only golden age? Its last?

* * * * *

From out those hills a voiceless cry
  Along the seaward valley rolls:
Hear it, great ship, and forward ply
  With thy rich freight of venturous souls!

Hear it, O thronging lower deck,
  Brave homestead-seekers come from far,
And crowd the rail and crane the neck!
  In Salem Hills your homesteads are.

Where flourish now the brier and thorn
  The barley and the wheat shall spring,
And valleys standing thick with corn
  (Praise God, my heart!) shall laugh and sing.

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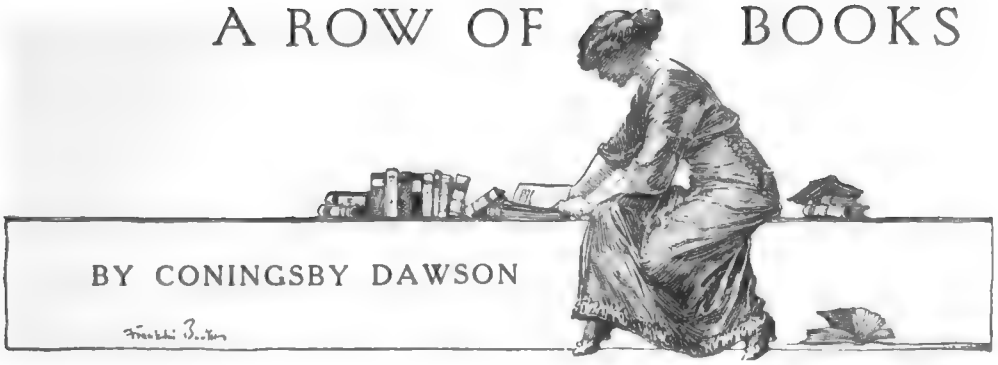
A ROW OF BOOKS



BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

AMERICANS don't do themselves justice in the books they write about themselves. Few nations do. The English novelist can't mention London without producing a fog, as if there weren't hundreds of clean days in the year to talk about. The French novelist, no matter how virtuous he may be in his home life, must pose as a naughty fellow when his pen is in his hand. The American prefers to present himself to the world as a square-jawed materialist, battling for power and dollars.

This is a generalization to which there are many exceptions—the best authors are among the exceptions; but it is the persistency of the same conceptions and types in a series of books which creates a standard impression. Once was the time when the foreigner reverently believed that, like another famous country, the United States was divided into three parts—Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Emerson. Who can blame him if to-day, having witnessed various plays and skimmed sundry novels, he has substituted for those names "The Interests," Alaska, and a Harlem flat?

Of course he's mistaken. These little deceptions are the bravado of nations, behind which they hide their virtues. Like schoolboys, they boast of their indiscretions and are too shy to own that they ever say their prayers. Consequently, by far the nicest things about France have been written by Englishmen. And by far the most complimentary things about England have been written by Americans.

Nations are commonly misrepresented in literature by cities: France by Paris; England by London; the United States by New York. A city is a hulking Ishmaelite and represents nothing but its own complicated self. In quiet farm lands and small communities lies all that is most national and finest. But authors are too frequently city-dwellers. Their point of view is often a city point of view, and their problems are those of people jostled out of their individuality. There are too many of these city-bred books; in the aggregate they misinterpret a nation. For this reason, when one meets such wholesome country cousins as "The Wind Before the Dawn" and "The Soddy"—prairie presentations of the essential America in the making—one gives them a warm welcome.

"The Wind Before the Dawn" (Doubleday, Page), by Dell H. Munger, is the story of a Kansas farm. Deeply emotional, and almost painful in its effort to make its atmosphere accurate, with small, deft touches it paints the large picture of woman's share in the building of the West.

Elizabeth, the central character, is the daughter of a tyrannical pioneer; her mother is a querulous nonentity who has been crushed into meekness by his bullying. As Elizabeth grows to girlhood she forms her own ideas on the virtues of domesticity. She wins her freedom by becoming a school-teacher, but soon barters it away for marriage.

From this point the contrast is between the purely physical violence of her father and the intellectual nagging of a husband who is a gentleman. Slowly she becomes what her mother was before her—a beast of burden. For a part of this no one is to blame: in a pioneering life woman becomes a squaw by necessity. She works for food and clothes without wages, bears her husband children, and has no control over her destiny.

With patient cleverness of detail the small and unconsidered ways are traced in which the gulf between husband and wife widens. In proportion as the plot is narrowing to produce the inevitable, the leading characters are expanding. When the inevitable arrives, it is not the usual cheap expedient, but something more difficult, more grave, more religious.

In this stern, finely woven story of a strong, sweet nature in conflict with adversity, Elizabeth, in creating a new future for herself, cancels no debts of social duty. She stands out an honorable and homespun type of sterling Western womanhood. This is an American rendering of Mr. Wells's problem-novel,

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"Marriage;" but its conclusion is in many ways more powerful, and certainly truer.

You may have the warmest affection for your friends and yet smile at their unconscious affectations. It's the same with books, particularly when they wade in the deep waters of sentiment. Here is an extreme example of the perils of sentiment culled from a mid-Victorian novel:

"All of a sudden the girl continued to sit on the sand gazing on the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much joy and sorrow, and pine and lumber, and emigrants, and hopes, and salt fish?"

"The Soddy" (Doubleday, Page), by Sarah Comstock, is a book for which, despite its excess of sentiment, one conceives an instant kindness: it is so plucky and so human. The Western life which it pictures has nothing to do with gold-stampedes or bronco-busting. It tells the plain story, every day occurring, of men and women who carve for themselves homes from the wilderness. You may smile at its ecstasies and refuse some of its demands on your credulity, but you like it immensely.

The dwellings which these people build for themselves are huts made of turf, known as soddies. Year after year in this arid district the crops are destroyed by drought, cyclone, or fire. The courage of the settlers oozes out; they are too poor to move away and too poor to put in the irrigation plant which would make the land fertile.

When pessimism has done its worst, there are two people who won't give up and still believe in the future. One is Terry, a high-chested girl—a fine little creature whose hope may bend but will never break; the other is Hayden. What more natural than that they should marry? But when Hayden has a wife and sees her toiling in the field all day, he turns coward. Terry asks for no one's pity; she's in love with the life and refuses to leave the soddy. So Hayden leaves and goes East to earn money for the final ruin which he is sure is coming. Terry hangs on till she has bred success out of failure. Then Hayden returns to the soddy.

The book is permeated with love of the land. It describes a common situation—the despair of a pioneer community when crops fail. The heroism of Terry in clinging to her faith in spite of disillusionment, lifts a story which might have been ordinary, on to a plane of quiet dignity.

Arnold Bennett has the art of interesting. He can get one more worked up over a description of how he tied his shoe-lace than most men could with an account of skating down the Matterhorn. He gives significance to trifles—and does it without wasting one's time. Who else could have written a book so amply entitled as "Your United States" (Harper) out of such slim material as may be accumulated on a hurried acquaintance with New York, Chicago, Washington, Indianapolis, and Boston? A few could attempt it, perhaps, but only one or two could satisfy.

He omitted most of what he came to write about, yet he manages to convey an atmosphere of knowledge. He drove down Broadway, traveled in a sleeper, saw American football played, glanced at Columbia University, and ventured alone as far as Eleventh Avenue. Surely he was exceedingly bold to write only of the things which most of us have seen and done so many times!

But do we see the things he saw? Unfortunately, we do not. He casts the mantle of adventure over our commonplace. He holds now the telescope, now the microscope to our eye, and reveals what seems ordinary to us in all its complex, multifarious elaboration. One can make a beaten track for oneself in a metropolis as well as in a meadow. The New Yorker who has become *blasé* should read Mr. Bennett's book—it will restore his vision. Imagination can make a new heaven and a new earth out of tediously accustomed places. Mr. Bennett revels in modernity; he was the right man to visit America. His untiring curiosity finds mystery in the habitual and digs miracles out of trifles.

"The Outpost of Eternity" (Appleton), by Cosmo Hamilton, is an orchid among books: the theme is natively ugly, yet the effect is exotic and beautiful. It is entirely rare in its every phase; it puzzles, attracts, repulses, intoxicates. It creates in the mind a pleasurable disturbance—a wild surmise. Yet wherein lies its startling newness is difficult to detect. Swallow flights of language? They're ancient. Buoyancy? There's nothing new in that. Ingenuity? It's the ingenuity with which the ingredients of youth, passion, heredity, and religion are mingled that produces something fresh. The story is the work of a playwright. Every scene, conversation, and seeming triviality is planned, essential, foreordained. It grips by its appalling completeness. And the slang is an utter joy in its unequaled appropriateness and cosmopolitan variety.

One has no right to tell the story, for many of the characters in the ordinary way would prove hateful. A Rossetti type of woman, a very Lilith, in whom are the seeds of a tainted race, marries a good man. By taking pains

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she manages to drag him down to her own morbid level. They have two children—girls. One follows the road of her mother's destiny; the other is saved by the clean blood of her father in her veins. So the theme is heredity, and the attack is against the sinful individualism which allows one generation to mortgage the sanity of the next by the making of improper marriages.

By some readers the taste for this novel, as for all rare things, will have to be acquired; to have acquired the taste will be to compliment one's intelligence.

Not infrequently a volume of miscellaneous essays is little more than a literary egg-dance. Meredith Nicholson's "The Provincial American" (Houghton, Mifflin) does not fall under that category. It is a sometimes brilliant and always charming set of reflections in which various moods and points of view are recorded. The pages are so crisp that they crackle in the turning; the whimsical truths which they contain keep one smiling and approving. Mr. Nicholson is at his best when he shakes his fist at a gray-bearded proverb, as for instance in his paper on "Experience and the Calendar."

It is pleasant also to find a successful author at home when you call on him—not only at home, but willing to discuss himself. Not every man would have the largeness to smile at his own achievements as Mr. Nicholson does in his little real-life story concerning how he became a best-seller. This is quite in line with Stevenson's faculty for genial self-analysis. These mellow, friendly pages touch a high level of art. They are all too few. They leave one with an appetite.

"The Home Book of Verse" (Holt), compiled by Burton Egbert Stevenson, has a comfortable, middle-aged appearance. It inspires confidence from the start. To begin with, it is portly—there are nearly four thousand pages, yet the volume in compactness is only twice the size of an ordinary novel. Then again it is bound in red, which bespeaks its cheerfulness. Lastly, it is wrinkled throughout with little subdivisions which classify its knowledge at a glance according to the wisdom of life. It is learned and at the same time companionable—a famous combination. The sources from which it draws its materials are found in the last three and a half centuries. American poetry is very fully represented, and much of it is in the nature of a discovery. The selection cuts new paths for itself. As always happens in an anthology, there are omissions which cause personal regret. But the choice is marked by such wide research, and there are so many things which are delightful and novel, that one feels amply compensated. It is an American literary undertaking of the first importance.

Mark this book "Fragile." It is so sensitively young, so slight, so delicate, that all language seems too rough in which to discuss it. When Marie Bashkirtseff's journal was published fifteen years ago, some of the earlier passages were omitted. These have now been made public in France; in America they have been translated by Mary J. Safford under the title of "The New Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" (Dodd, Mead). The New Journal opens with Marie twelve years old. At an age when other little girls are playing with dolls, her artist's soul is already awake. She has discovered that life is short and that there is need for haste. Still more curious, she is undergoing a precocious foretaste of love. Writing of her passion for the Duc de H——, she exclaims, "I love him, and that is what makes me suffer." She analyzes and flirts with her sensations as if she were an adult. Her capacity for self-torture is fully developed.

It is easy to view such a state of affairs from the angle of comedy. How cruelly do we ridicule the theatric tragedies of our own outgrown selves! But Marie's life was too brief for her to reach the point from which, looking back, she could view herself as comic. She was intensely in earnest about herself as only a child can be earnest. She put into words elusive feelings which, though they have been ours, we could never utter. From her lips, when taken in connection with her life, these things sound, somehow, sacred.

Women have often tried to write of their childhood, and have done so with more or less success. But here is a child writing of her womanhood. It is this strange inversion which makes the book precious.

OTHER BOOKS

"A Whistling Woman" (Stokes), by Robert Halifax, is an odd and clever story, laid in that kind of London suburb which walks with a hole in its stocking. In the main a character study of two awkward people who love each other but are continually at loggerheads because the woman does the courting.

"Making a Business Woman" (Holt), by Anne Shannon Monroe. The Iliad of a Lady Achilles who stormed Troy with a typewriter. A girl's chart to prosperity.

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STRAIGHT TALK

Editors' Note:—Below is printed a letter of comment from Dr. E. A. Ross, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin, on Mr. Lawson's "Remedy." Professor Ross is an economist of national reputation. For the past twenty years he has lectured extensively on his subject at Leland Stanford Jr., Harvard, Indiana, and Cornell universities; he is the author of several books on sociology, and a frequent contributor to current publications on allied topics. He is in sympathy with Mr. Lawson's efforts to eliminate the evils of Stock Gambledom. Both his approval and his criticism should have great weight with those of our readers who are following Mr. Lawson's work.

A tragic change is taking place in the investment habits of the American people. With the going out of small concerns and the merging of many plants into one big combine, disappears the chance for a man to put his money into some little local woolen-mill, foundry, wagon-works, refinery, flour-mill, or starch-factory, managed by men he knows. More and more our savings flow away into remote enterprises of which we know little, run by men we know not at all. The closing of the home avenues for investment has given a grand opening to those who itch to get their fingers on the billion or two of savings welling up in this country every year. And so there has sprung up like a mushroom an enormous and highly profitable business.

This is *the manufacture and sale of securities.*

The greatest branch of this business is trust promotion, which is worked in this way: A number of going concerns are brought into a combination, with a capital from three to six times the actual capital of the merged plants. Investors are induced to absorb this mass of securities by holding before them the "economies" the combination will effect, and vaunting its coming "control over the market—" in plain English, *its monopoly power.*

Once people have parted with their good money for trust securities, they naturally want the trust left free to squeeze out of consumers the monopoly profits which alone can spread dividends over this acreage of counterfeit capital. And so, as trust bonds and stocks find their way out among the people, a larger number of intelligent citizens become accomplices in monopoly, and foes of trust regulation. The longer this goes on, the greater will be the crash when the vast spreading structure of artificial values collapses and lets business drop to the solid ground of competitive prices and real values.

Now, the Stock Exchange plays a pivotal part in the game of the security sellers. By "wash sales," "matched orders," and other devices which Mr. Lawson so well describes, they confer a *pseudo*-value upon securities which have back of them neither property nor earnings—nothing but *the hope of future extortions by means of an anticipated monopoly power.* The Stock Exchange, then, is the launching place for these securities, and the price cunningly made for them there gives an impetus that carries them out among genuine investors. So the banks will consent to loan on them, the savings institutions will absorb them, and people with a little money to spare will buy them in.

With the real money they have obtained in exchange for these gaudy lithographs, the security-sellers get a fresh grip on the country's solid resources, and then look for another branch of industry in which to work again the same old game. Here, surely, is one of the causes of the concentration of wealth, which has already reached an extreme point in this country, and *is still going on.*

Mr. Lawson declares that it is possible by legal definition to split off the "fake" deals on the Stock Exchange from the real deals, and

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to detect and punish the fakers. I am no expert in Stock-Exchange matters; but if he is right in thinking such regulation practicable, I am sure his remedy will go a long way toward arresting the process of wealth concentration.

Let me, however, protest against Mr. Lawson's assumption that the issuance of fictitious capital is the *direct* cause of the rising cost of living. No business subject to the law of competition can extract more from its customers merely by expanding its paper capital. Its prices are anchored to the cost of production, so that doubling its capital simply halves its rate of dividends. It is only when a business has some control of the market that the piling up of capitalization makes for higher prices. And even then it is only an *indirect* factor. The new capital is a sponge which, by absorbing surplus earnings, conceals from the public the exorbitant rate of profits being earned on the real capital employed in the business; or, if you please, it is a mask that hides the ugly features of monopoly and puts off the day of wrath when the people will curb its exactions by the heavy hand of law.

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS.

Editor's Note:—Mr. Maurice Louis Muhleman, who contributes the following letter on "The Remedy," has special qualifications which give his comments importance. After graduating from the George Washington University Law School he entered the Treasury Department, becoming Deputy Assistant Treasurer of the United States, at New York City. He is the author of books on banking, currency, and monetary reforms. Three years ago he served as Secretary of the Hughes Investigating Committee, which made an elaborate study of the Stock Exchange.

The propositions submitted by Mr. Lawson may be set down as follows:

The existing system of operation of the New York Stock Exchange has made it possible for a few men to

Create fictitious prices for securities, causing fluctuations upward or downward, practically at their pleasure;

Foist upon the public, at prices so made, a mass of securities of questionable value;

Use the deposits of the people in the banks to accomplish this purpose;

Appropriate the greater part of the nation's wealth-product, measurable in billions of dollars;

Cause the increase in the cost of living.

These propositions can not be conceded in their entirety; in some of these particulars the Stock-Exchange system is operative only because other and more potent causes exist. It has been used to make prices of securities fictitiously and to manipulate such prices; it has been used to unload questionable securities on the public; but the creation of these securities is chargeable to defective corporation laws; it is possible to use the deposits of the people, as stated, solely because our monetary and banking laws are archaic and inefficient.

The appropriation of the wealth-product is thus made possible by the laws; the Stock-Exchange system is only one of the instruments; the most radical reform of that system will in itself only partially save the people from present conditions; it is wiser not to claim that it would be a panacea.

The enhanced cost of living is due to still other causes; the preponderant ones, such as the increase of twenty-one per cent. in number of mouths to feed and of only seven per cent. in the food product, are not traceable to the System and could not be changed by its reformation. The same may be said respecting the addition to cost chargeable to the increased money supply and to the tariff laws. The System can be held only partly responsible for the mulcting of the people to pay dividends on "watered" stock, for the increased cost of credits, etc.

The argument that the operators of the System are powerful enough to block reforms in legislation, and in the execution and interpretation of the laws, may be conceded; but it is illogical, and an attempt to shirk responsibility, to blame the Stock-Exchange System because the people choose public servants who are indifferent, incompetent, or subject to sinister influences.

While a thorough regulation of the System would unquestionably eliminate many evils, and it is imperative that this regulation be undertaken, remedies for the other evils must also be devised and made effective.

The Stock Exchange has given a reputable status on its lists to securities not entitled thereto, due to lack of serious concern for the public welfare.

"WASH SALES" NOT ABOLISHED

The listing of such securities has furnished the most fruitful field for manipulation of prices and the consequent deluding of the public. The rules of the Exchange forbid "fictitious transactions," thus admitting their viciousness, yet the record conclusively shows evasions of this rule by "wash sales" and "matched orders."

Many members of the Exchange trade among themselves with the sole intent to profit from the turn in prices, evading the rule and the law against "wagering transactions" by a

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subterfuge; these transactions also influence prices fictitiously.

The processes are facilitated by the stock-clearing system (in itself a beneficial device) and enormously aided by the practise of margin-trading carried to a degree so extreme that it becomes manifestly vicious.

Our defective banking methods stimulate the objectionable speculation; bank funds are congested in New York with no outlet except in the stock market; the banking laws and practises induce this congestion.

I have in mind, by way of illustration, a security that was "listed" in 1905, raised in price from 25 in 1905 to 92 in 1906; in 1907 it dropped to 8. Had this security not been unjustifiably "listed," had the manipulator not been able to use deposits in certain banks and the fictitious price-making methods, the public could not have been deceived.

It would be a tremendous draft upon credulity to suppose that the managers of the Exchange are ignorant of the vices of the System, of the manipulations and fictitious transactions; the newspapers report them, frequently with sharply ironical comments; but even if it could be supposed that they were innocently ignorant, the question would still be imperatively suggested: WHY?

WHY THE STOCK EXCHANGE SHOULD NOT BE "LET ALONE"

The reason for existence of a Stock Exchange is that it is a necessary *public-service institution;* when its managers disregard this high function and permit confessedly vicious operations to deceive the public, their claim to be entitled to be "let alone" vanishes. If their contention that they are unable to correct these evils is well founded, they must be shown how, by means of laws.

The argument, supported by some economists, that corrective legislation would hamper legitimate business, should not hold against the obviously great material and moral detriment to the public caused by these practises.

Mr. Lawson's proposed remedy, so far as published, deals only with margin transactions, and it reaches only those which are carried on by mail, thus leaving a large amount of this business, carried on locally, untouched, and it does not undertake the correction of the other evils. The proviso that the mails shall not be used for such business unless the Exchange is incorporated under Federal law, warrants the presumption that an incorporation law is to be proposed which will include further regulation.

Since margin transactions are rendered specially objectionable by the fictitious manipulating methods, the remedy would be far from complete unless these evils are also to be corrected.

A margin operation is a purchase of property in which part of the payment is deferred, and is in itself a perfectly proper and useful business transaction; to prohibit such purchases in the case of securities alone, would seem a discrimination justifiable only if no other effective means can be devised.

THE BANKS FOSTER MARGIN-TRADING

The viciousness of margin-trading is due to the slenderness of the margins and the "pyramiding" of "paper profits;" banking practises foster the transactions. The Stock Exchange has the power by rules to fix margins sufficiently high to minimize the evil, and to prohibit pyramiding; the clearing-house could change the banking practises. In default of action by these bodies, legislation is necessary, if the evils are to be cured. Direct laws would be more courageous, more comprehensive, and more effective than indirect ones, such as forbidding the use of the mails.

But in order to eliminate all the vicious features these laws would have to be supplemented by laws reaching the listing processes, the fictitious and the manipulating transactions. This done, the business of the Exchange would in a short time become unobjectionable. There would of course remain the detrimental influence of those securities which are subject to criticism; but this will have to be endured unless the corporation laws can be revised so as to provide a remedy.

It is quite generally believed that these reforms can not be accomplished without compelling the Stock Exchange to become an incorporated body. This implies that a voluntary organization possesses greater rights than a corporate body; that the state has not the power to regulate and exercise visitorial supervision over such an organization; that men may organize privately within its borders to do things which the state regards as vicious. These implications of the impotence of the state I am unwilling to concede; yet if it can be shown that incorporation will furnish more speedy means of accomplishing the purpose, the question of the power of the state may well be waived as academic.

MAURICE L. MUHLEMAN.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Mrs. Hoyt is the mother of a large family of children, and they are all rather small. A few days ago a new baby appeared upon the scene. Little Margaret, aged five, was allowed to see her mother and the new sister.

After looking at the tiny specimen for a few minutes in silence, the little girl said:

"Mother, don't you think it would be better to have less of 'em and have 'em bigger?"

There was a meeting of the new teachers and the old. It was a sort of love-feast—reception, or whatever you call it. Anyhow, all the teachers got together and pretended they didn't have a care in the world. After the "eats" the symposiarch proposed a toast:

"*Long Live Our Teachers!*"

It was drunk enthusiastically. One of the new teachers was called on to respond, and modestly accepted. His answer was:

"*What on?*"

Ideal bathrooms are seldom found in India, as a lady traveling with her husband discovered when they arrived at an out-of-the-way place one evening. Their host pointed out their rooms, and, indicating a small room on the side, said, "The shower-bath is in there." Later, the lady went into the so-called bath-room, disrobed, and, seeing nothing but a tin tub and a mug, began to hunt for the source of the shower-bath. Suddenly she heard a man's voice, seemingly in the ceiling, say: "If memsahib coming more to this side, I throwing water more better."

One day an inspector of a New York tenement-house found four families living in one room, chalk lines being drawn across in such a manner as to mark out a quarter for each family.

"How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector.

"Very well," was the reply. "Only, the man in the farthest corner keeps boarders."

A prosperous farmer has gained the reputation of being the stingiest man in his town and consequently is not a general favorite with his neighbors. He owns an old horse which, to put it mildly, is very thin. As if to make up for the lack of flesh on its body, however, the animal has a head many sizes too large for it. Of course, people talk about the horse, and the owner doesn't like it. Last week, for instance, he went to the expense of a new collar for the animal. A very few minutes after the delivery he was back at the saddler's with the collar.

"Don't you know nothin'?" he blurted out. "You've made it too small! I can't get it over his head!"

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"Over his head!" reiterated the saddler. "Man alive, it wasn't made to go over his head! *Back him into it!*"

In the Tennessee mountains a mountaineer preacher, who had declared colleges "the works of the devil," was preaching without previous meditation an inspirational sermon from the text, "The voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land." Not noting that the margin read "turtle-dove," he proceeded in this manner:

"This text, my hearers, strikes me as one of the most peculiar texts in the whole book, because we all know that a turtle ain't got no voice. But by the inward enlightenment I begin to see the meaning and will expose it to you. Down in the hollers by the streams and ponds you have gone in the springtime, my brethren, and observed the little turtles, a-sleeping on the logs. But at the sound of the approach of a human being, they went *kerflop-kerplunk*, down into the water. This I say, then, is the meaning of the prophet: he, speaking figgeratively, referred to the *kerflop* of the turtle as the *voice* of the turtle, and hence we see that in those early times the prophet, looking down at the ages to come, clearly taught and prophesied the doctrine I have always preached to this congregation—*that immersion is the only form of baptism.*"

The owner of one of Detroit's largest shoe-stores recently found it necessary to hire additional help for Saturdays, and among the applicants was a very prepossessing young man who claimed that he understood the shoe business from A to Z. Later in the day, unobserved, the proprietor passed the new clerk while he was waiting on a customer, and from the conversation judged that he was having a little difficulty in persuading the gentleman to buy. While he listened, the new clerk handed the customer the shoe he had just tried on and very earnestly said: "Look at that shoe. Do you know what kind of leather that is?"

The gentleman confessed his ignorance, and the clerk impressively announced: "Well, that's SOME leather."

Raymond Hitchcock delights in farming. He tried raising some corn this year. One morning, a friend of Mr. Hitchcock's went out to call on him. He was told that Raymond had gone out to look at his corn, and was directed toward the field.

What he found was some sickly looking corn stalks and a fine crop of gigantic weeds. He looked across the field but could see nothing of the owner. Climbing on to the fence, he shouted: "Hitch! Oh, Hitch!"

Immediately a reply in the familiar tones of Raymond came from among the towering weeds.

"Come on in, old fellow!" shouted the actor.

The man took a second look, but could see no trace of his friend. Waiting a moment, he called:

"Shake a weed, Hitch, so I can tell where you are."

A little four-year-old girl was walking with her mother, when a caterpillar, the first she had ever seen, crawled in front of them.

"Muvver, muvver!" she cried excitedly. "Look! Your muff's little girl is out taking a walk!"

A man of wealth and education fell in love with an illiterate young girl, who reciprocated his feeling. Before marrying her, however, he decided to send her away to school for four years so that she might become educated and fitted to grace his home. At the end of the four years he had experienced a change of heart, and he broke the engagement. So she sued him, and one of the items for which she claimed damage read: "To loss of time while improving my mind, $3,000.

Years ago in Jamaica, West Indies, before artificial ice was very well known, a shop-keeper, who tried to keep up with the times, thought he would outclass his rival across the street and purchased a thousand pounds of fine "cool" ice, paying about twelve dollars for it. He did a wonderful business the next day. All the town trade came to get a cool drink, while the shop opposite was empty. When the shopkeeper shut up that night, he had made good profits and had about eight hundred pounds of ice left.

The next morning, his brilliant black boy, who opened up the shop, greeted him with a happy grin. "Morning, boss," he said. "I's done a good bit of business this morning, sah."

"How's that, boy, how's that?"

"Well, sah, I sold that fool nigger in the store across the street all that stale ice that was left, for four shillings, and he never knew the difference, sah!"

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Everybody's Magazine
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With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

DOWN on the shore of the Great South Bay on Long Island, in the little village of Islip, lives a man named John C. Doxsee.

We first made his acquaintance at the beginning of Judge Lindsey's articles, "The Beast and the Jungle." John Doxsee came promptly to the front with offers of friendly help in attracting new readers to Judge Lindsey's story, and financial support for Judge Lindsey himself, who was then in the thick of a political campaign.

John Doxsee's letters to us were written under the letter-head of the "Deep Sea Fish Company." Once or twice he called the office up on the long-distance telephone, and, owing perhaps to a bad connection, the voice sounded faint and worn—like the voice of a very aged person.

So gradually in our minds a picture of John Doxsee shaped itself—a picture of an old man who had retired after a lifetime in the fish business. We visualized his tired, lined face, his gnarled and knotty hands. We pictured him as a short man, bent with labor, and possibly wearing a little, bristling tuft of old-fashioned whisker on his chin; in fact, the worn shell of a man who had emerged from business with a small competence and who wished to devote some of his spare money to things that he thought worth doing in the world.

One day John Doxsee called.

It is an exaggeration to say that he hit all four sides of the door as he came in, but that is the impression he gave; six feet and something over for good measure; shoulders like a gladiator; two hundred and twenty pounds of hard, white meat; a voice like the Bull of Bashan; red cheeks tinged with the sun; eyes narrowed down by squinting across miles of sunlit water. Age? Oh, any age at all—thirty, forty, fifty, but showing no age.

Your hand was wrapped up in his, in the kind of a clasp that makes you remember your knuckles with regret for the rest of the day.

THE DIVINE SPARK

And as he towered there, making the other things in the office look puny and fragile by mere comparison with his bulk, we couldn't help thinking of that other big fisherman, Peter the Apostle—impulsive, sometimes overhasty, tumultuous in both his enthusiasms and his wrath, but always wholly and admirably human,

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and always flaming with the divine spark that leads men upward.

We want to print here three letters from Mr. Doxsee which show you just what he has been at now.

DEEP SEA FISH COMPANY
Islip, Long Island, N.Y.
September 25, 1912.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, New York.

MY DEAR EVERYBODY'S: You do not know how glad I am to again hear from Mr. Lawson. I always did believe in him. He is a fighter after my own heart. God bless him and you too.

I am enclosing you check, $10.00, and I want you to send the magazine to as many people where you think it will do the most good, as long as Mr. Lawson is publishing "The Remedy."

Your sincere friend, JOHN C. DOXSEE,
The Deep Sea Fisherman.

DEEP SEA FISH COMPANY
Islip, Long Island, N.Y.
September 25, 1912.

MY DEAR EVERYBODY'S: I noticed in reading the copy of my letter enclosing check, $10.00, mailed to you earlier in the day, after the word "good" I should have inserted these words, as follows: "as this amount will purchase;" so please read it into my former letter so as to make my meaning clear. When I wrote that letter to you I had not read Mr. Lawson's article, simply looked at the headings. After I came back home from the post-office, having mailed the letter, I took up your magazine to really read the article. As I read along I cried out, "I will make the ten a hundred." Before I got through I cried out so loudly, "I'll make it two," that my little boy came running in to see what was the matter. Here is the two hundred check; take it and send as many copies of your magazine to as many people as that amount will purchase, so long as Mr. Lawson is publishing his "Remedy."

Of course you will send it where you think it will do the most good. You are truly God's Messengers. I believe you are not only going to carry Mr. Lawson's message, but I truly believe that through Mr. Lawson you are going to carry God's Message to the American people.

Very truly yours,
JOHN C. DOXSEE.

DEEP SEA FISH COMPANY
Islip, Long Island, N.Y.
October 21, 1912.

MY DEAR EVERYBODY'S: I have read the second of Mr. Lawson's articles in the November number, which you so kindly mailed to me in advance. All I can do is to reaffirm my former statement that I believe more than ever that Mr. Lawson is truly God's Messenger. The lucidity of the article is perfectly marvelous, equal to the reasoning of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I herewith enclose you another check of one hundred and ten dollars ($110) and I want you to kindly send EVERYBODY'S, beginning with the October number, for as long a time as Mr. Lawson is publishing his "Remedy," to every member of the United States Supreme Court, to each United States senator, and to each candidate for President except Colonel Roosevelt, as I sent you his name in the first list. If the above amount is not correct, please advise me and I will make it right.

I am also considering whether I can possibly spare the money necessary to send your magazine for one year to each member of the House of Representatives.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN C. DOXSEE.

Isn't such enthusiasm a wonderful thing?

It made us a little ashamed of ourselves. Enough so that we decided we had better complete his job, and we have sent the magazines to the members of the House of Representatives ourselves.

For John Doxsee was right by intuition in wanting every congressman to have Mr. Lawson's articles and to have them now, because within the limit of the next two numbers Mr. Lawson sets forth a simple and concrete plan which concerns every man in both houses of Congress. Every one of them, no matter what his politics, is going to be vitally interested; every one of them who is a lawyer—and a majority of them are—is going to be more than interested in an absolutely new application of a clause in the Constitution. We more than hope for help from Congress. There is a far greater danger that over-enthusiastic representatives will stampede on first mention of the point involved than that they will treat it with indifference.

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